

No. 4

DEC.-JAN.

The KILROYS

Ind.

10¢ America's Funniest Family!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



H-HALP!

Hey there, **COOKIE--**
SLOW DOWN!

*The folks aren't after your
scalp -- not **THIS** time, anyway!
It's no crime to head the
Funniest Comics Magazine
ever published -- not when
you're America's newest,
greatest and laffingest
teen-age hero!*

So relax -- **MEET YOUR FANS!**

OH, THAT'S **DIFFERENT** ---
I THOUGHT YOU FOLKS WUZ AFTER
ME FER ANOTHER MESS I GOT IN!
PLEASTA MEETCHA -- AN' TO ELECT YA,
ONE AN' ALL, AS **HONORARY**
MEMBERS O' THE COOKIE
COMIC CLUB!

For the funniest
Kid in town--for
the laff-time of
your life -- read

"COOKIE"

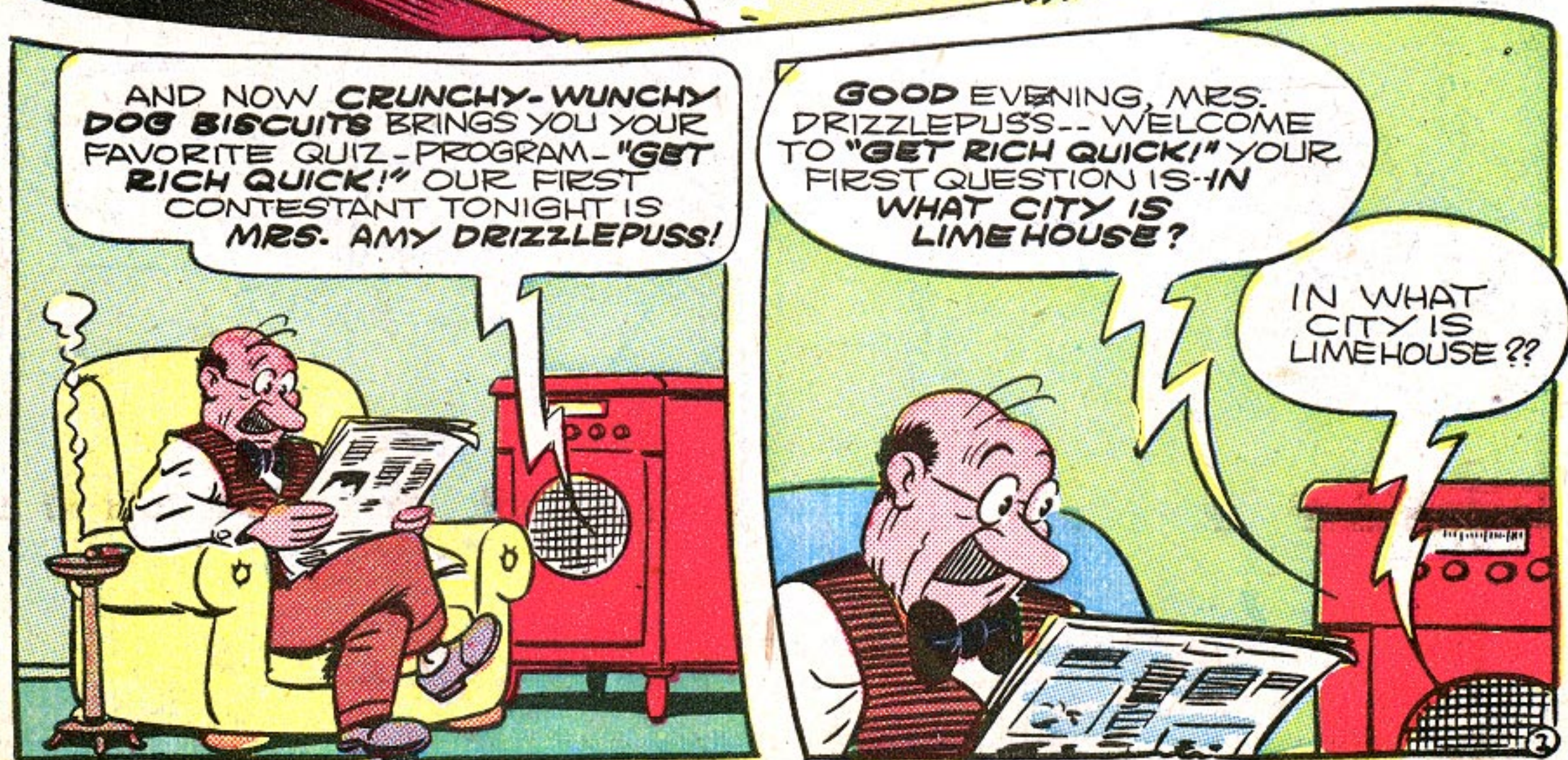
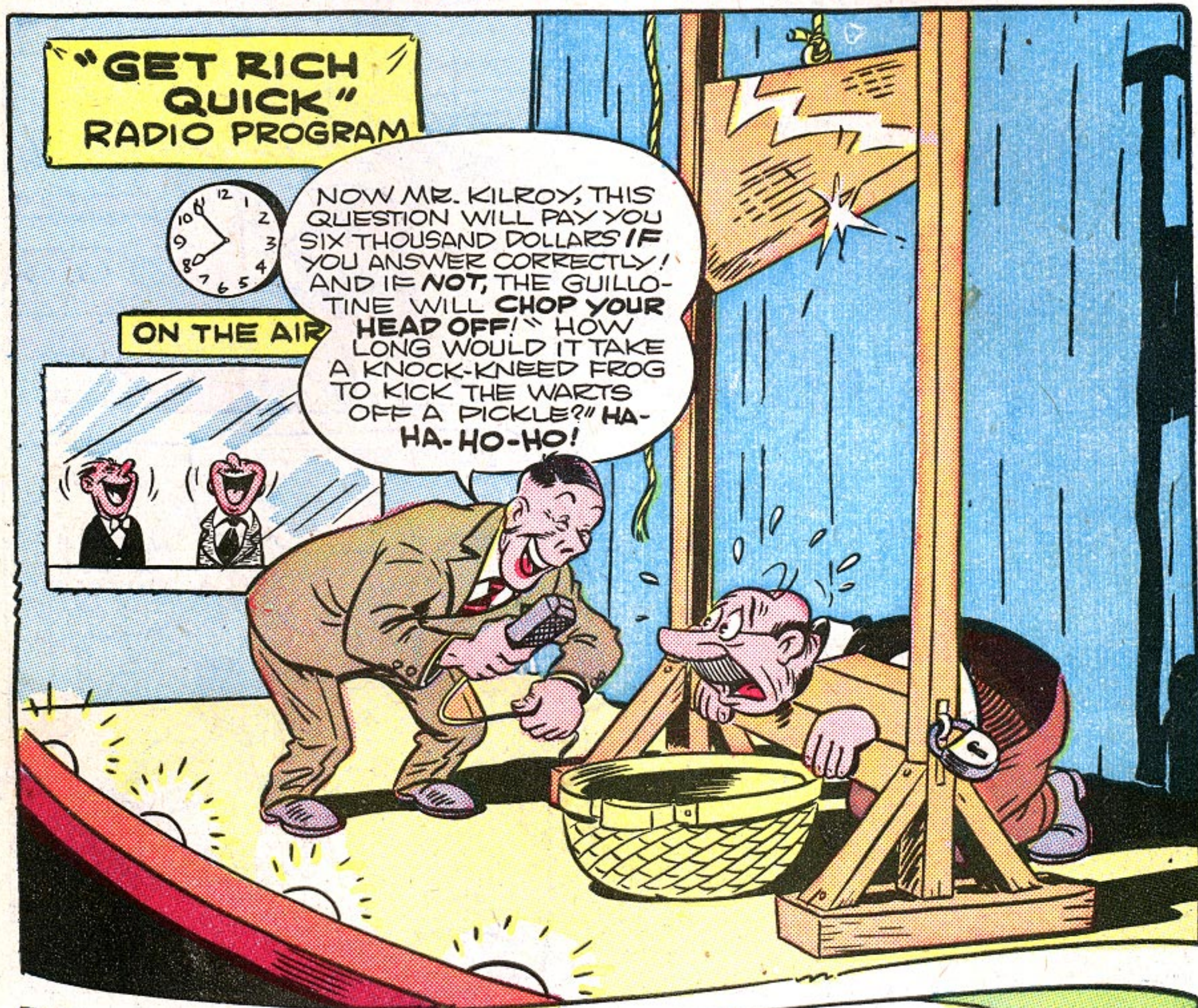
**COOKIE
COMIC CLUB**

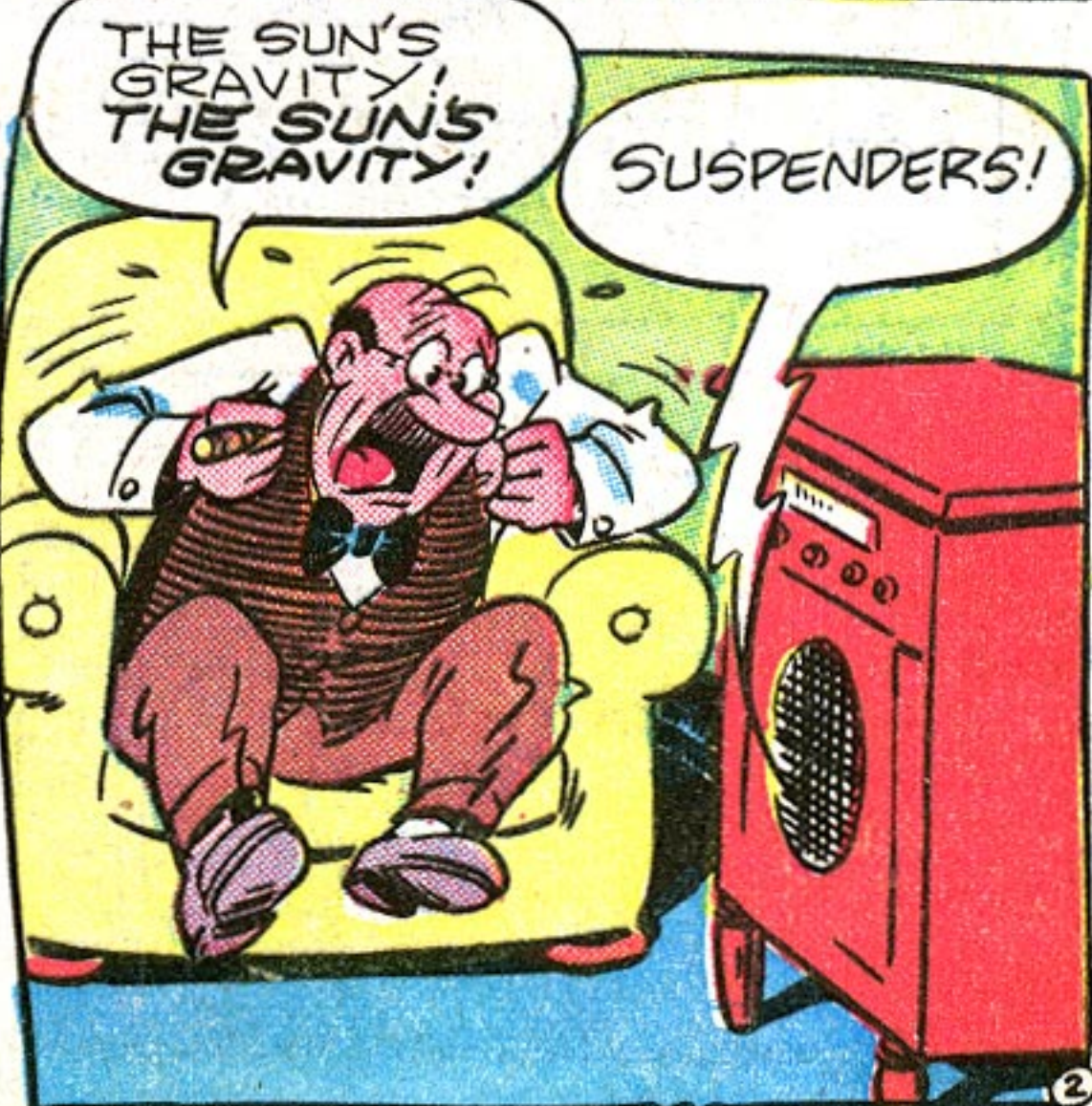
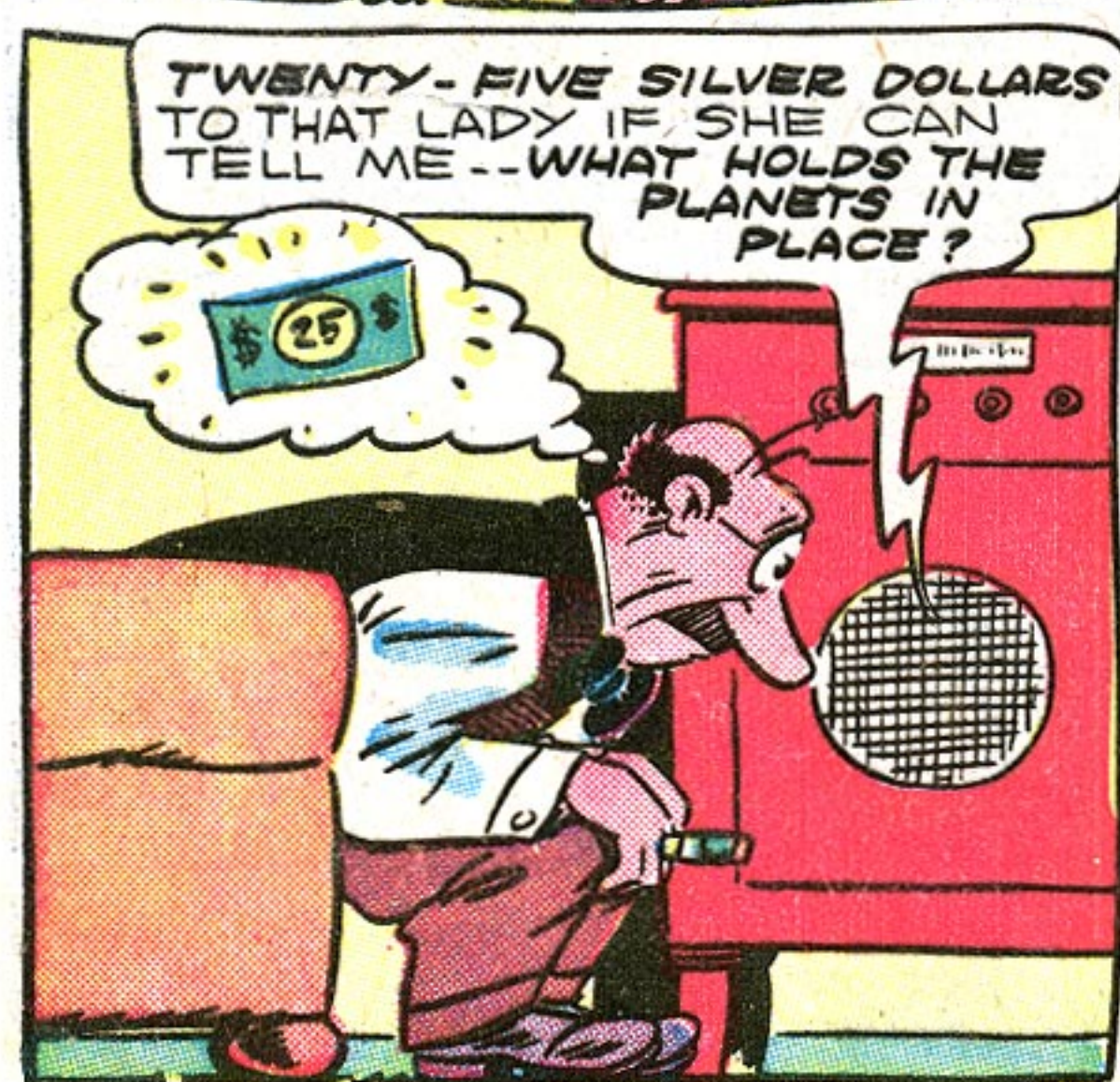
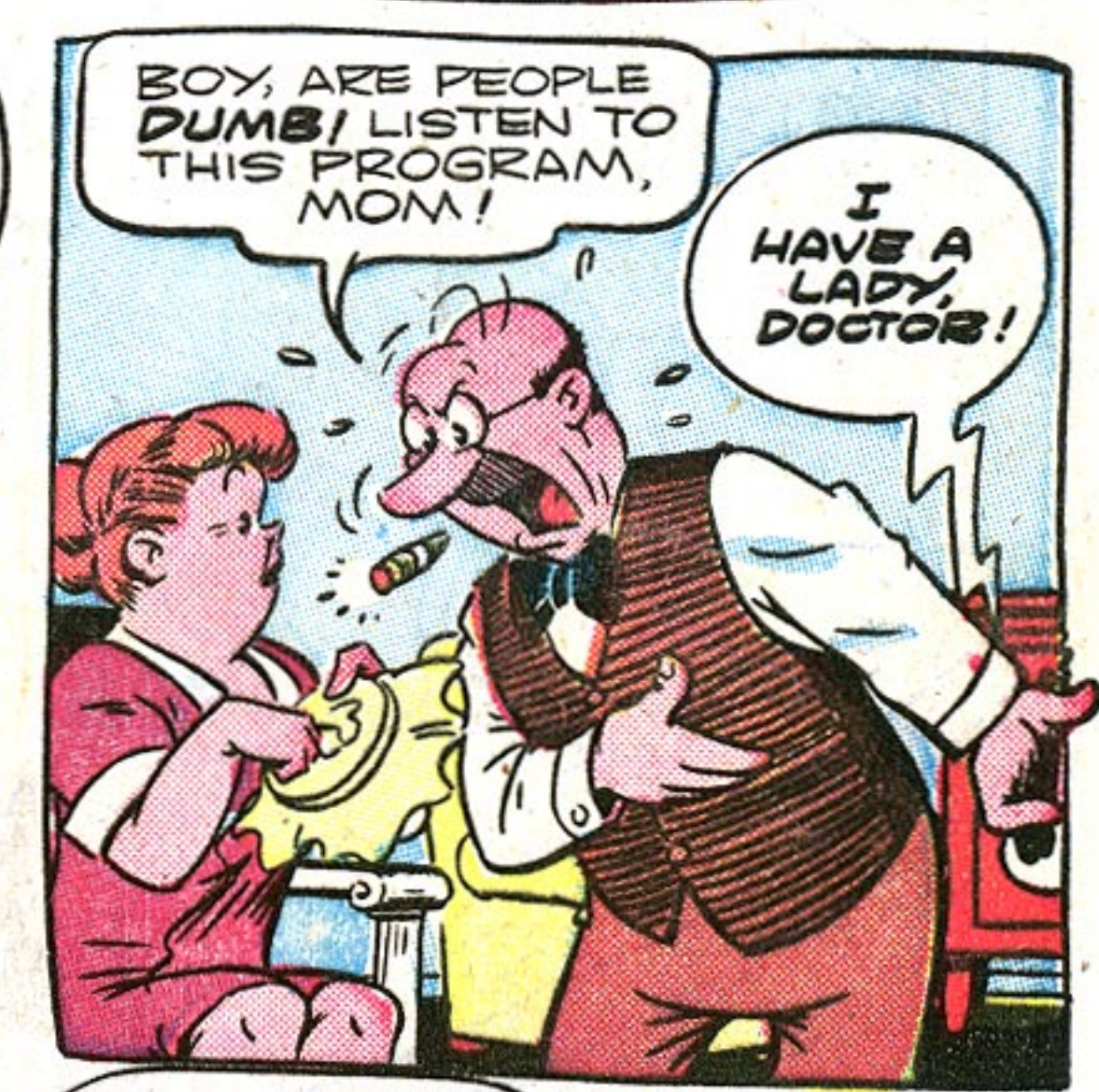
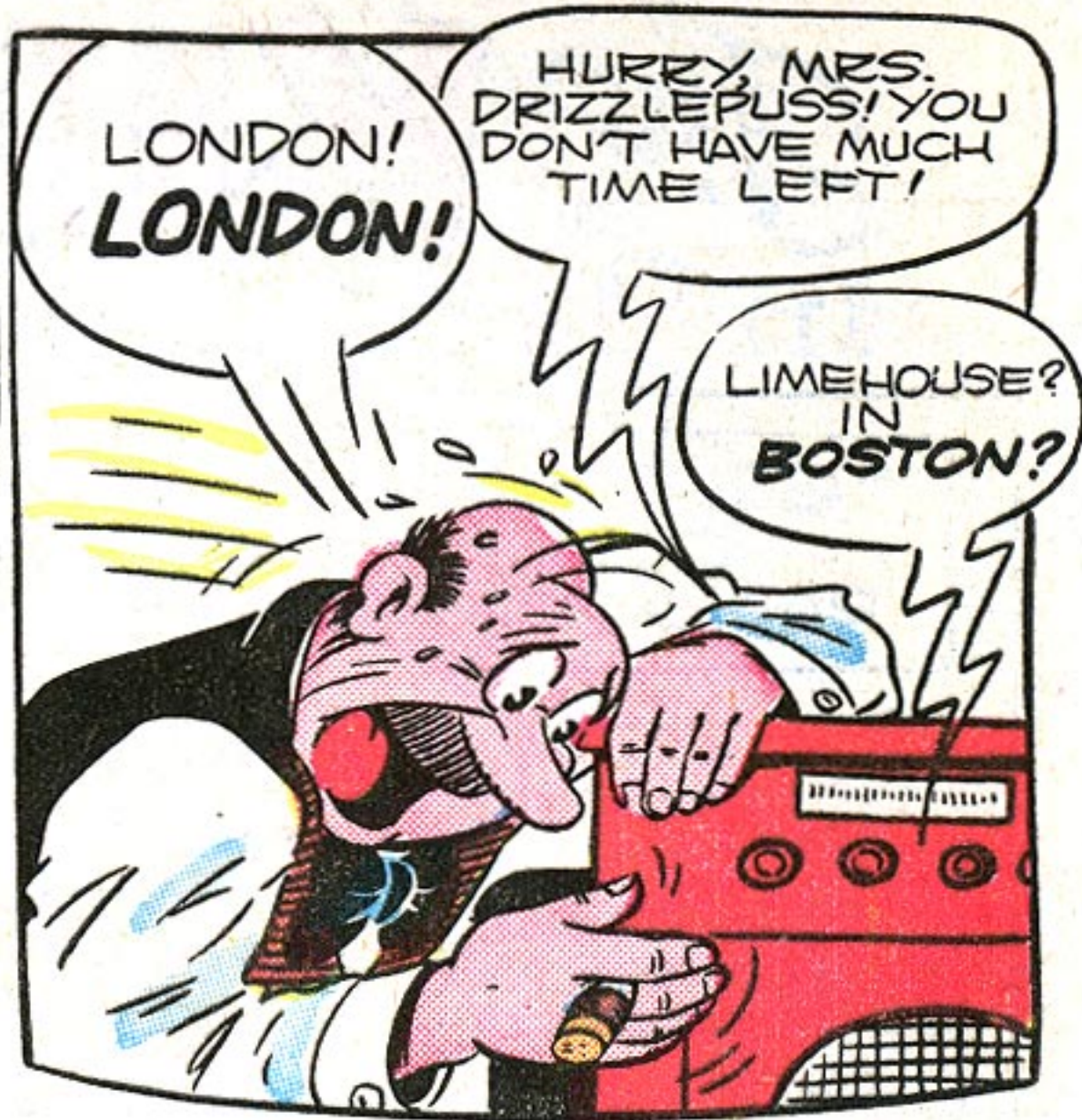
meets in every
issue of that
great new
magazine
"COOKIE"

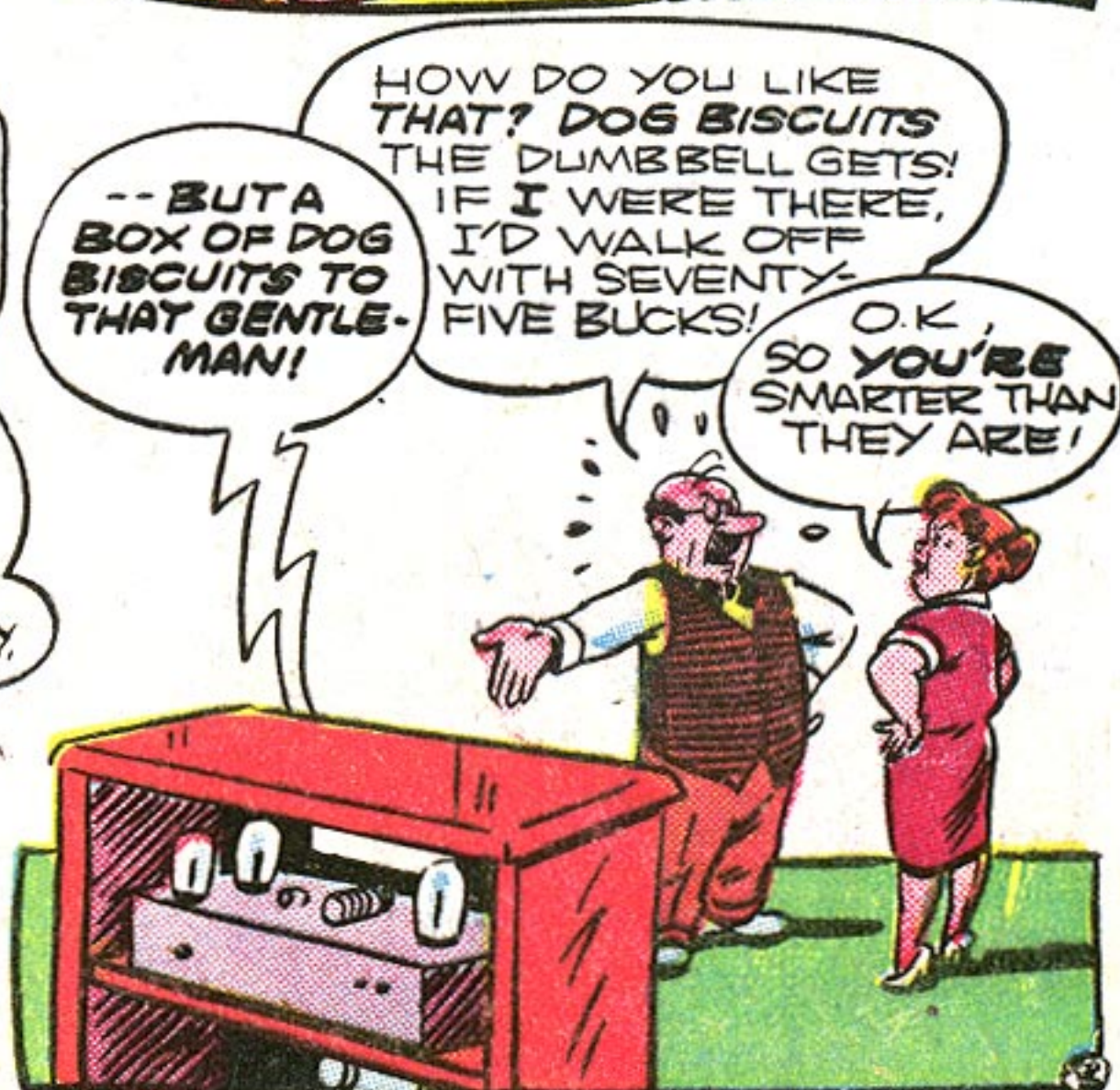
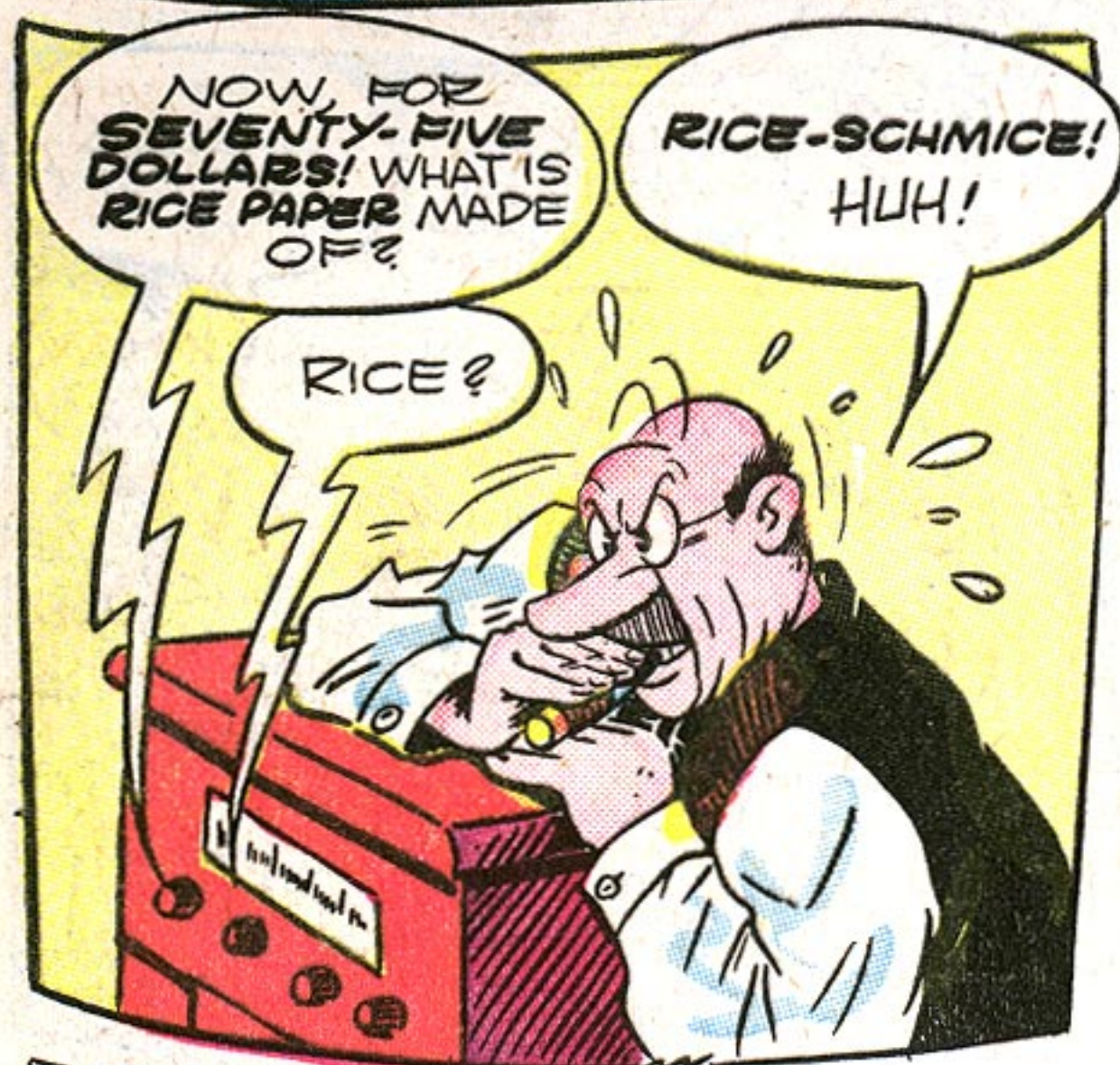
10¢ on all stands

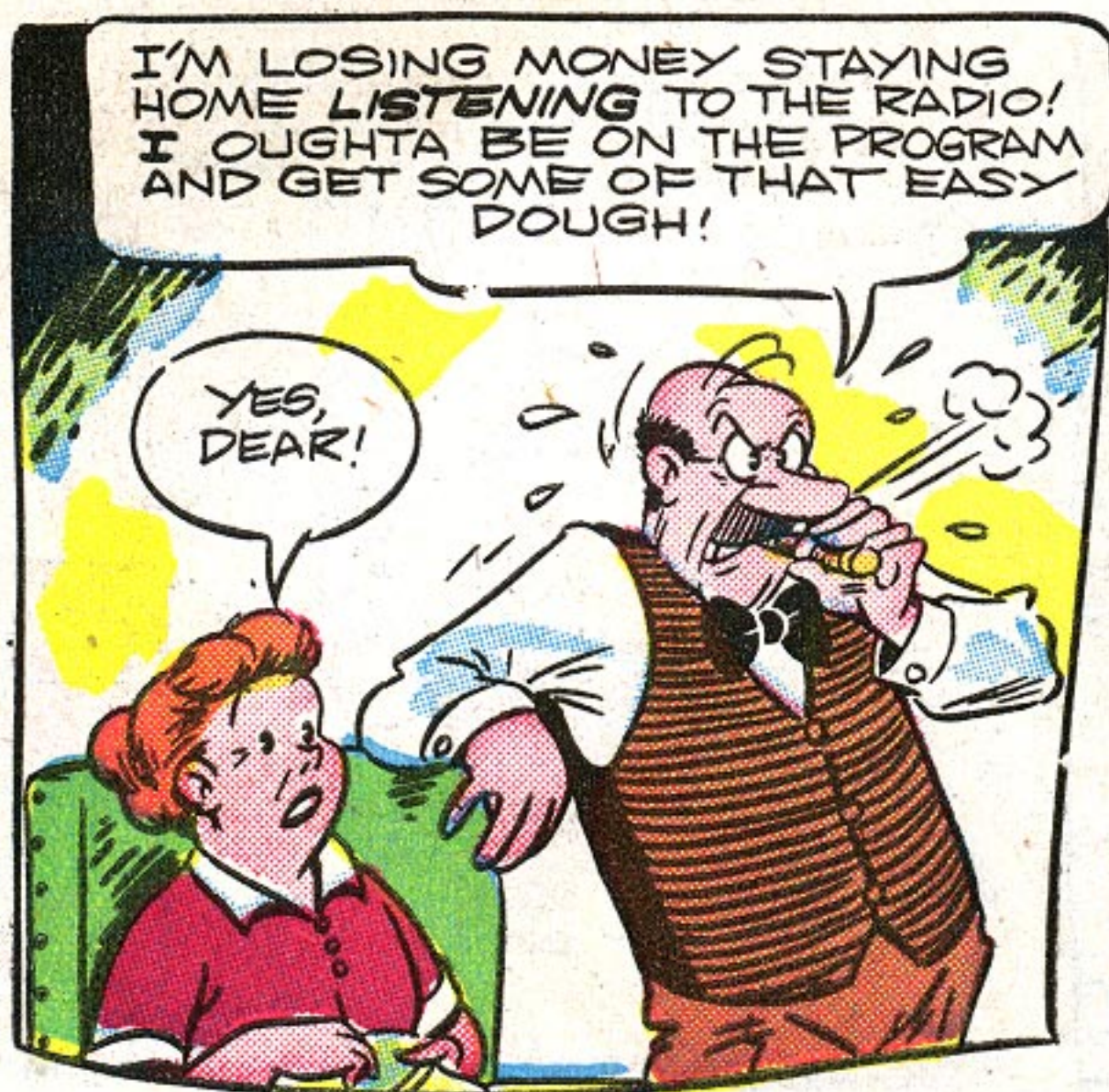
The KILROYS

in "INFORMATION, PLEASE!"









I'M LOSING MONEY STAYING HOME LISTENING TO THE RADIO! I OUGHTA BE ON THE PROGRAM AND GET SOME OF THAT EASY DOUGH!

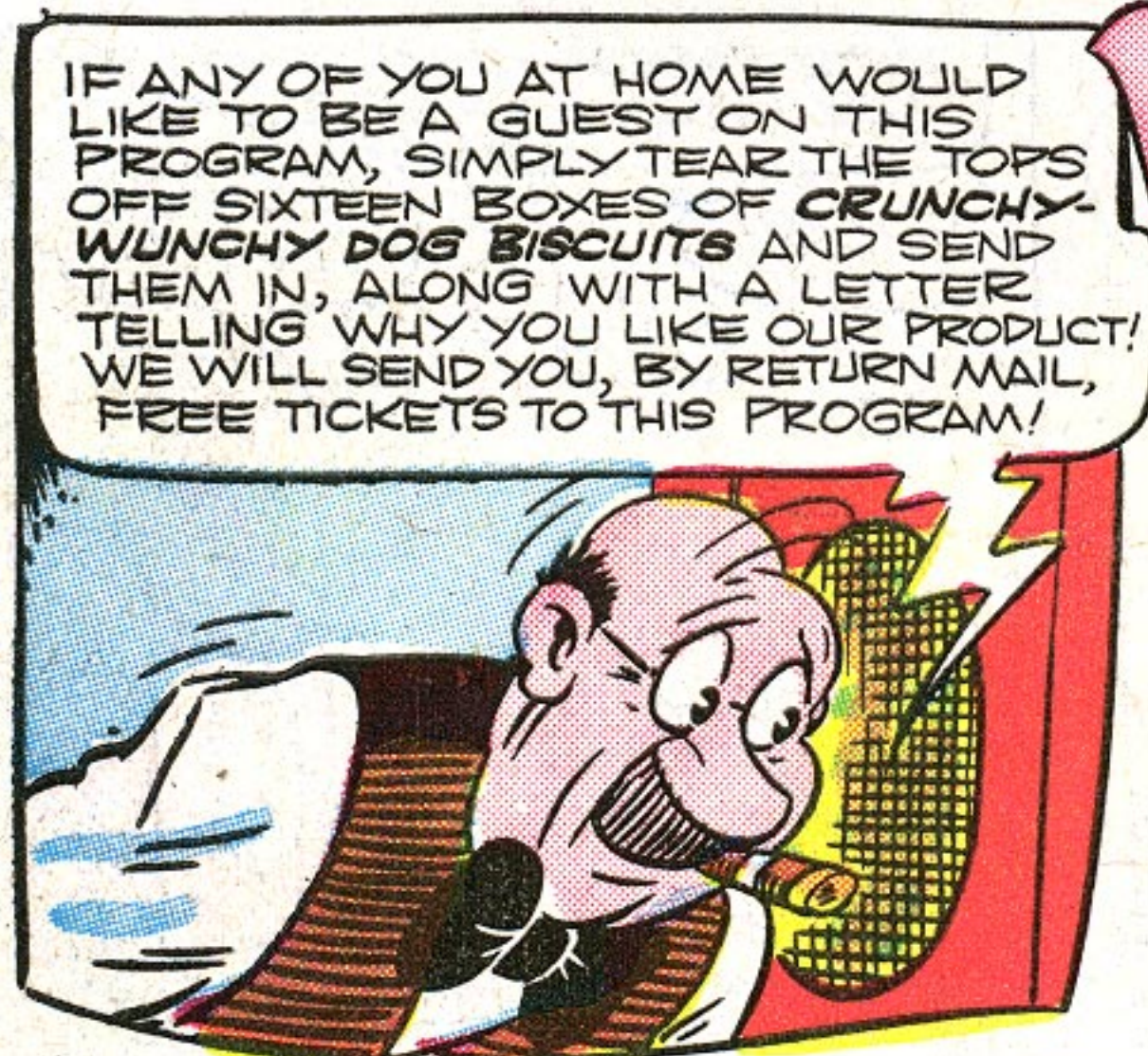
YES, DEAR!



SH-H-H! SH-H!
LISTEN!!

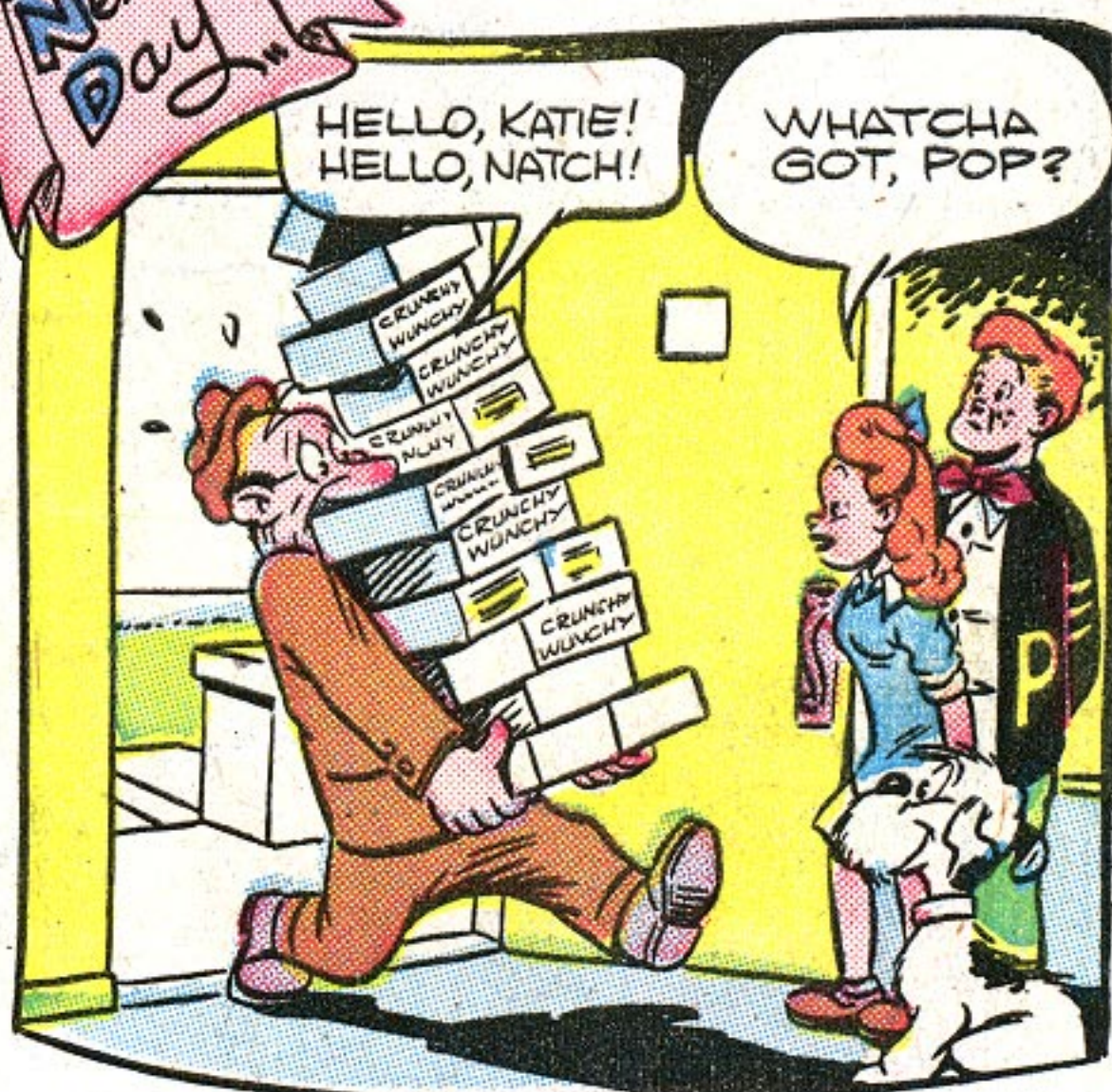
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING!



IF ANY OF YOU AT HOME WOULD LIKE TO BE A GUEST ON THIS PROGRAM, SIMPLY TEAR THE TOPS OFF SIXTEEN BOXES OF **CRUNCHY-WUNCHY DOG BISCUITS** AND SEND THEM IN, ALONG WITH A LETTER TELLING WHY YOU LIKE OUR PRODUCT! WE WILL SEND YOU, BY RETURN MAIL, FREE TICKETS TO THIS PROGRAM!

Next Day



HELLO, KATIE!
HELLO, NATCH!

WHATCHA GOT, POP?

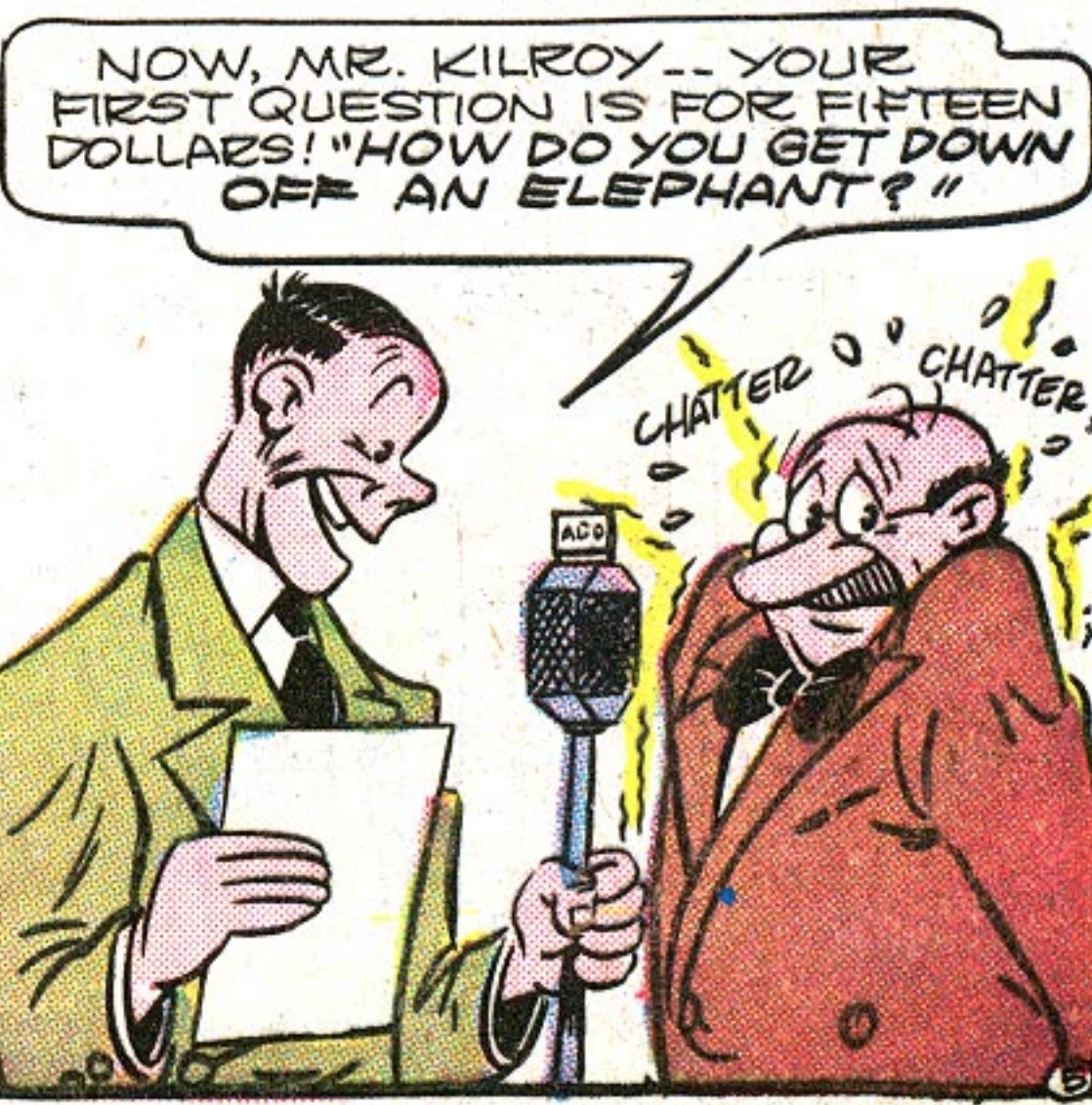
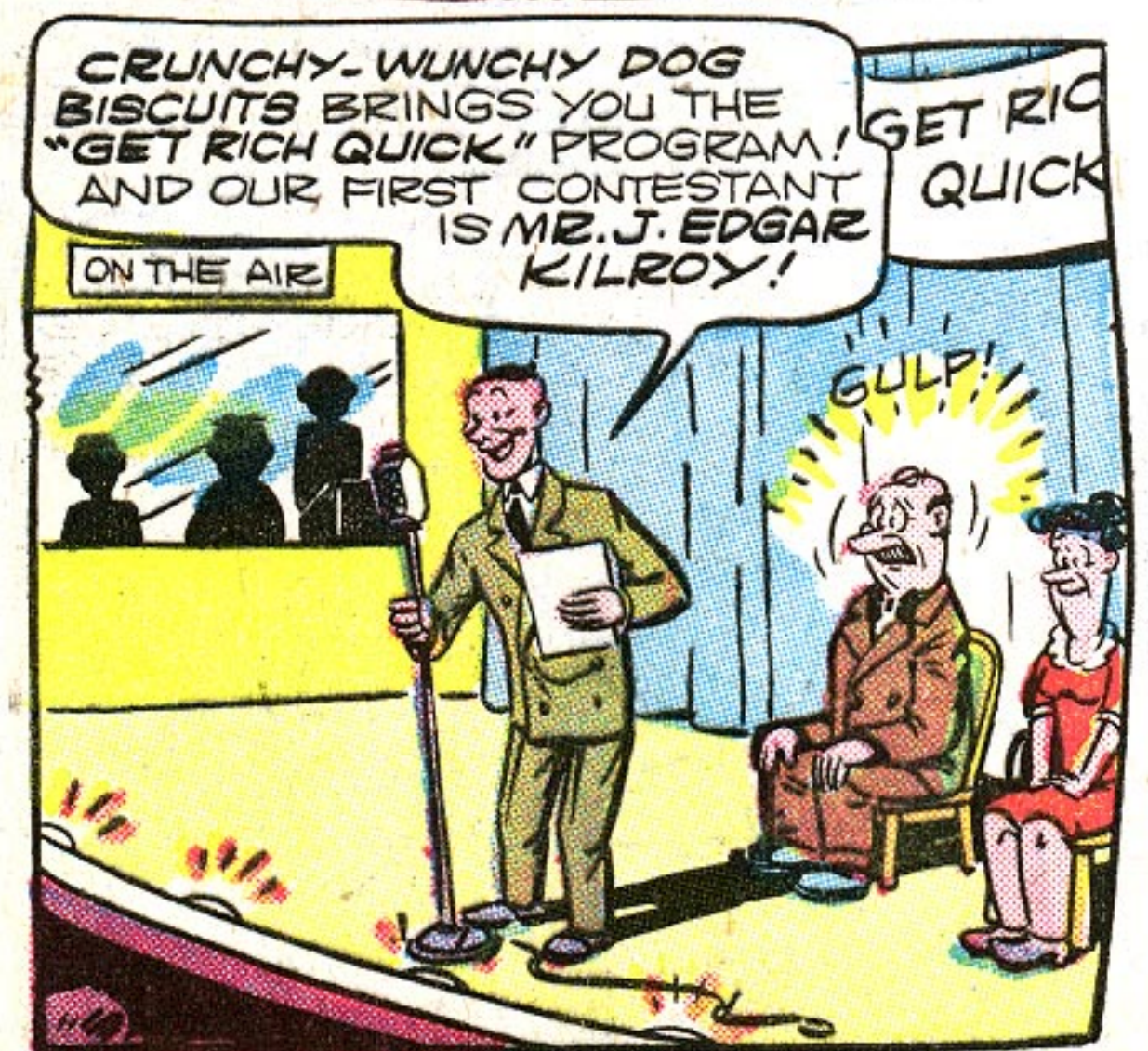
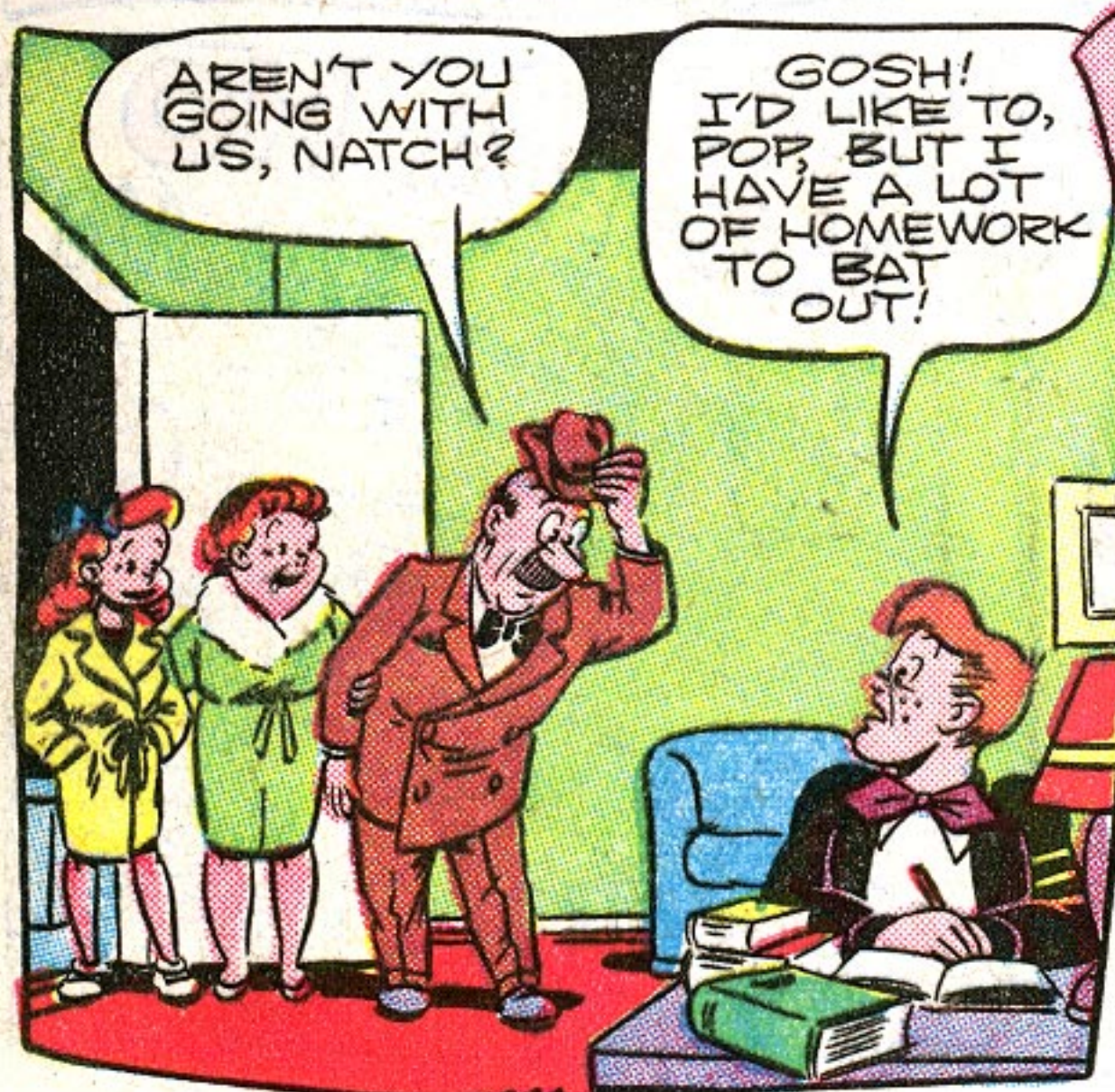
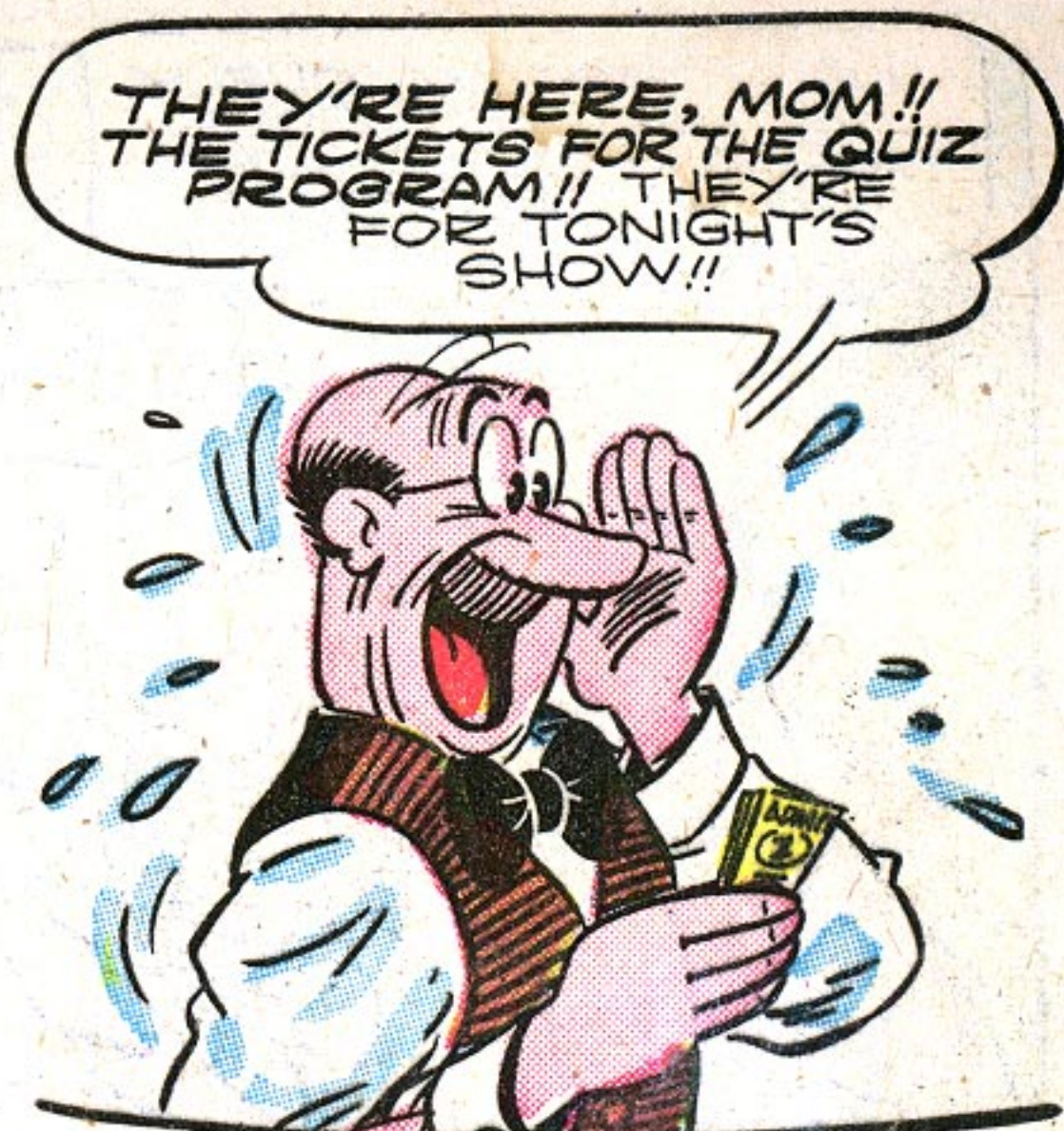


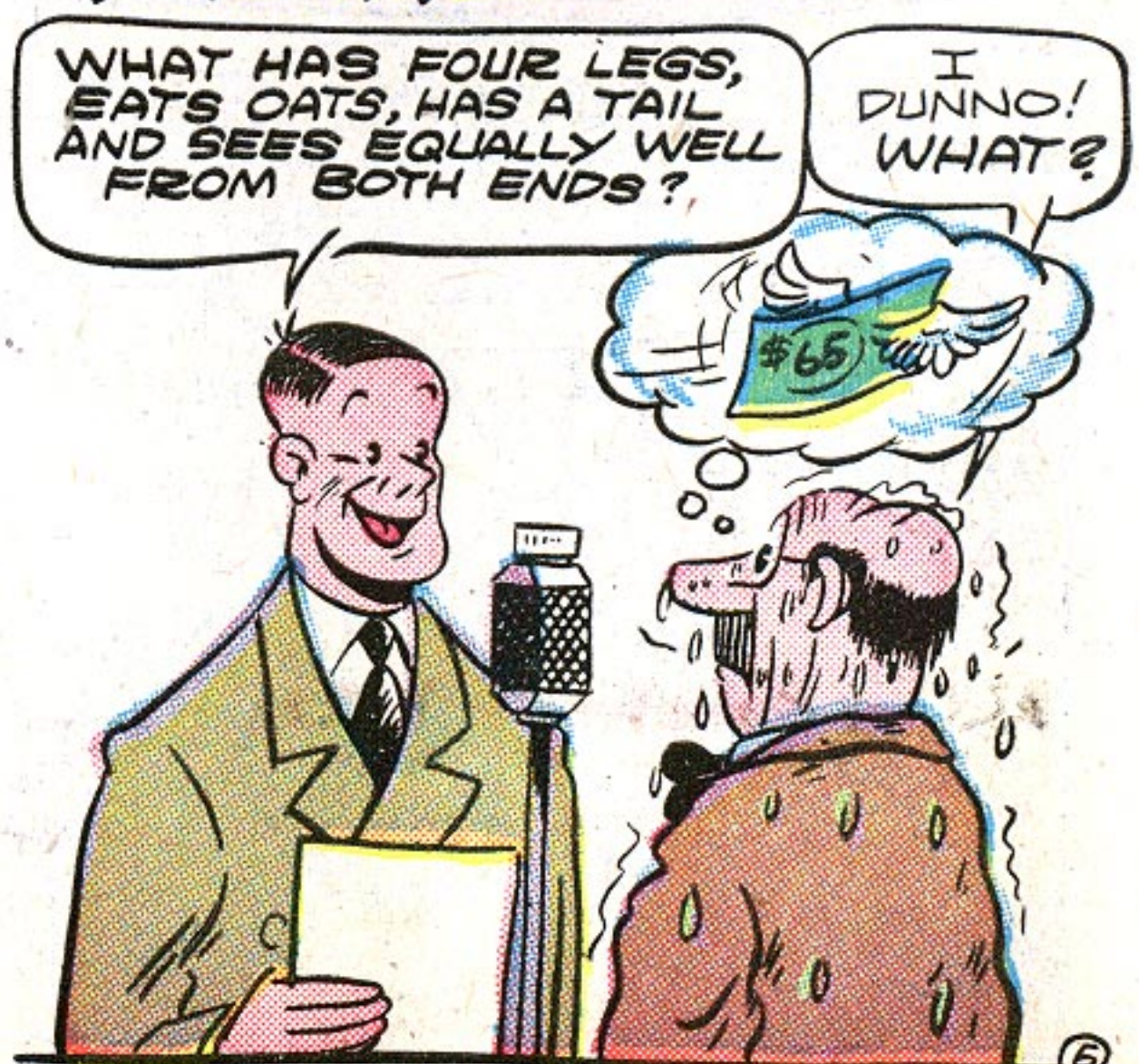
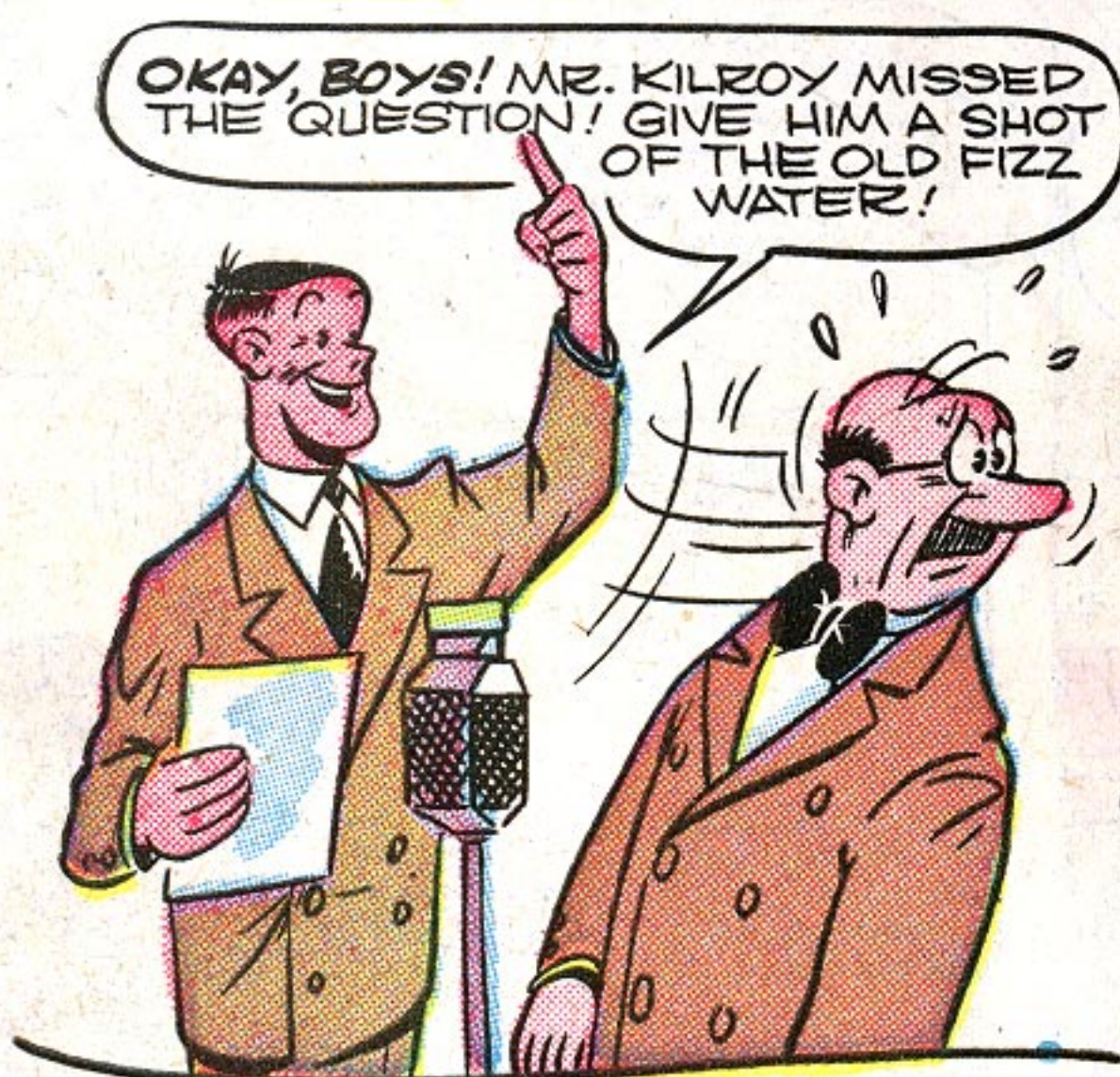
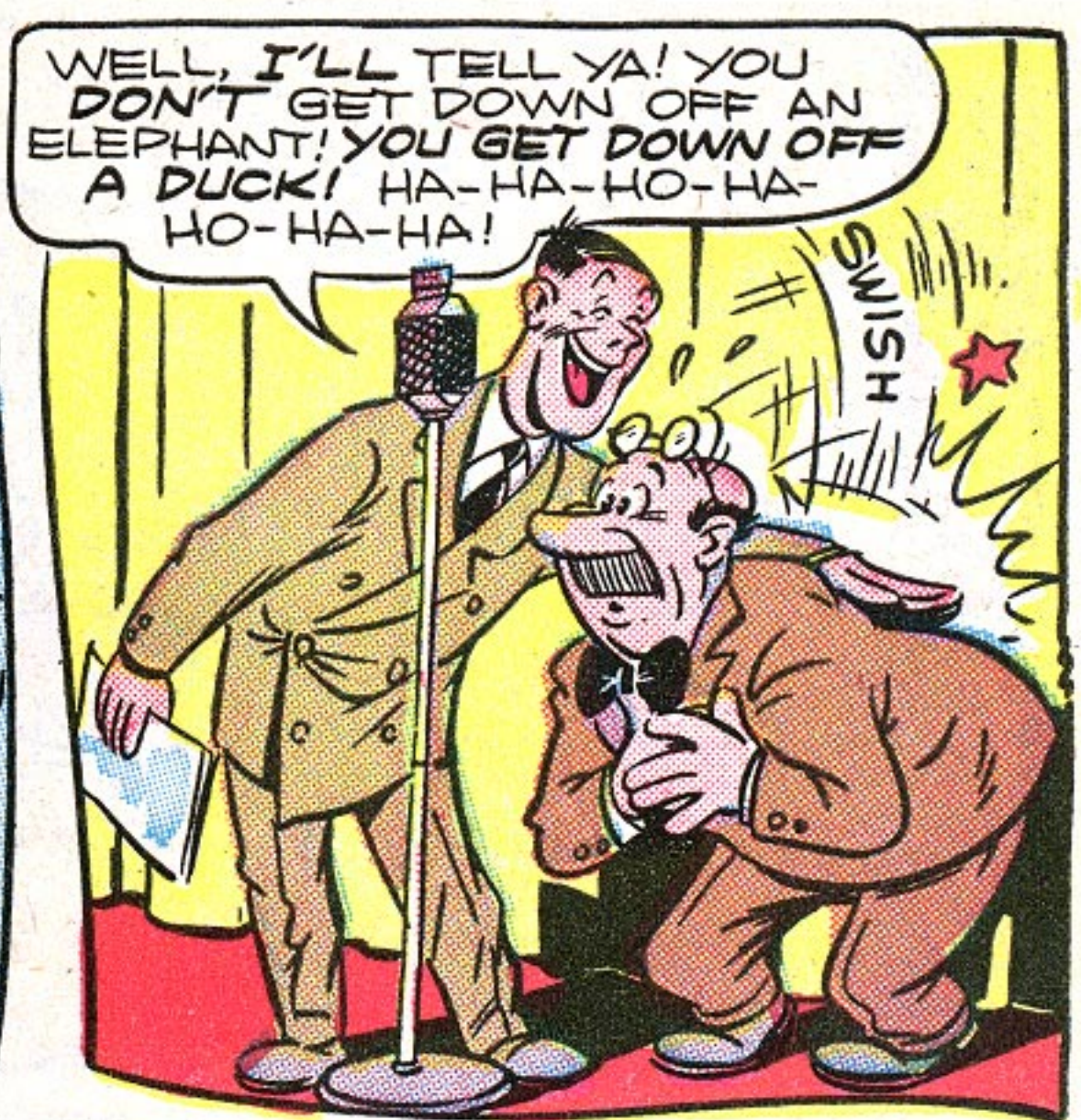
INSTEAD OF STAYING HOME EVERY NIGHT AND LISTENING TO THOSE DUMB CLUCKS PASS UP ALL THAT EASY DOUGH, YOUR POP IS GOING TO BRING SOME OF IT HOME!

AND WHO'S GOING TO EAT ALL OF THAT? US?

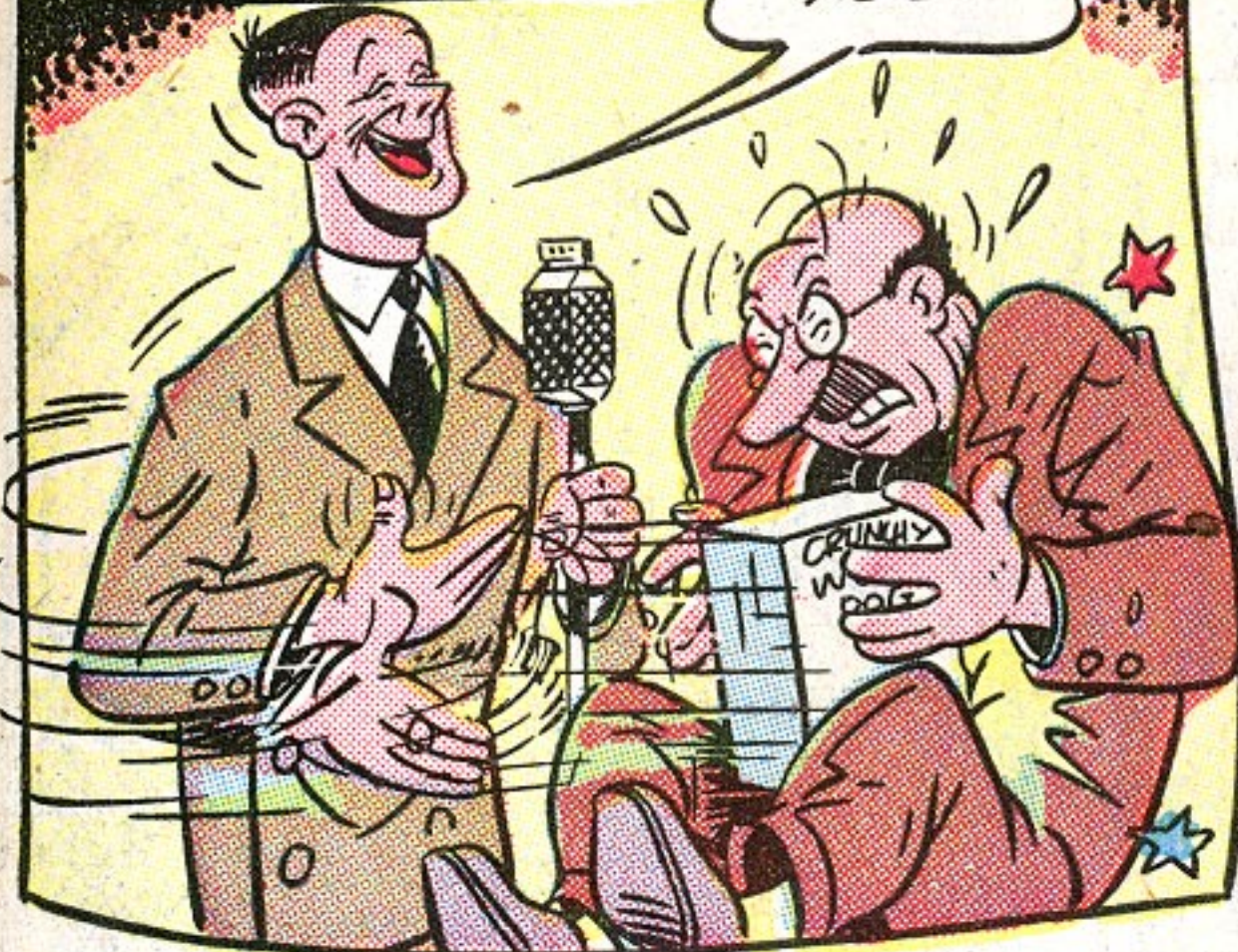


I'LL COMPOSE A LITTLE GEM ON WHY I LIKE **CRUNCHY-WUNCHY DOG BISCUITS** TONIGHT-- AND IN THE MORNING, I'LL MAIL IT FOR THE **TICKETS!** IF **CRUNCHY-WUNCHY** HAS MONEY TO GIVE AWAY, I'LL TAKE IT! I'M NO DOPE!





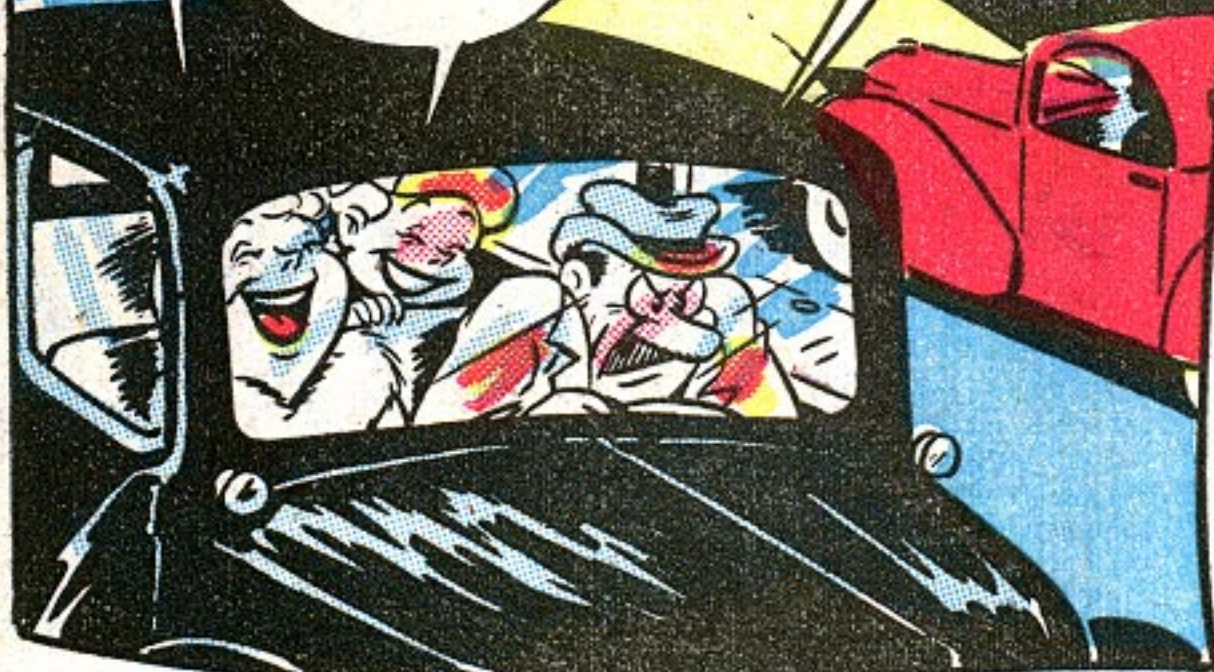
---A BLIND HORSE! HAW-HAW-HAW! TOO BAD, KILROY! HA-HA! BUT A BOX OF CRUNCHY-WUNCHY DOG BISCUITS TO YOU!



HO-HO HA-HA! YOU WERE A RIOT UP THERE! I THOUGHT I'D SPLIT!

POP'S A COMEDIAN!

I OUGHTA SUE 'EM FOR MAKING A JERK OUTA ME! I KNEW THE ANSWER TO THAT CORNY OLD BLIND HORSE GAG!

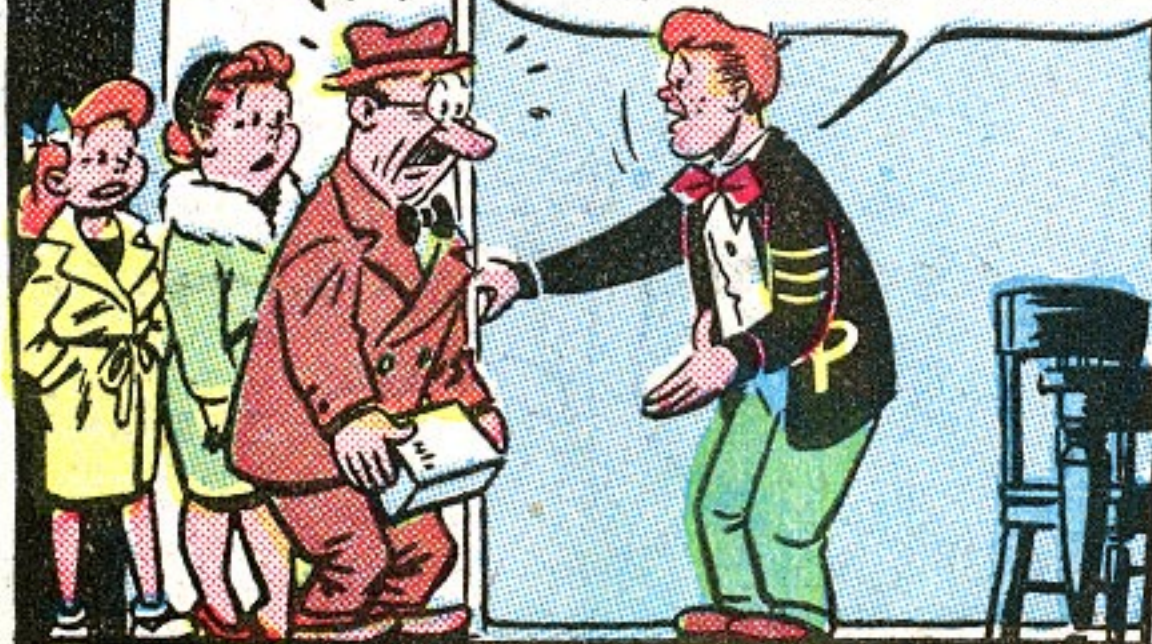


STOP LAUGHING! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS UP THERE IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE! AND THAT MICROPHONE- IT SCARED ME!

OH, IT'S JUST LIKE TALKING INTO THE TELEPHONE!

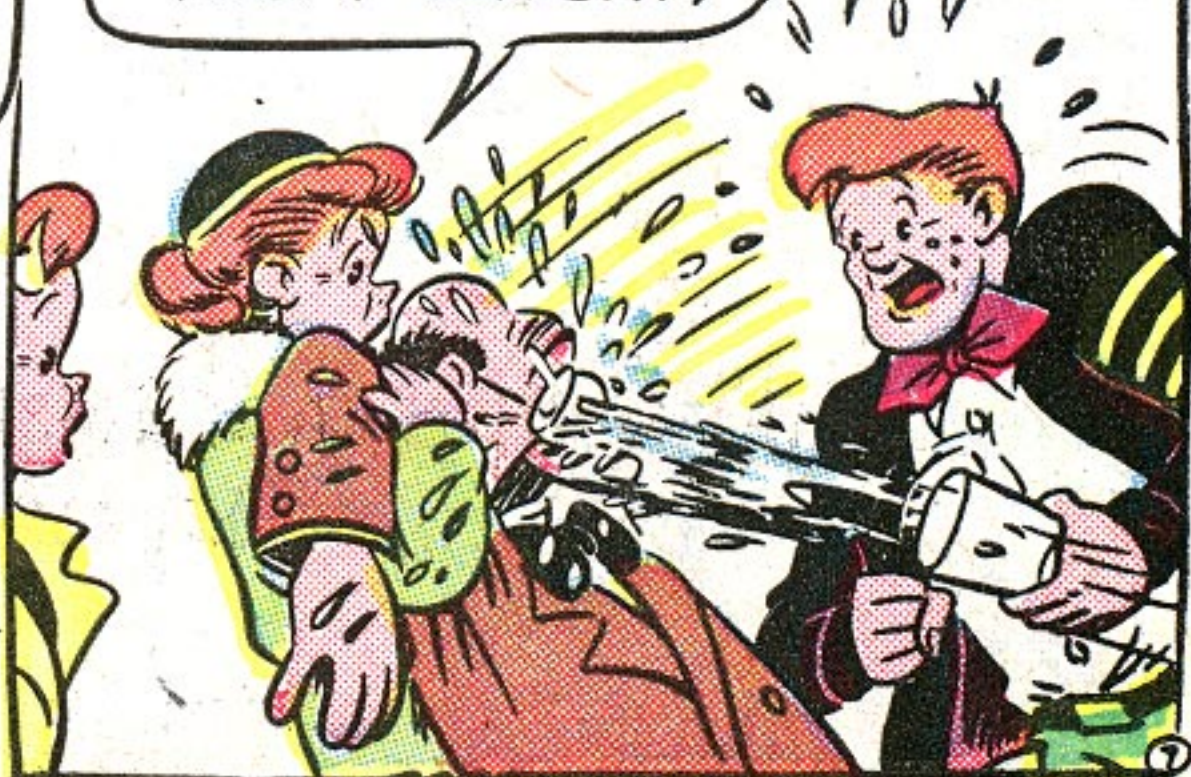


GEE, POP! YOU SHOULDA STAYED HOME TONIGHT! THE POT O' LUCK RADIO PROGRAM CALLED, AND IF YOU HAD BEEN HERE WHEN THE PHONE RANG, YOU WOULD HAVE RECEIVED TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, A NEW REFRIGERATOR, AN AIR PLANE, A FUR COAT, A PENCIL SHARPENER, A YACHT, A PACKAGE OF RAZOR BLADES-- ETC.-ETC.-ETC.--



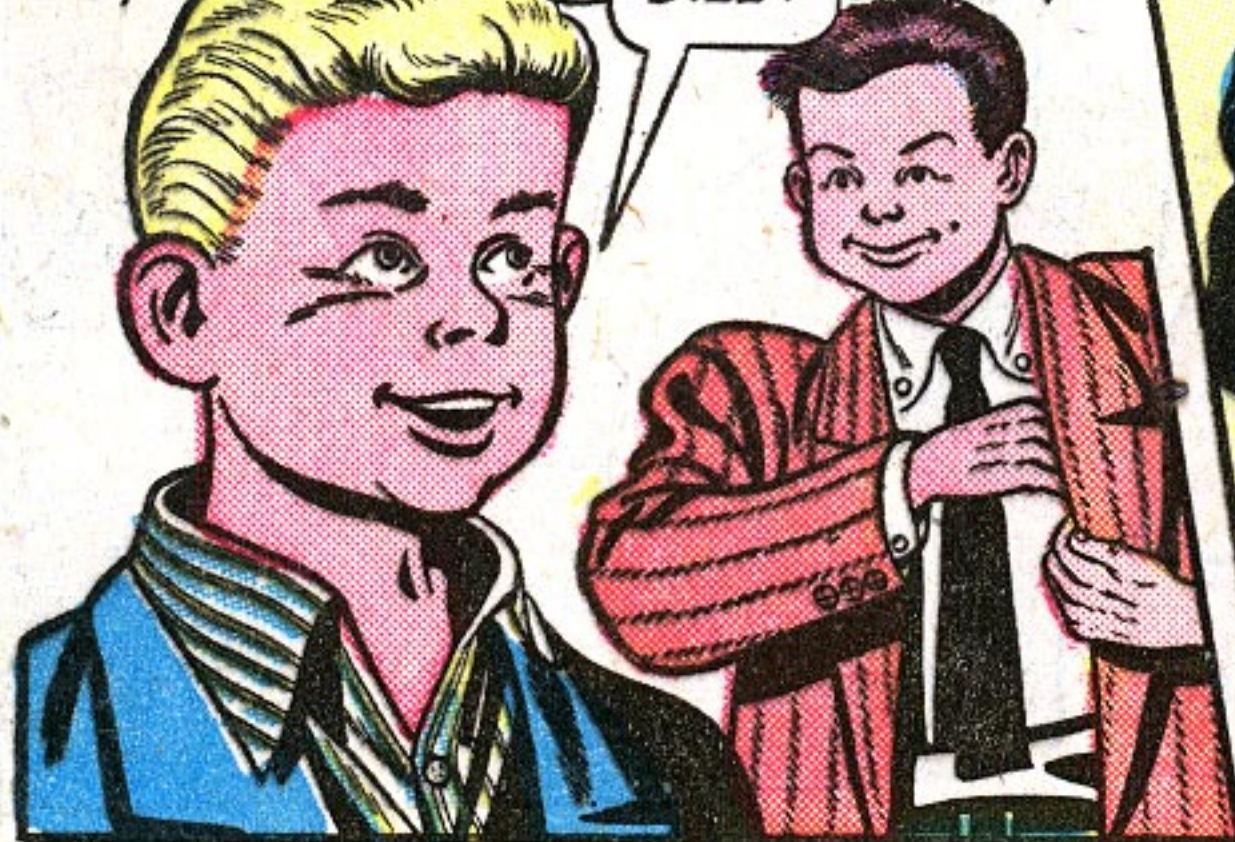
HEY! WOSSAMATTER WITH POP??

HE HAD A HARD NIGHT TONIGHT!

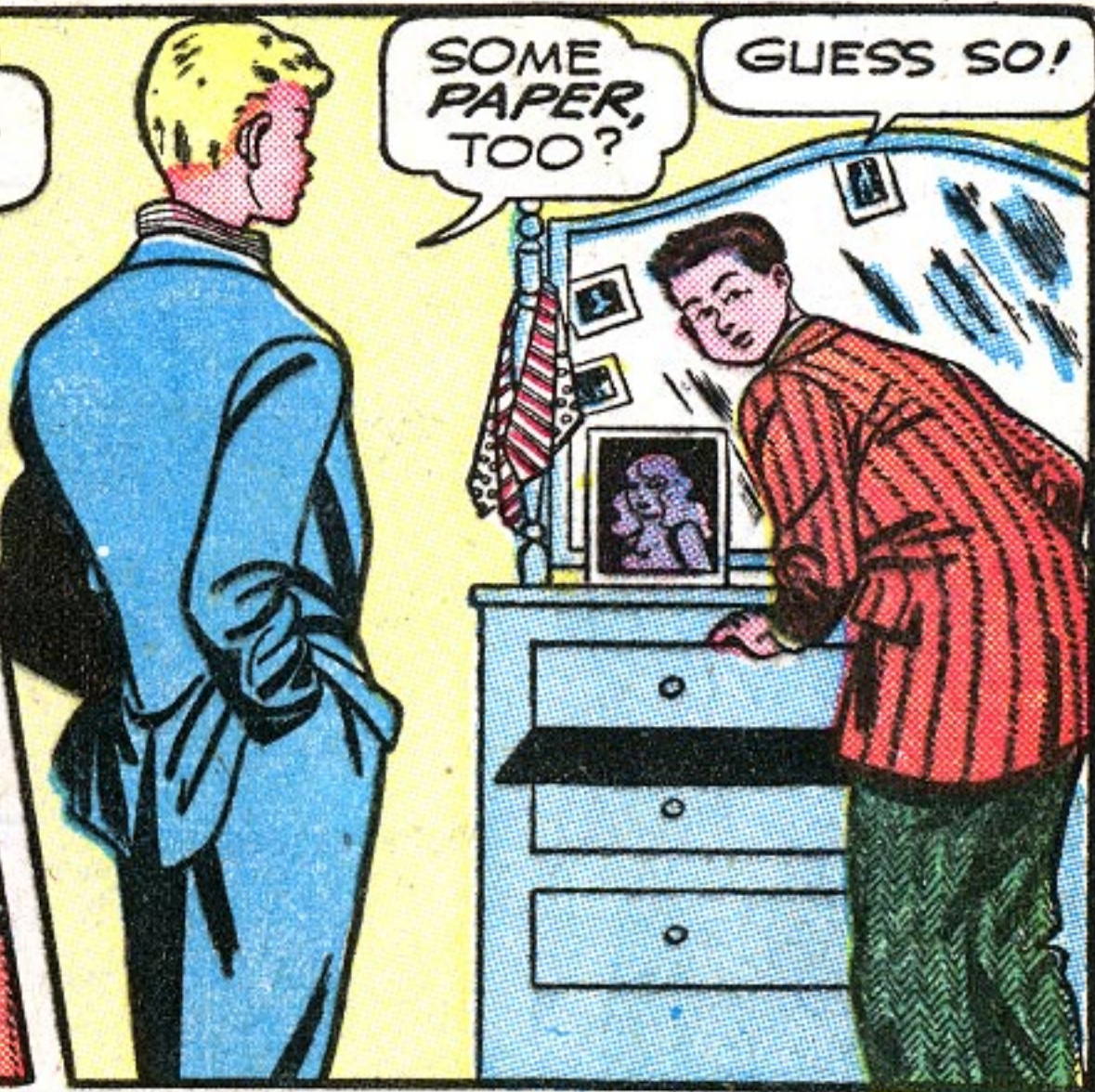


ICKEY IKE

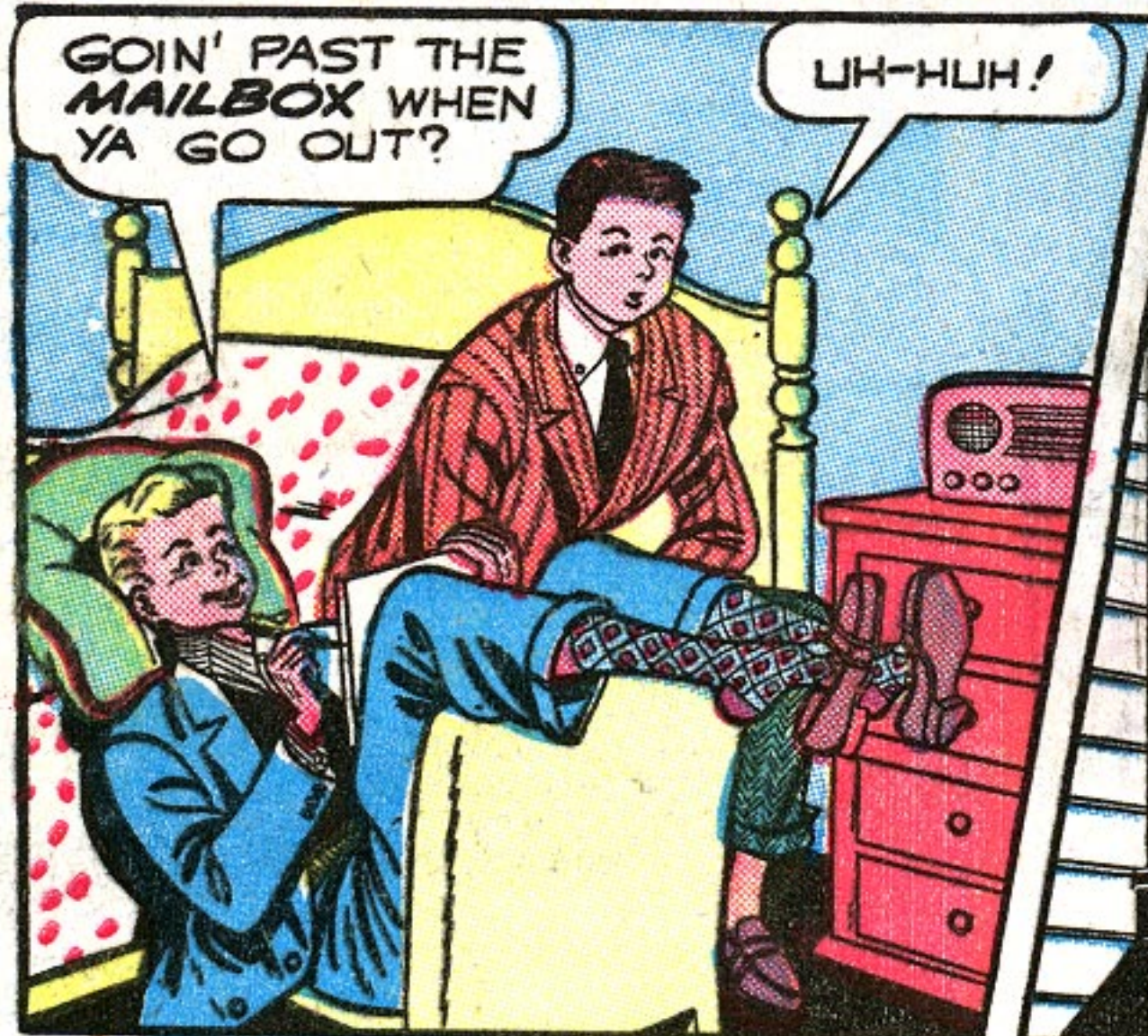
By Al Hortley



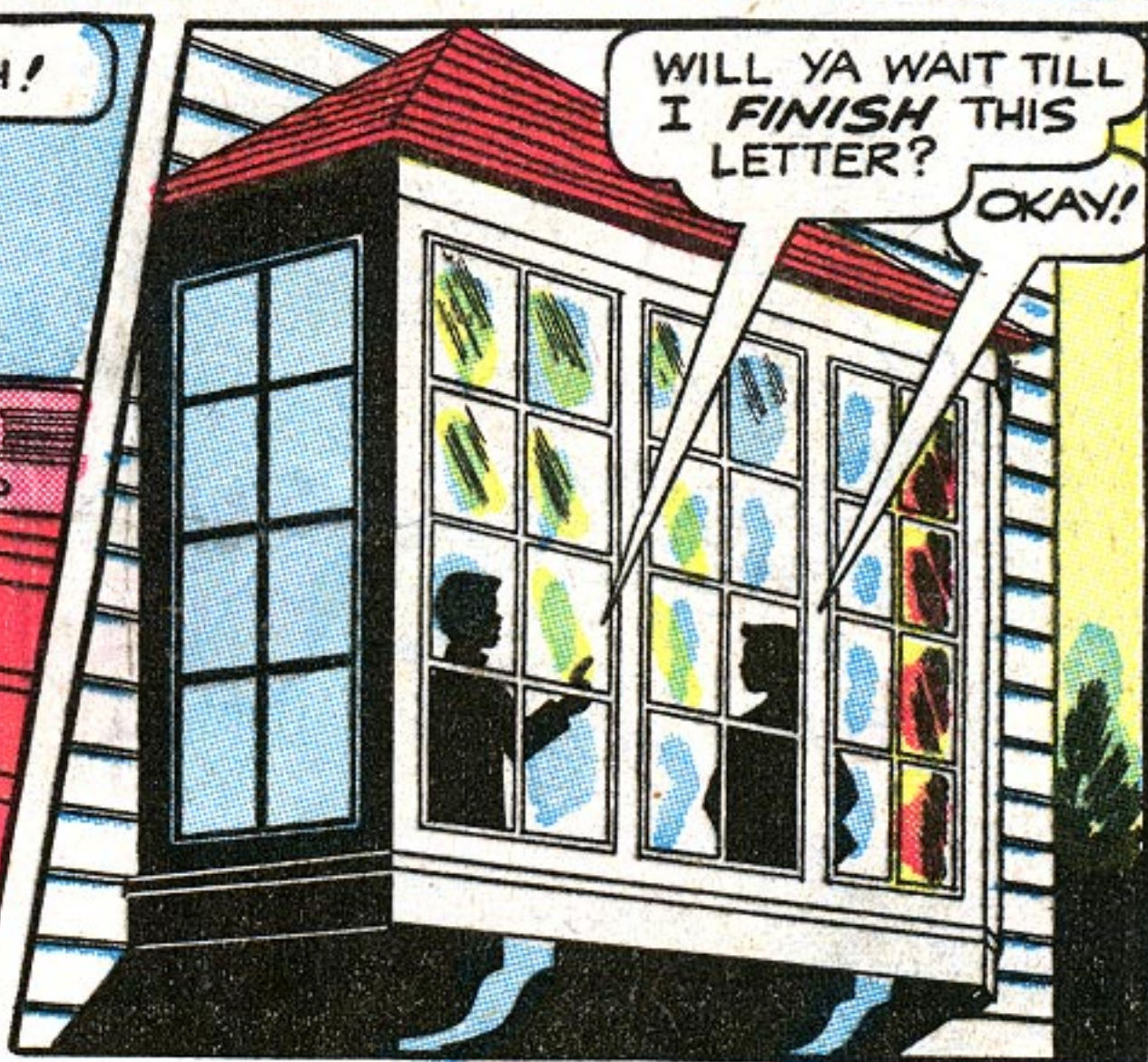
SURE THING, ICKEY!



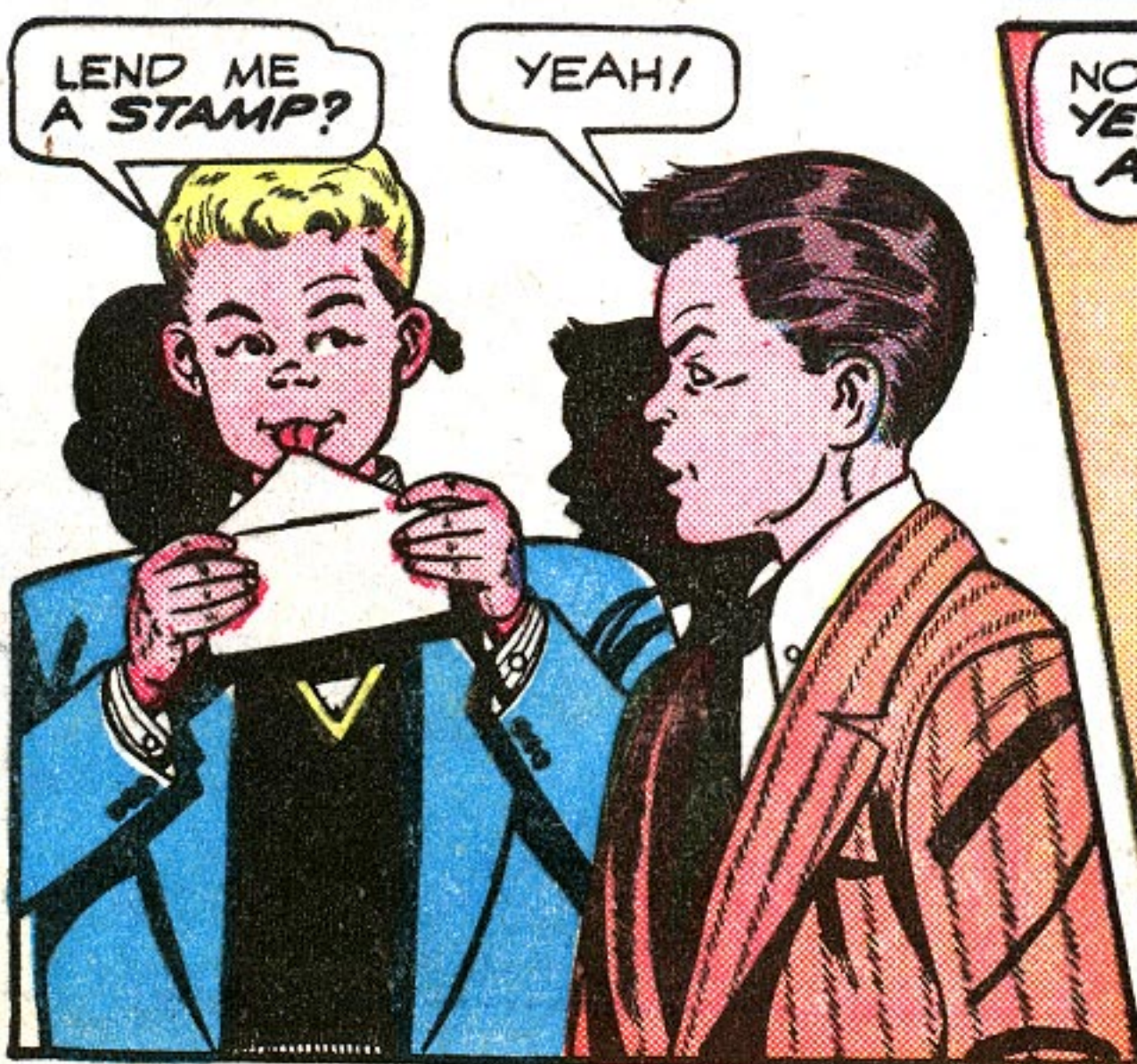
GUESS SO!



UH-HUH!



OKAY!



YEAH!

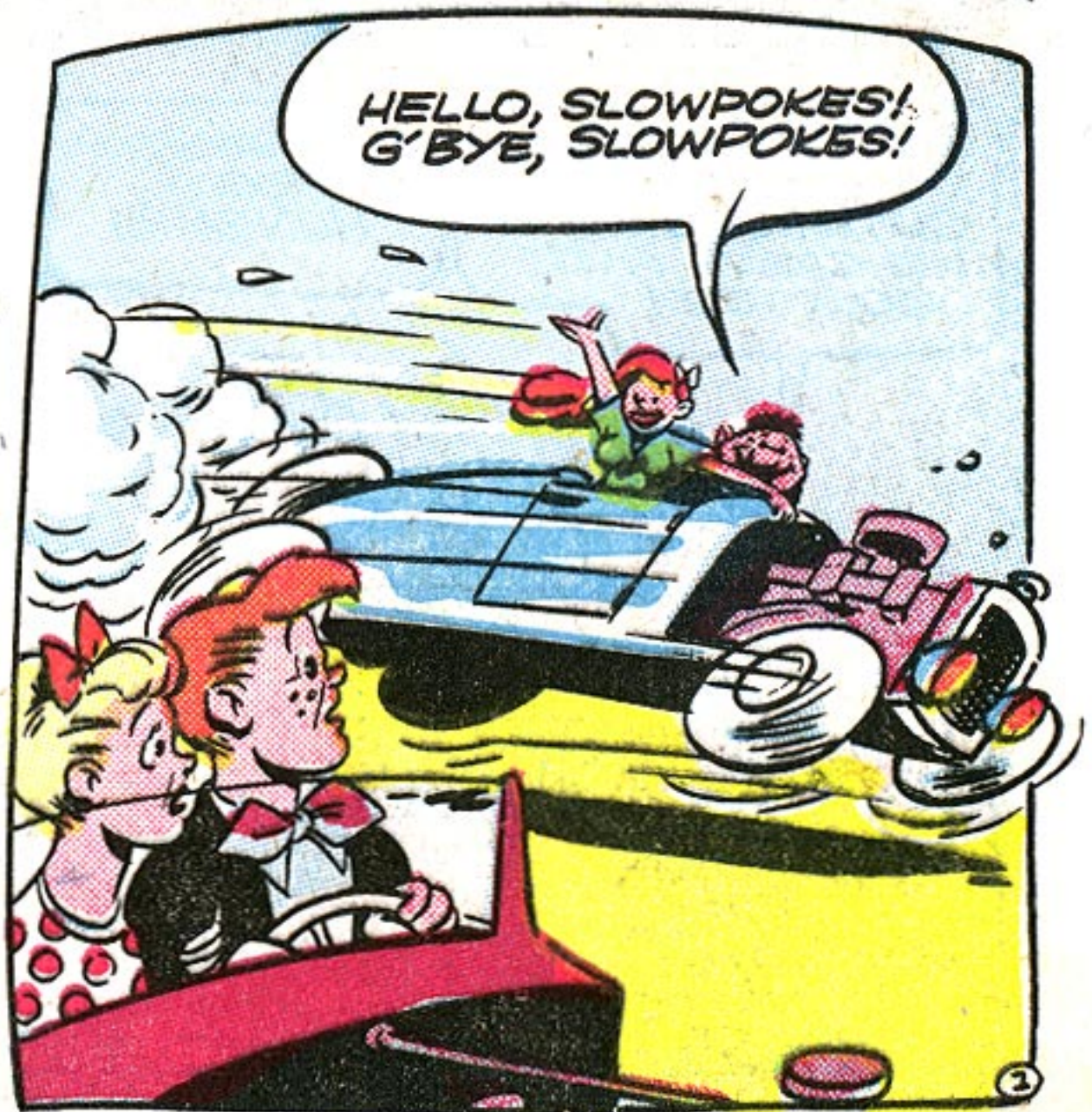
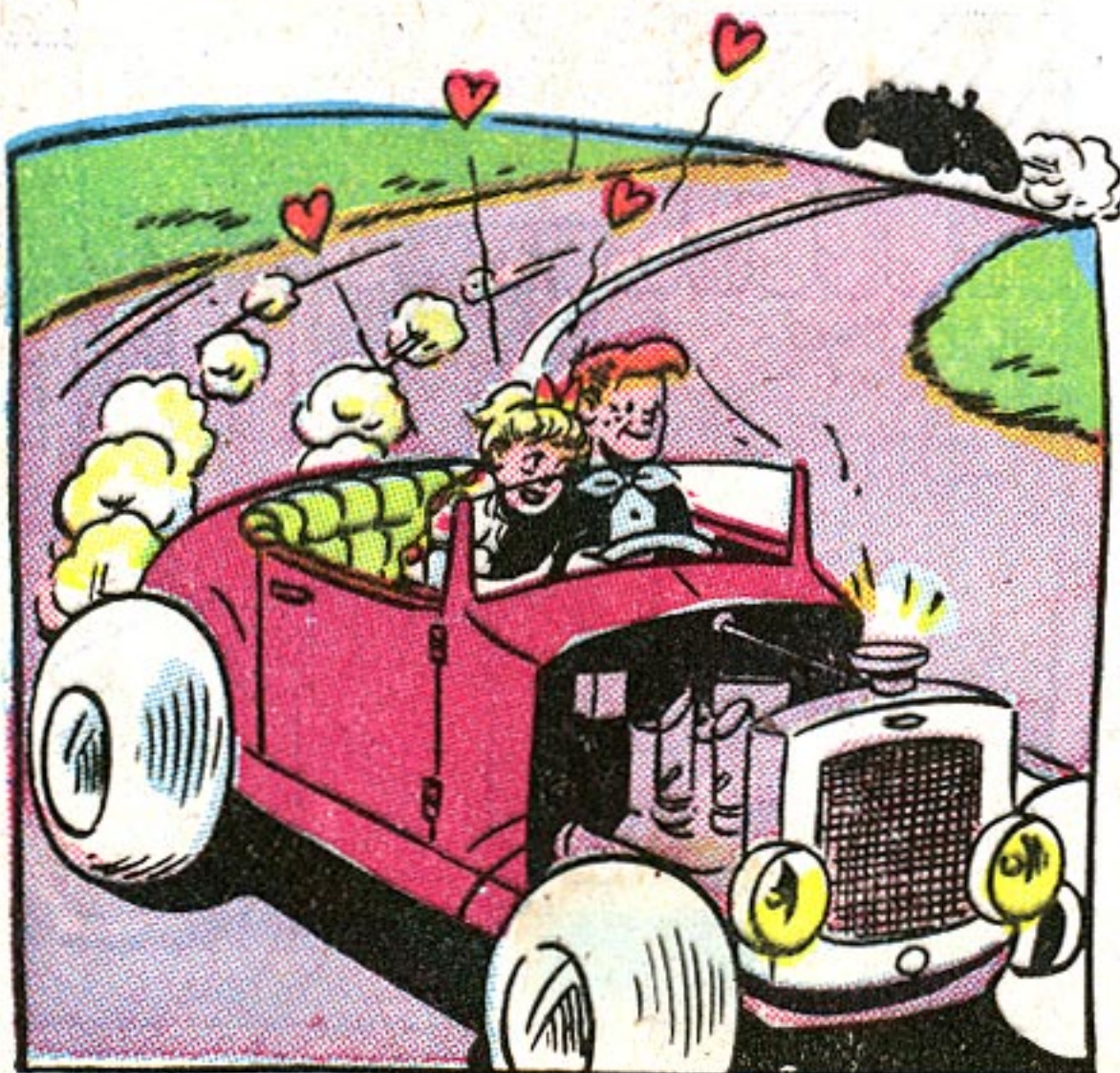
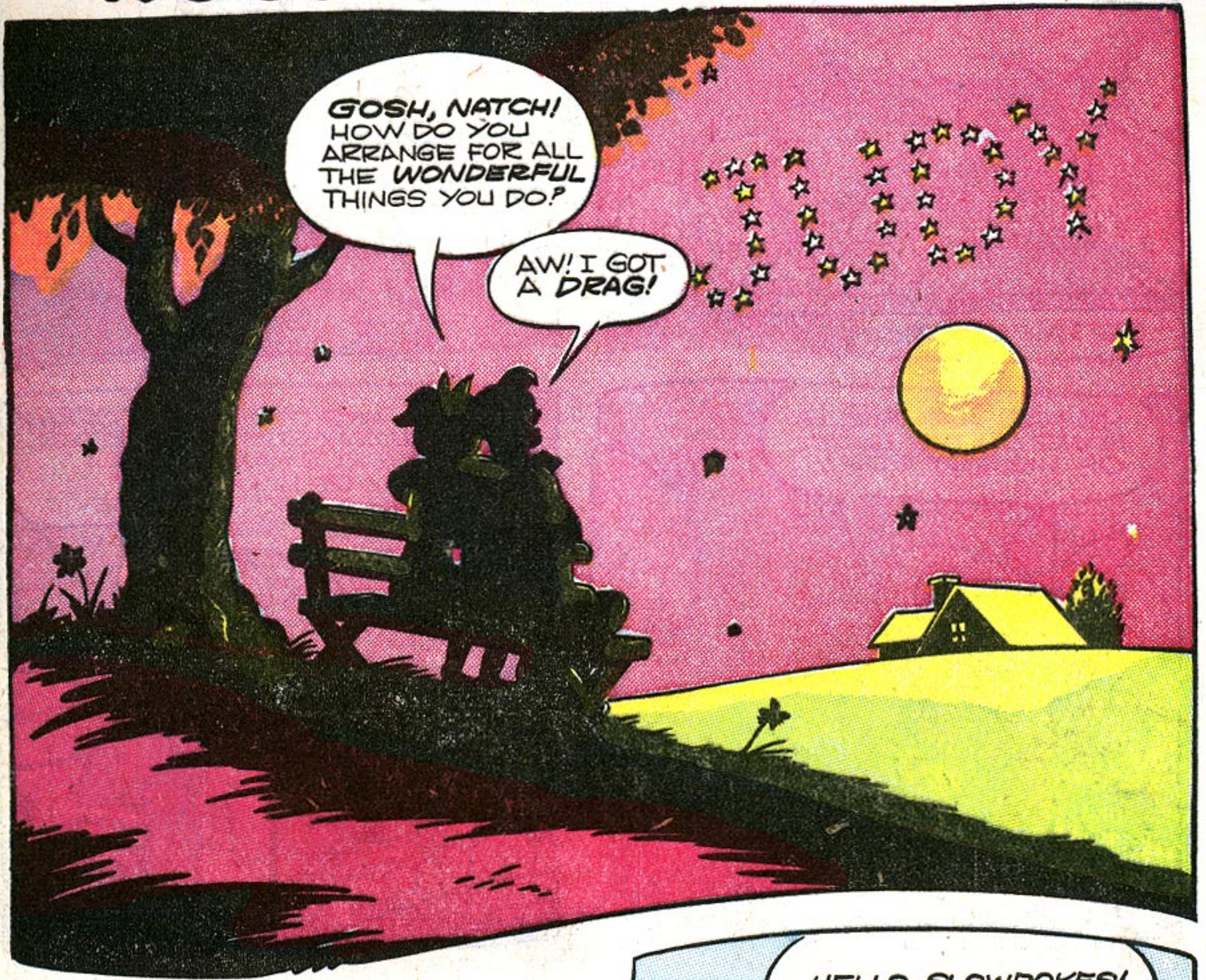


OH-HHH!

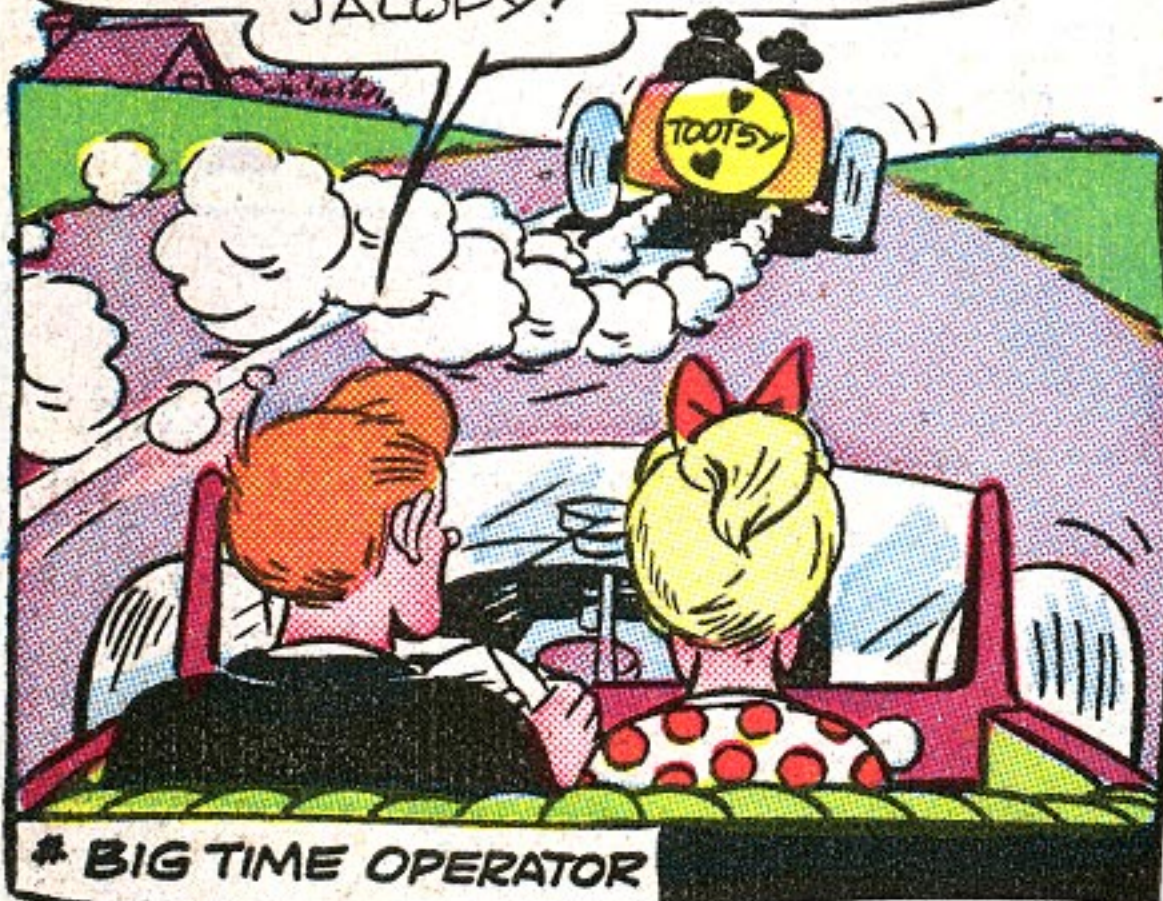
Natch

in

"ROOFTOP ROMANCE"



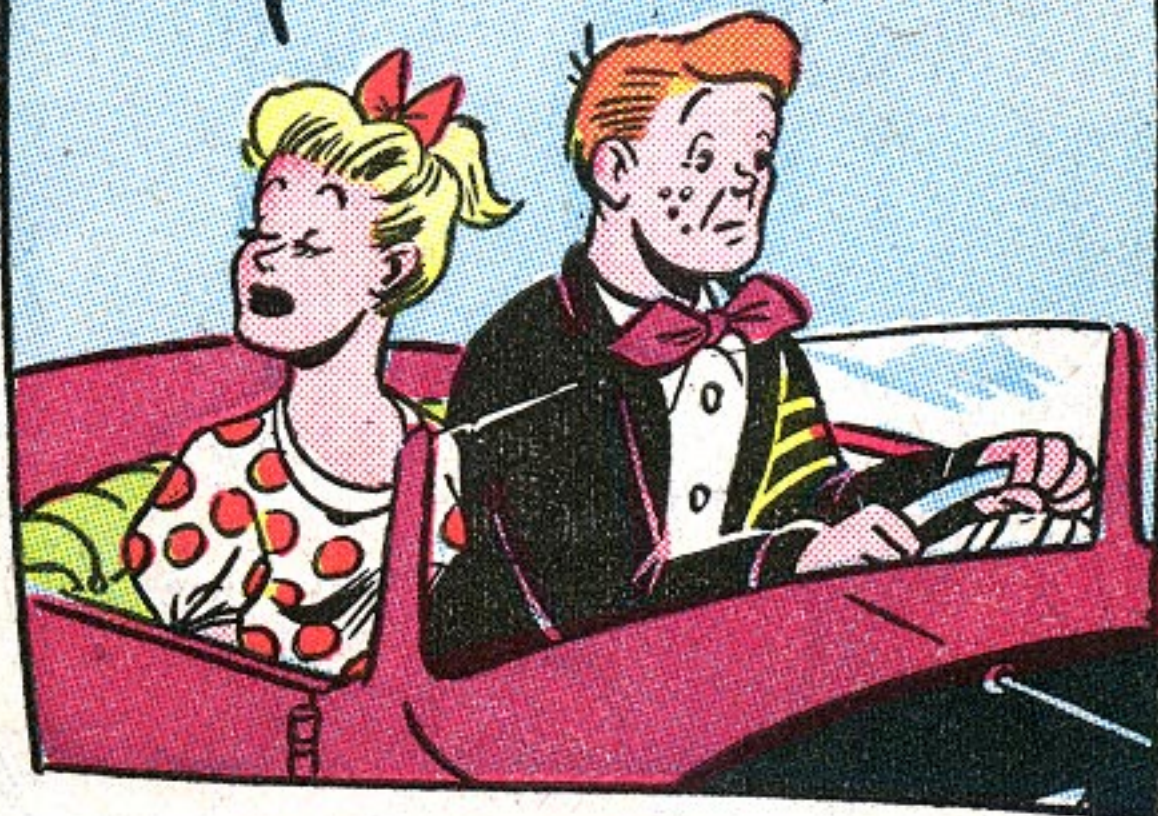
THERE GOES THAT FATSO,
HAROLD BROWN! HE SURE
THINKS HE'S A **B.T.O.***, JUST
BECAUSE HE'S GOT A NEW HIGH
COMPRESSION HEAD ON HIS
JALOPY!



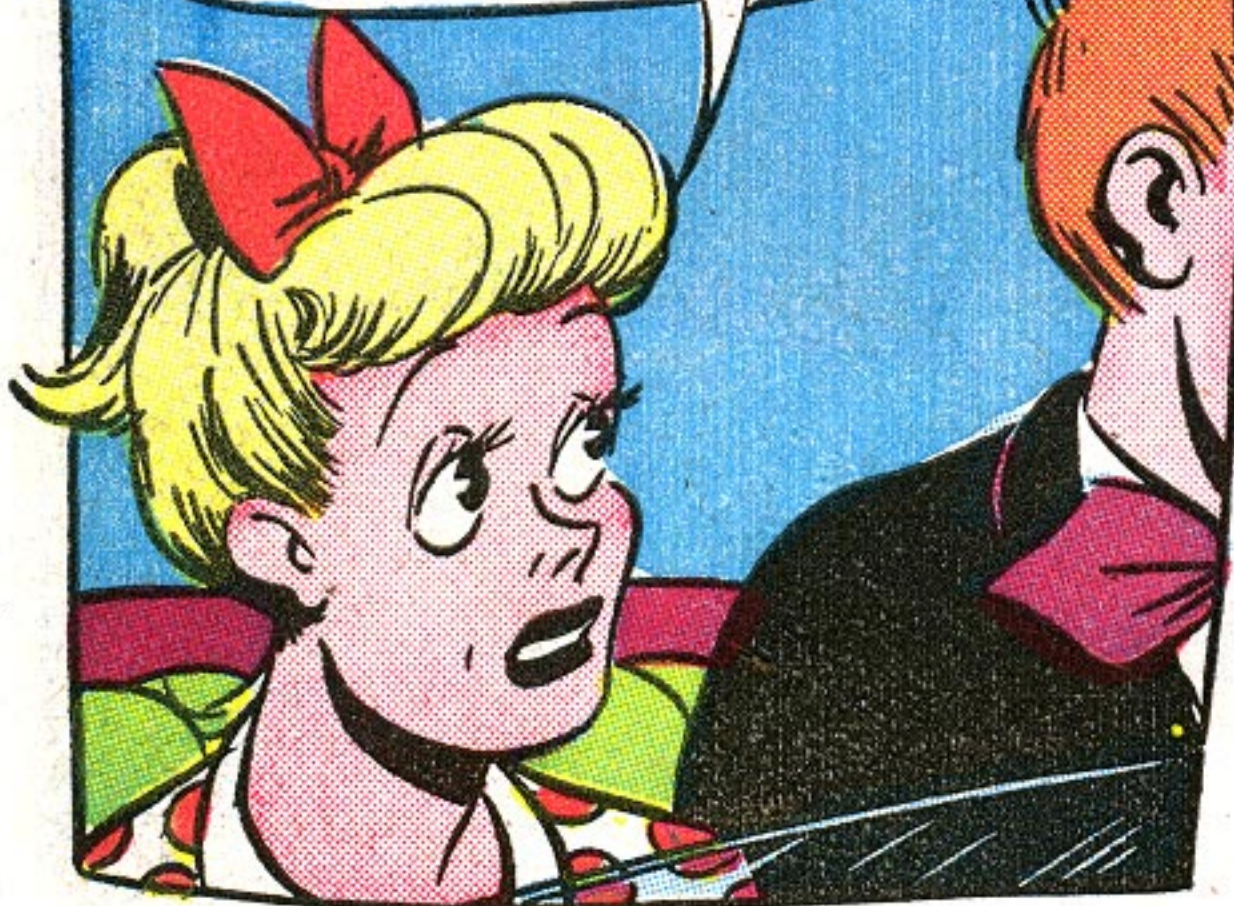
* **BIG TIME OPERATOR**

I NOTICED
SOMETHING
ELSE HE HAD
ON HIS
JALOPY, TOO!

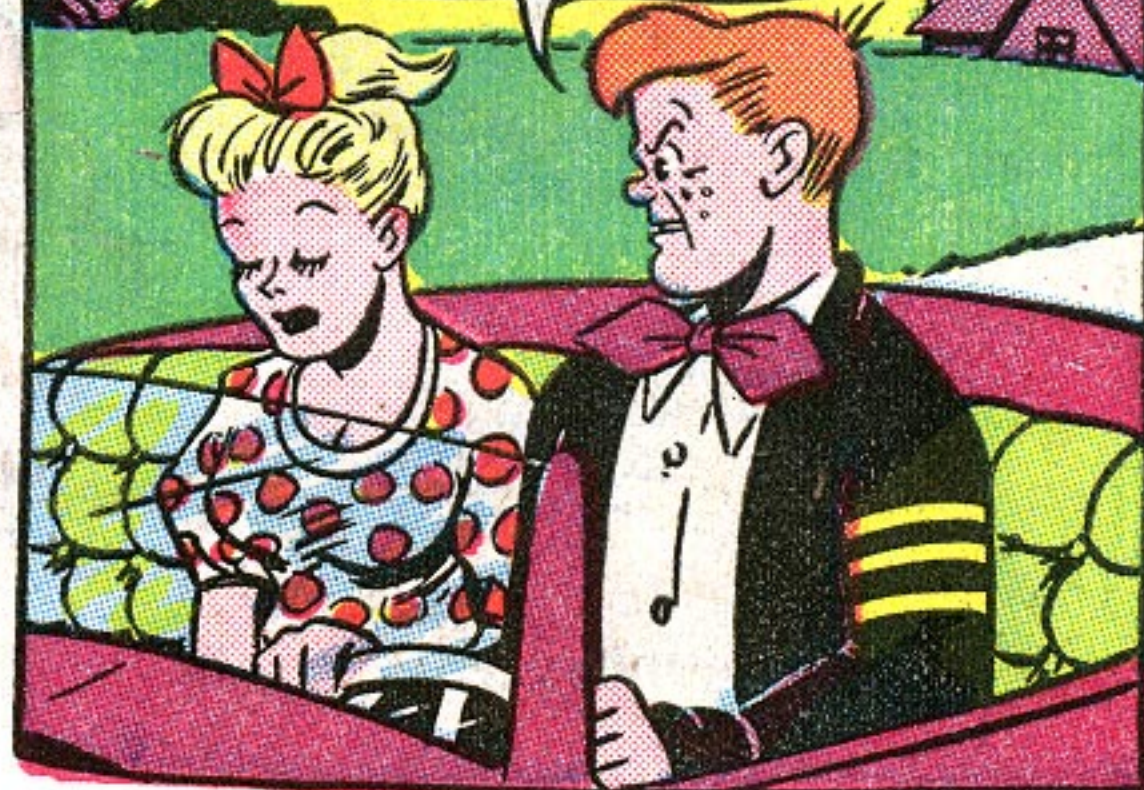
WHAT WAS
THAT, JUDY?



HE HAS **HIS** GIRL'S
NAME ON THE BACK
OF HIS HOT ROD!!

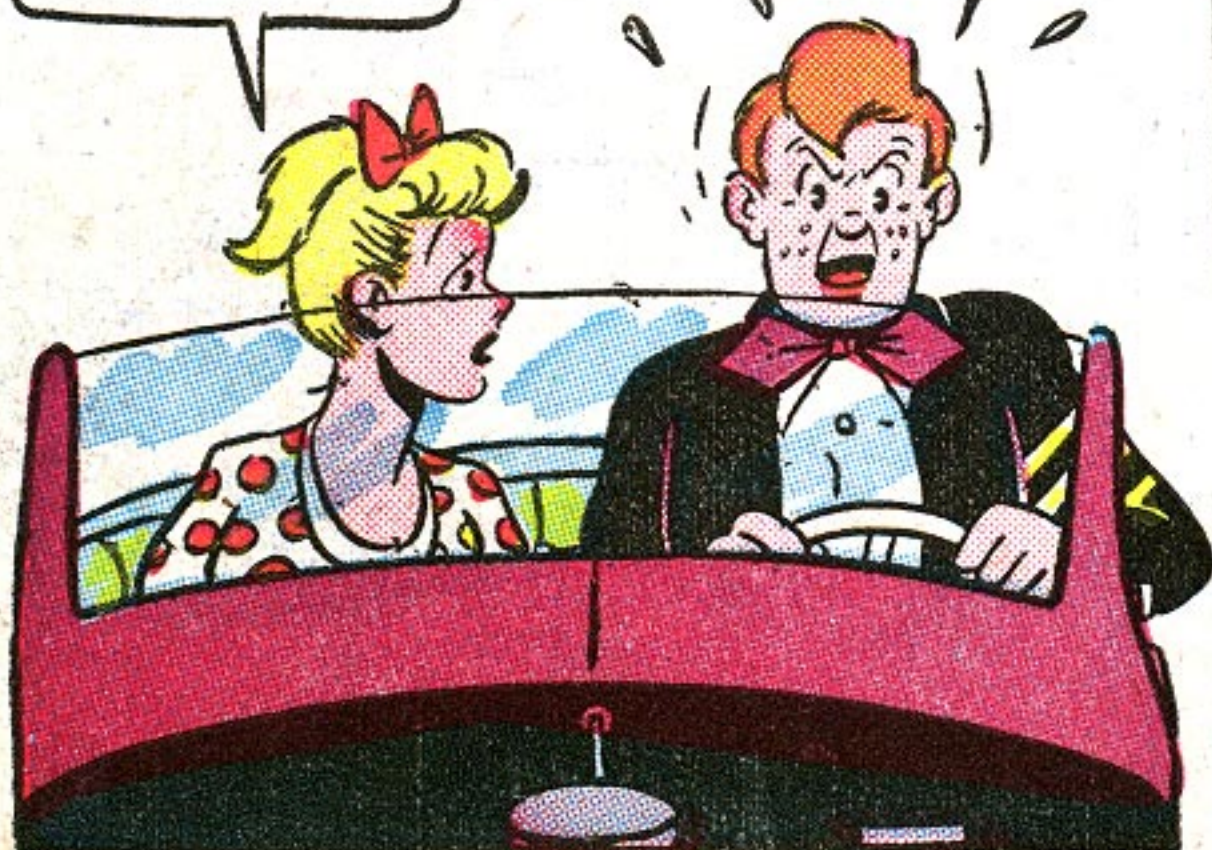


YEH, AND IT'S **PLENTY CORNY**
TOO! ANY GUY THAT WRITES
HIS GIRL'S NAME ON THE
BACK OF HIS JALOPY
IS A **CORN-BALL**, BE-
LIEVE ME!

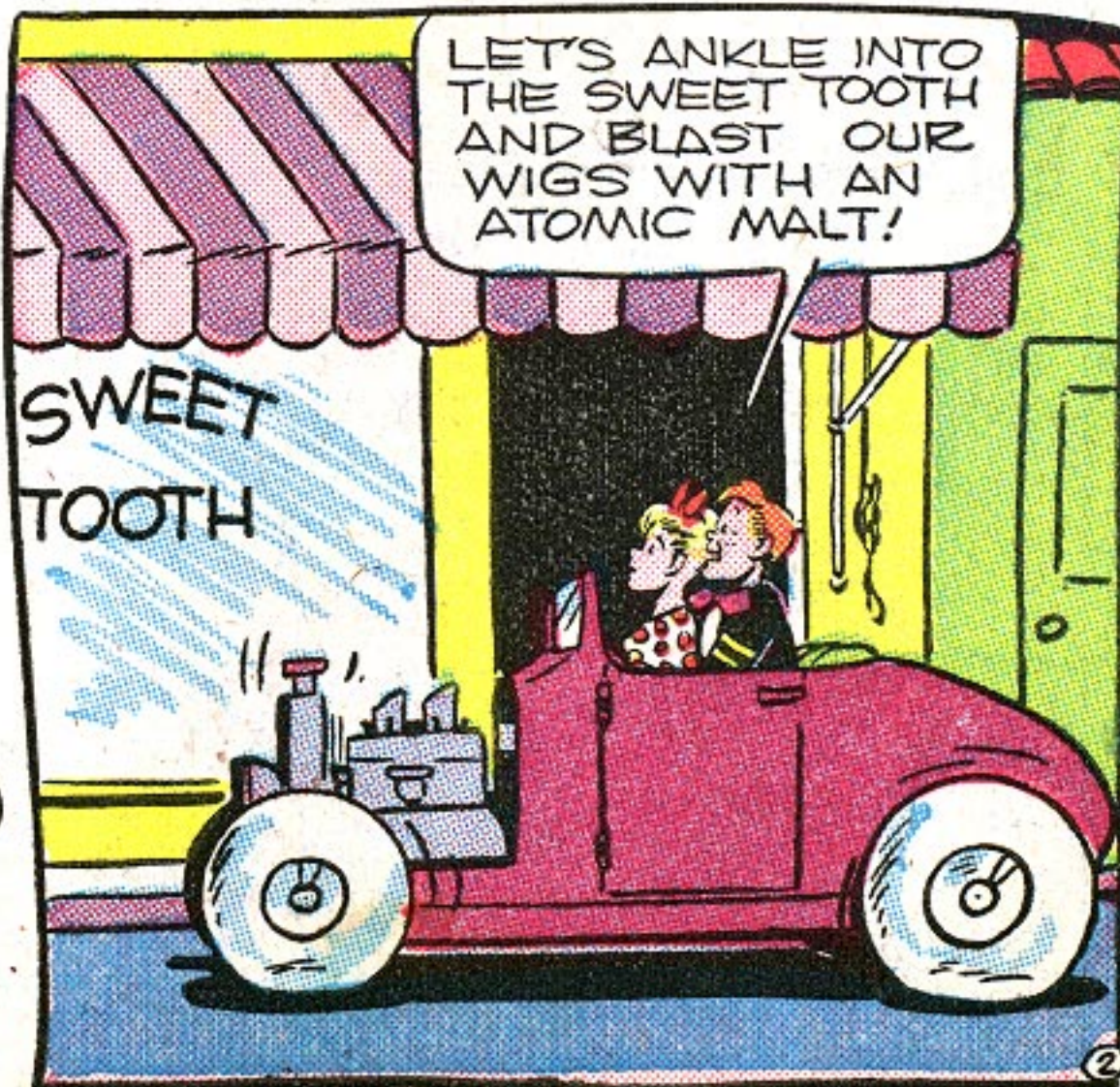


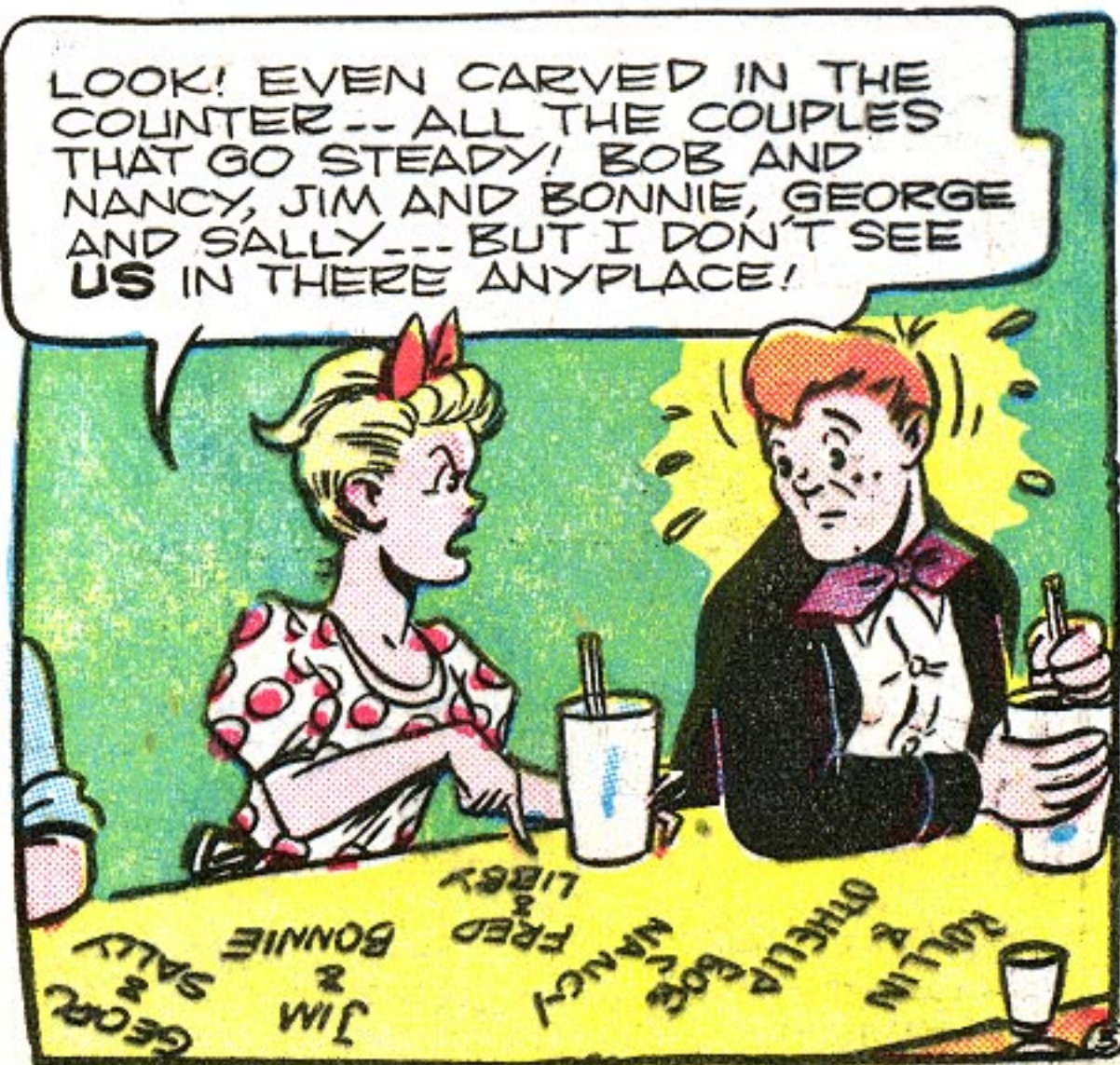
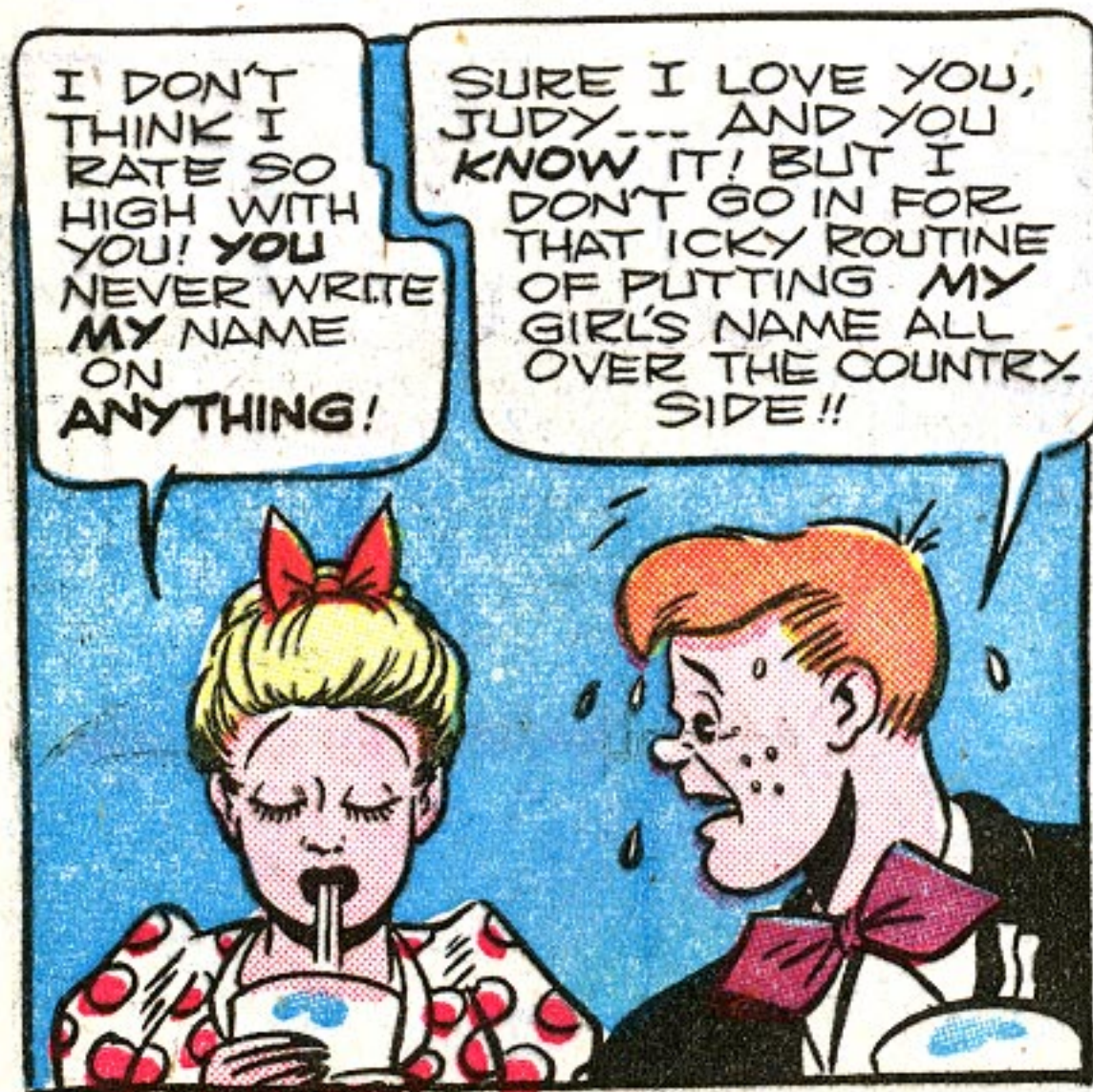
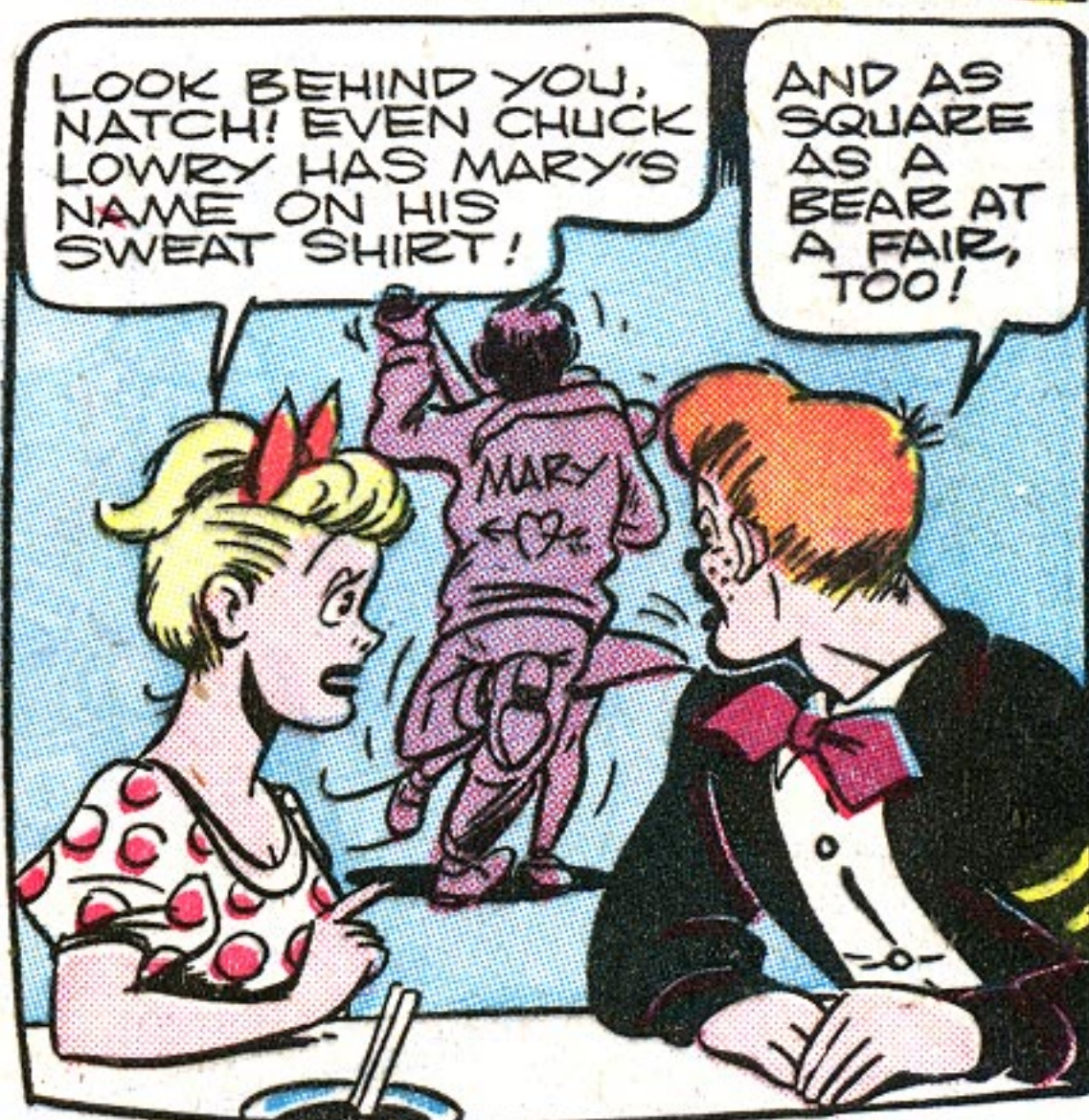
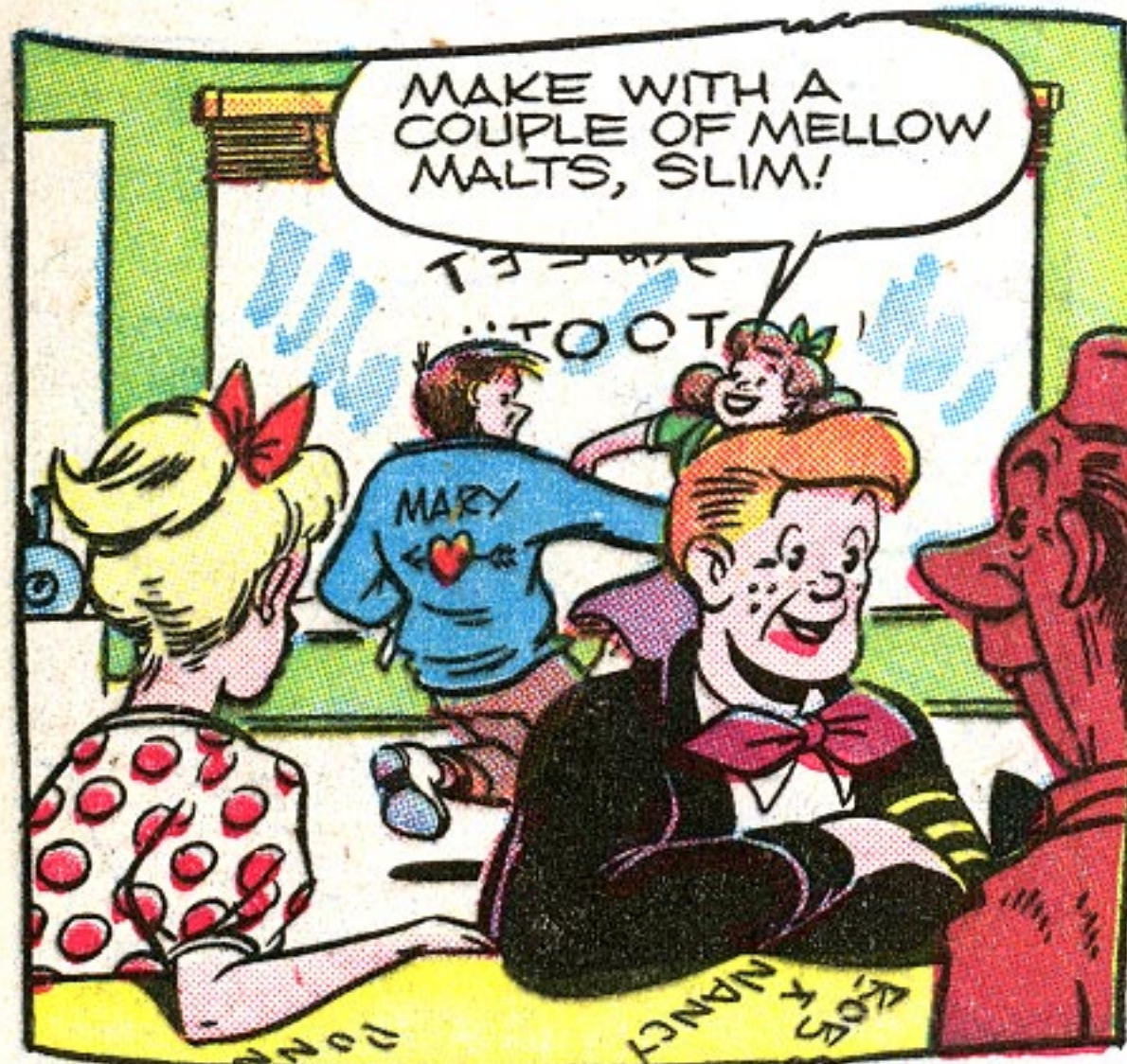
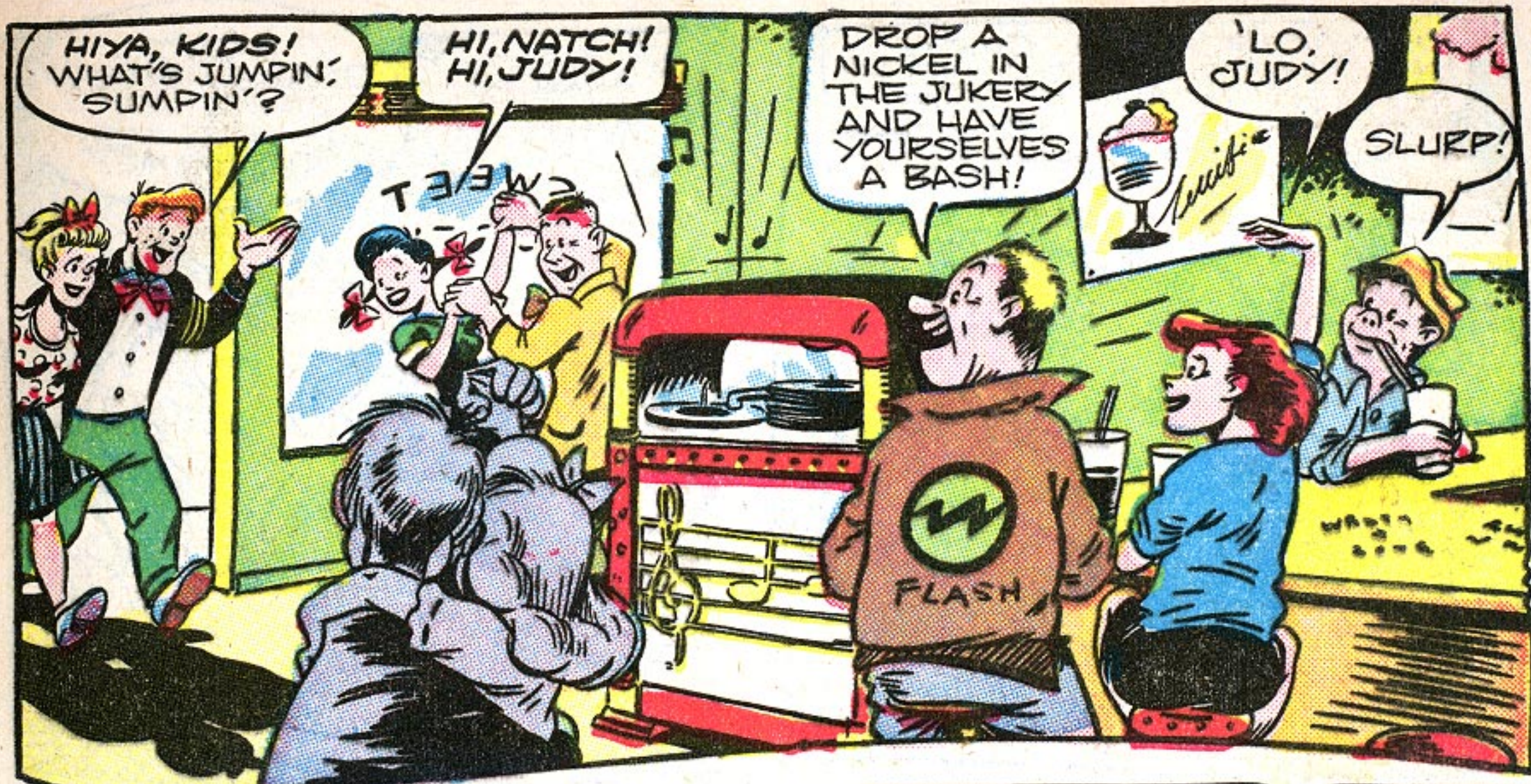
WELL, NEVERTHELESS,
I THINK IT'S
CUTE! IT SHOWS
HE CARES A LOT
ABOUT HER!

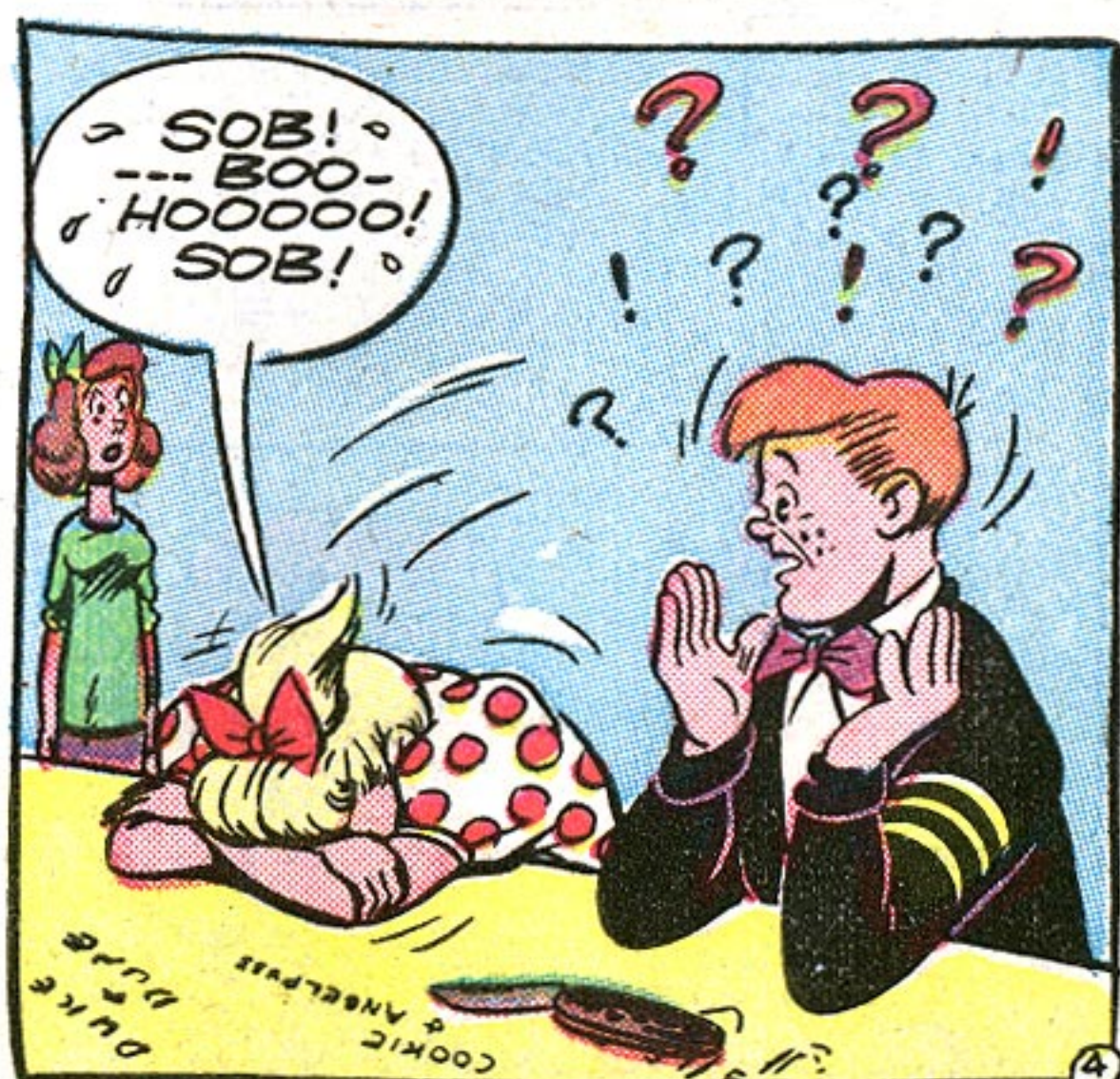
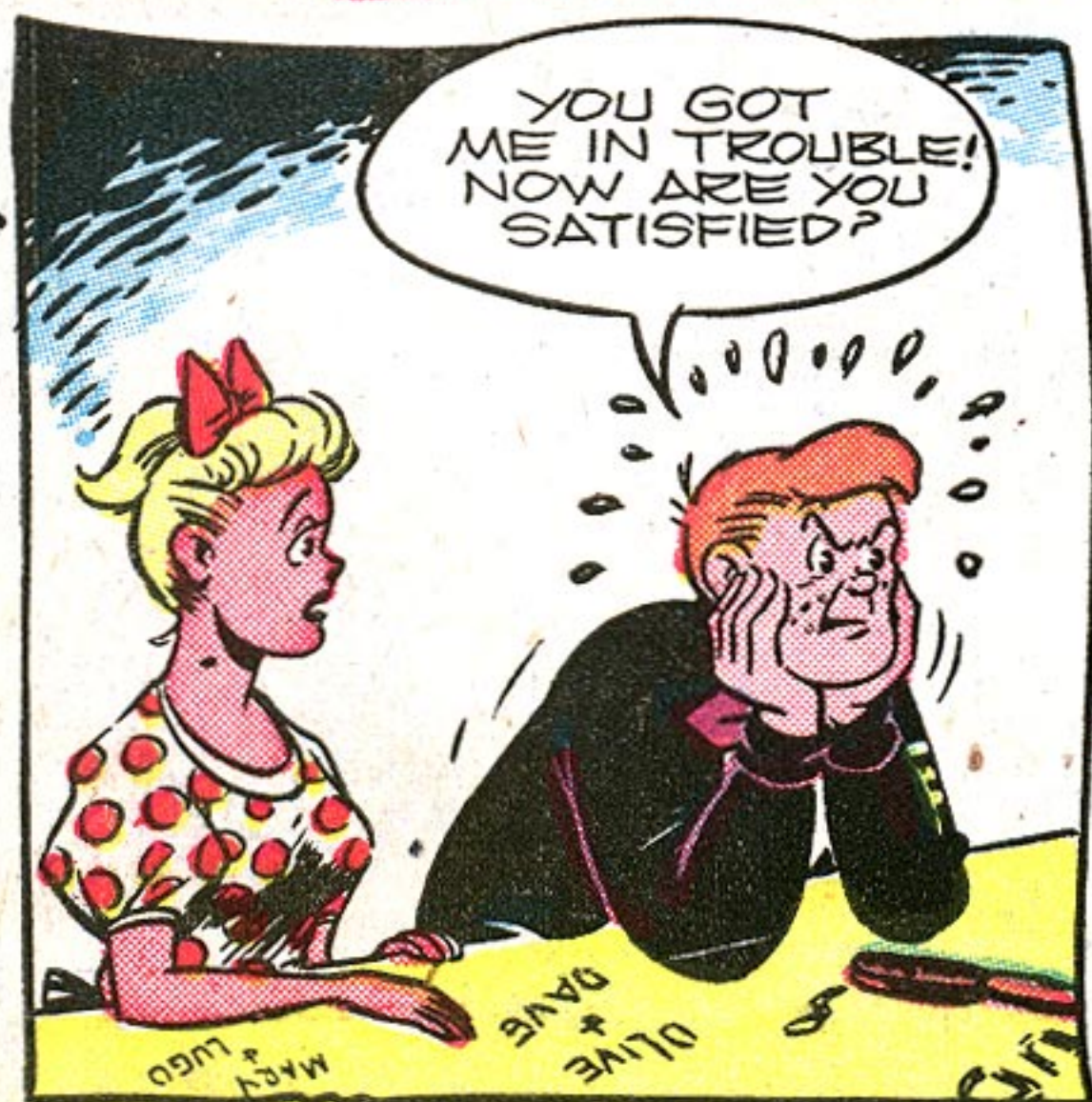
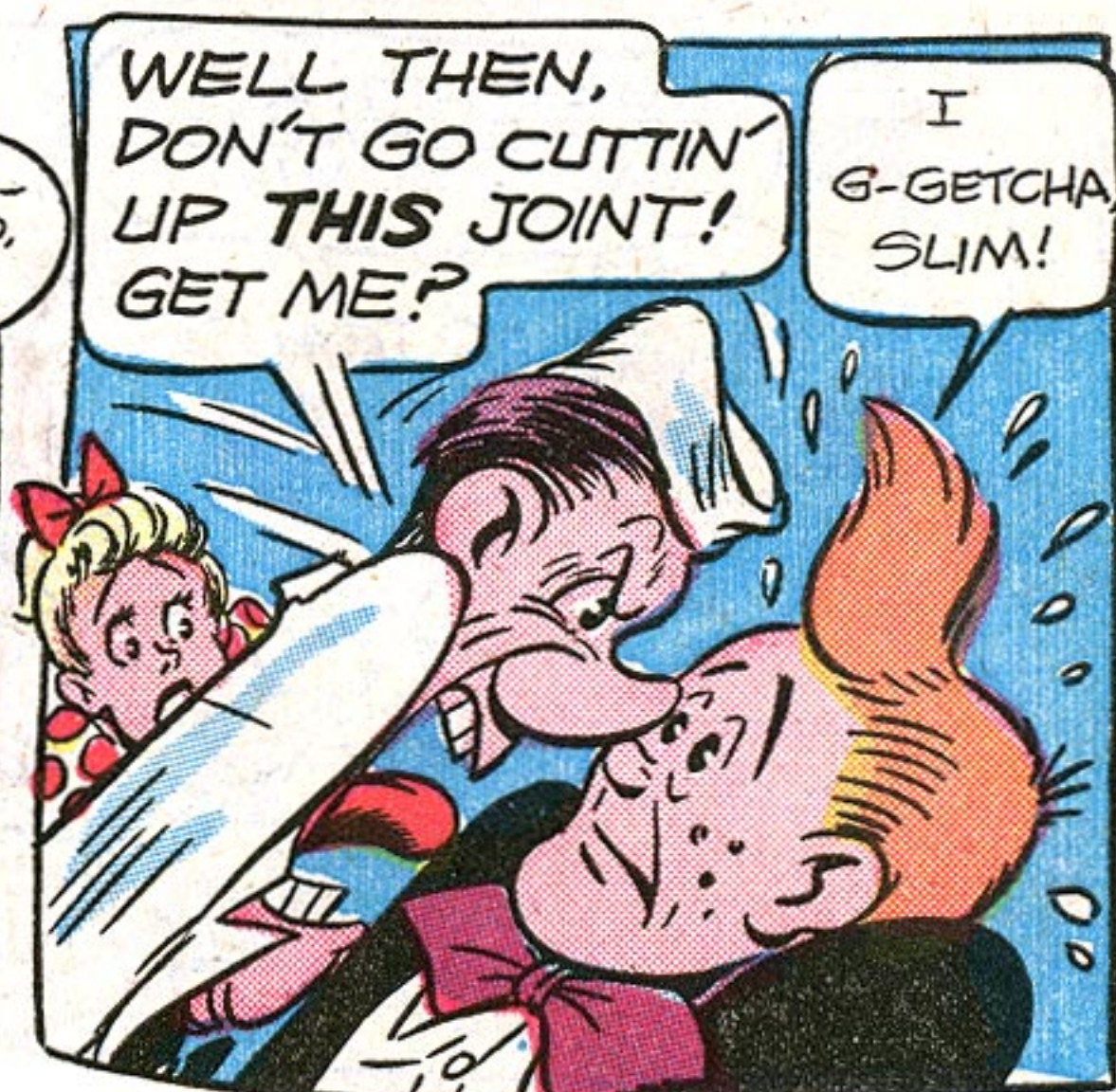
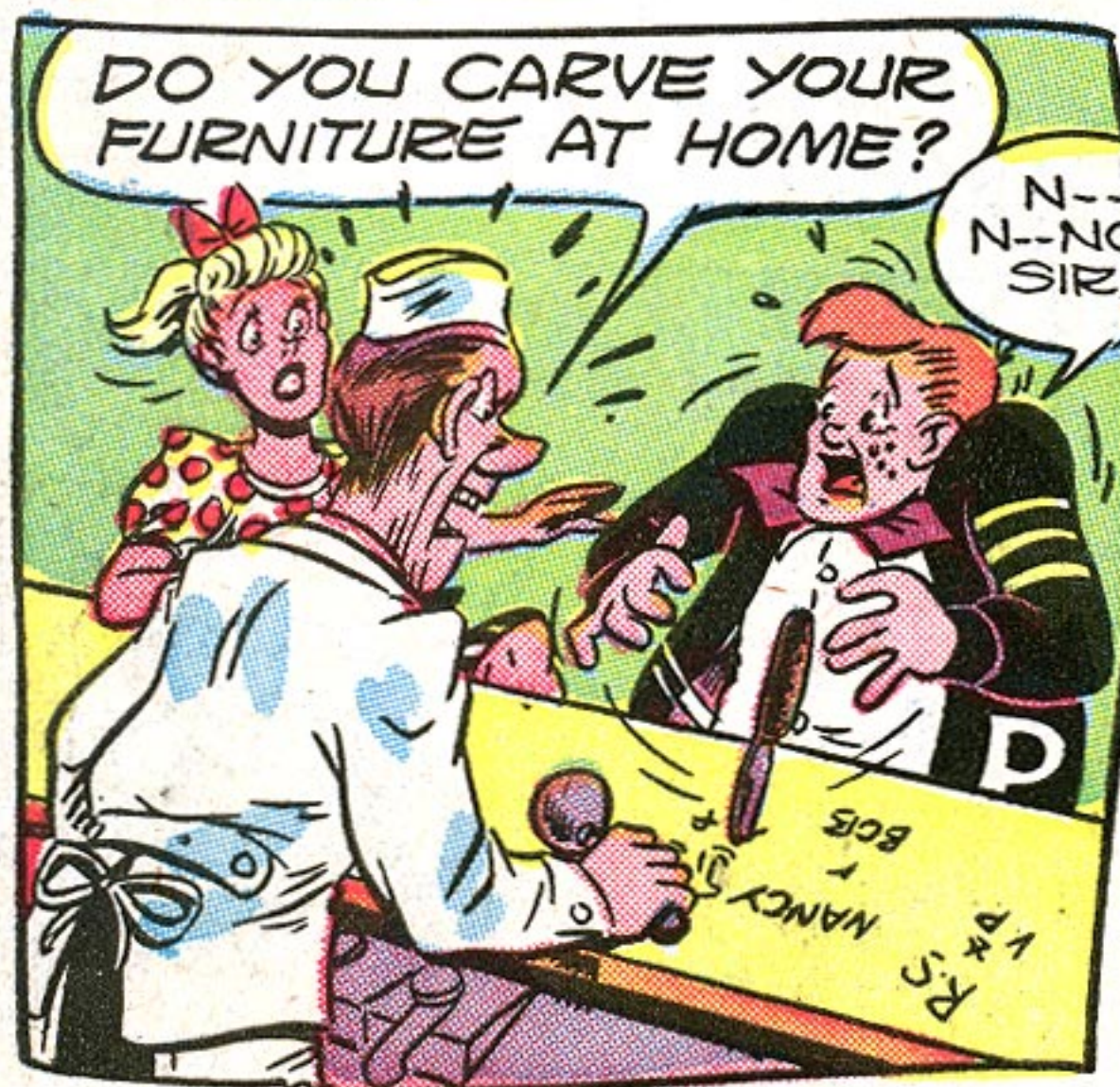
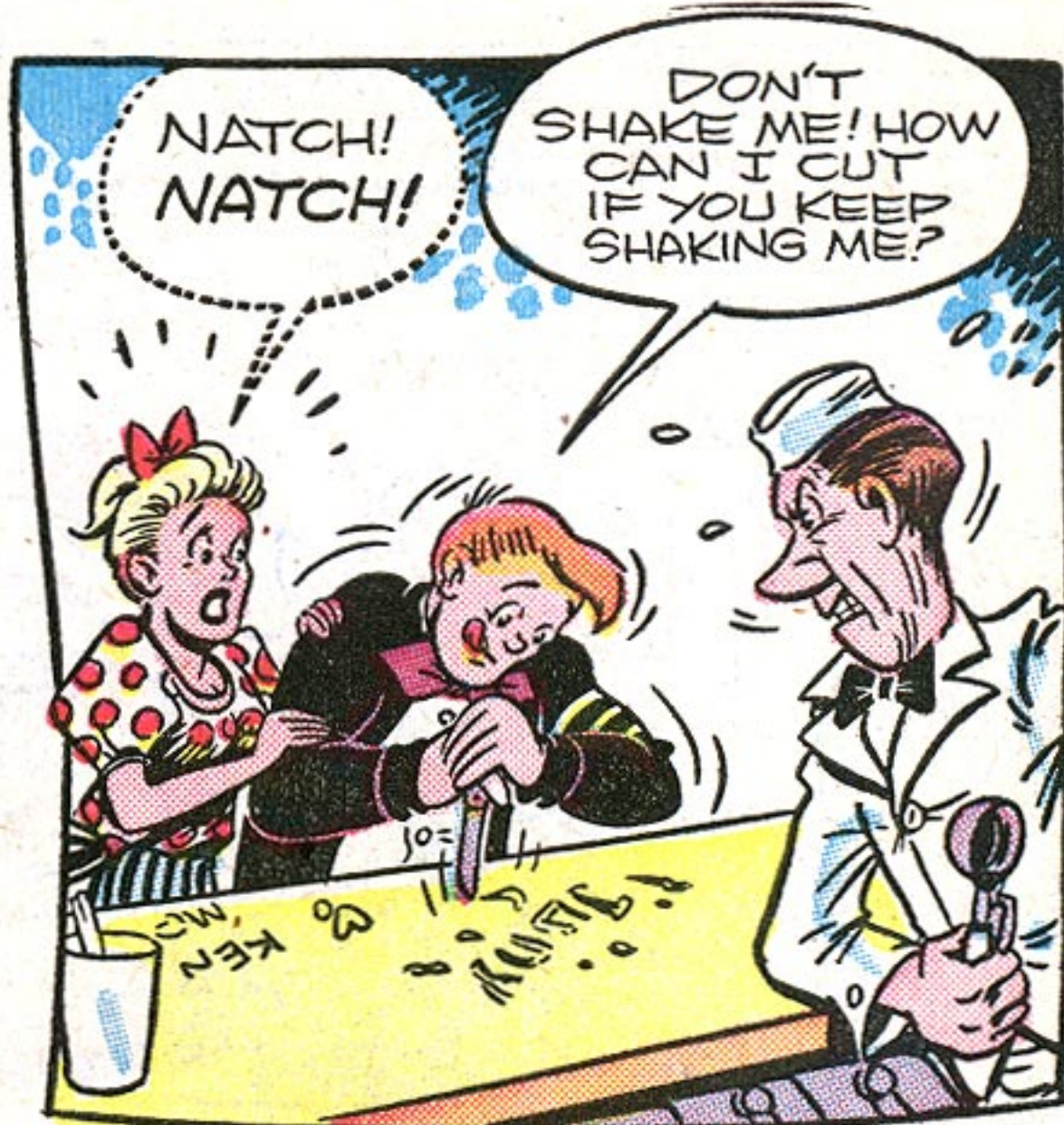
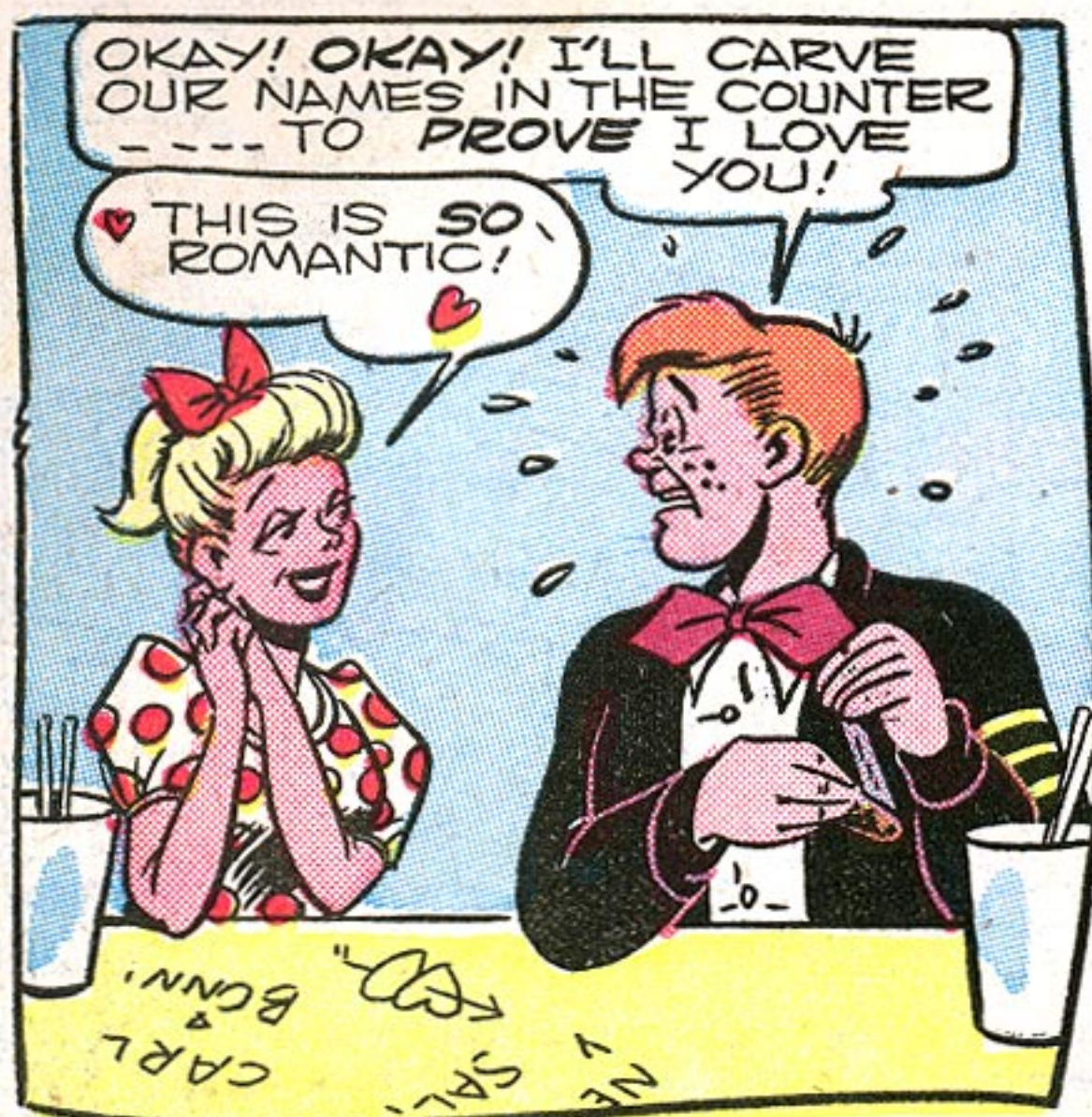
IT'S STRICTLY
FROM
HUNGER!

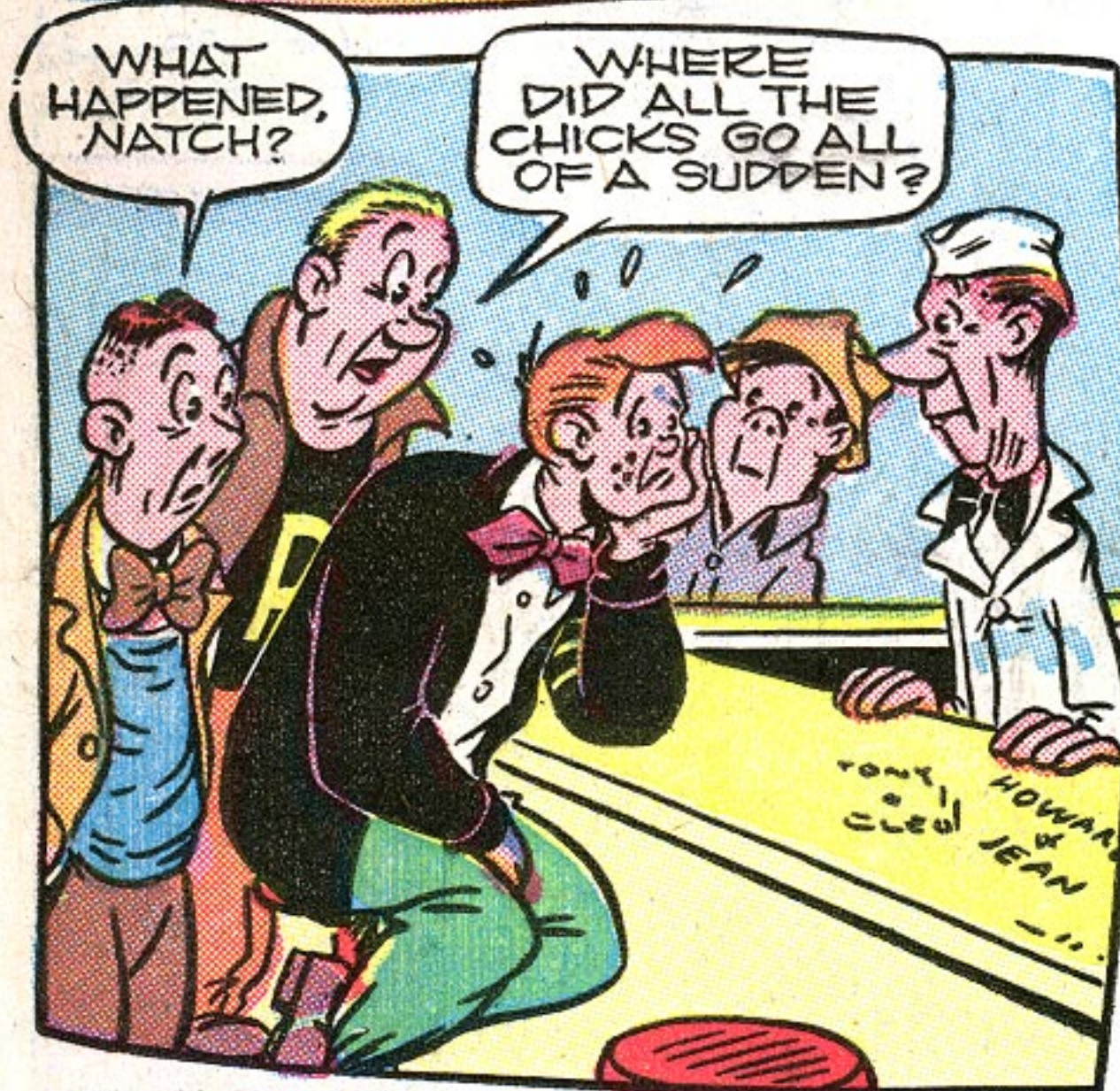


LET'S ANKLE INTO
THE SWEET TOOTH
AND BLAST OUR
WIGS WITH AN
ATOMIC MALT!





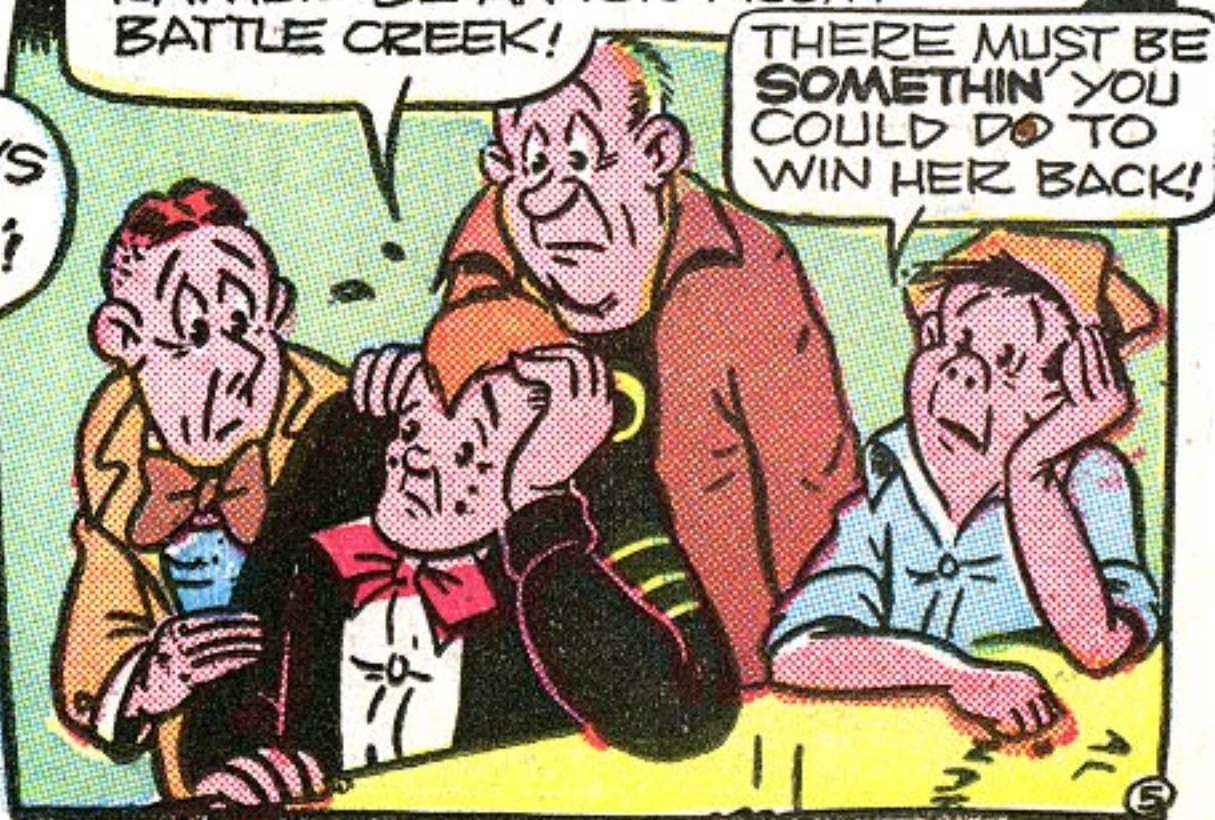


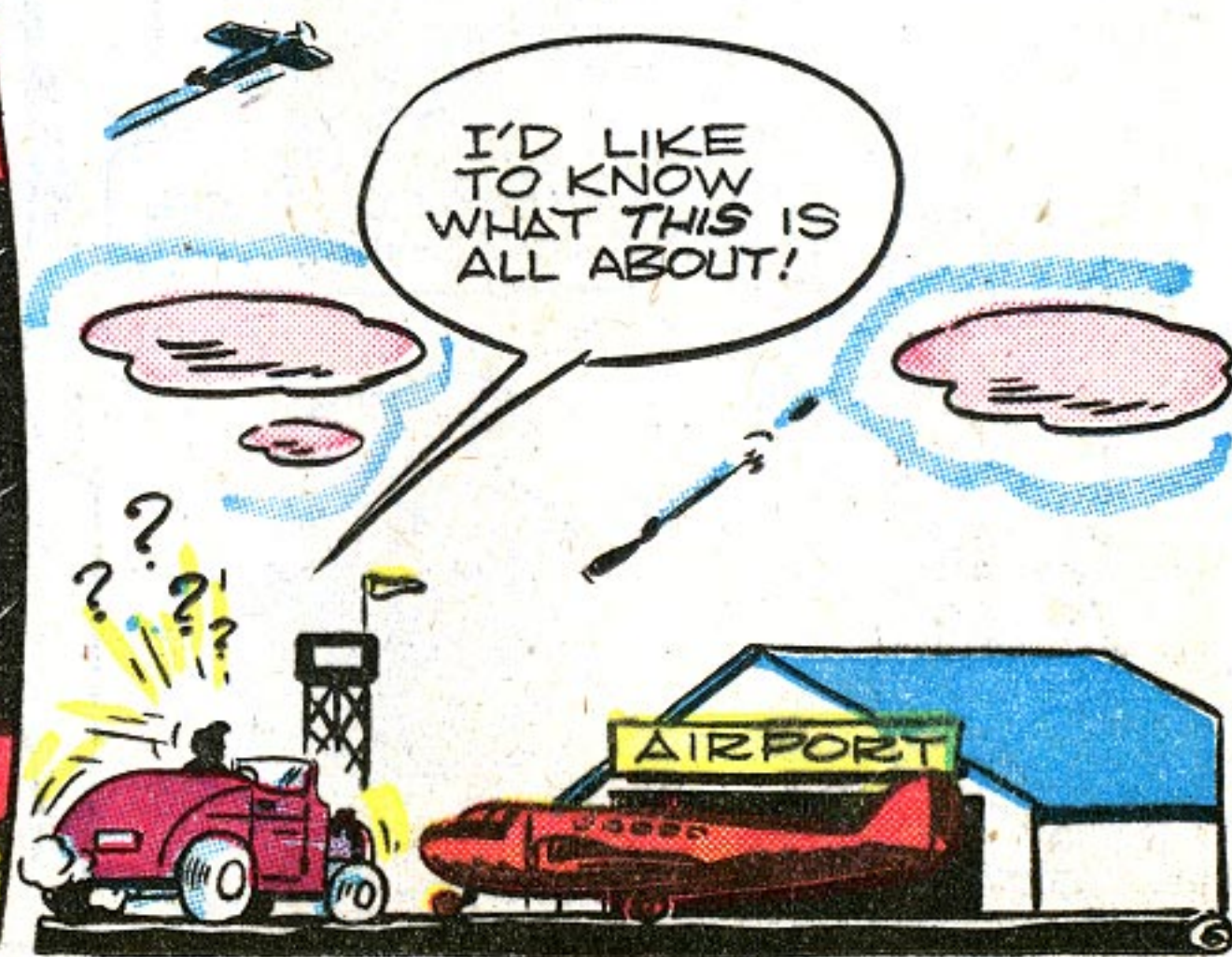
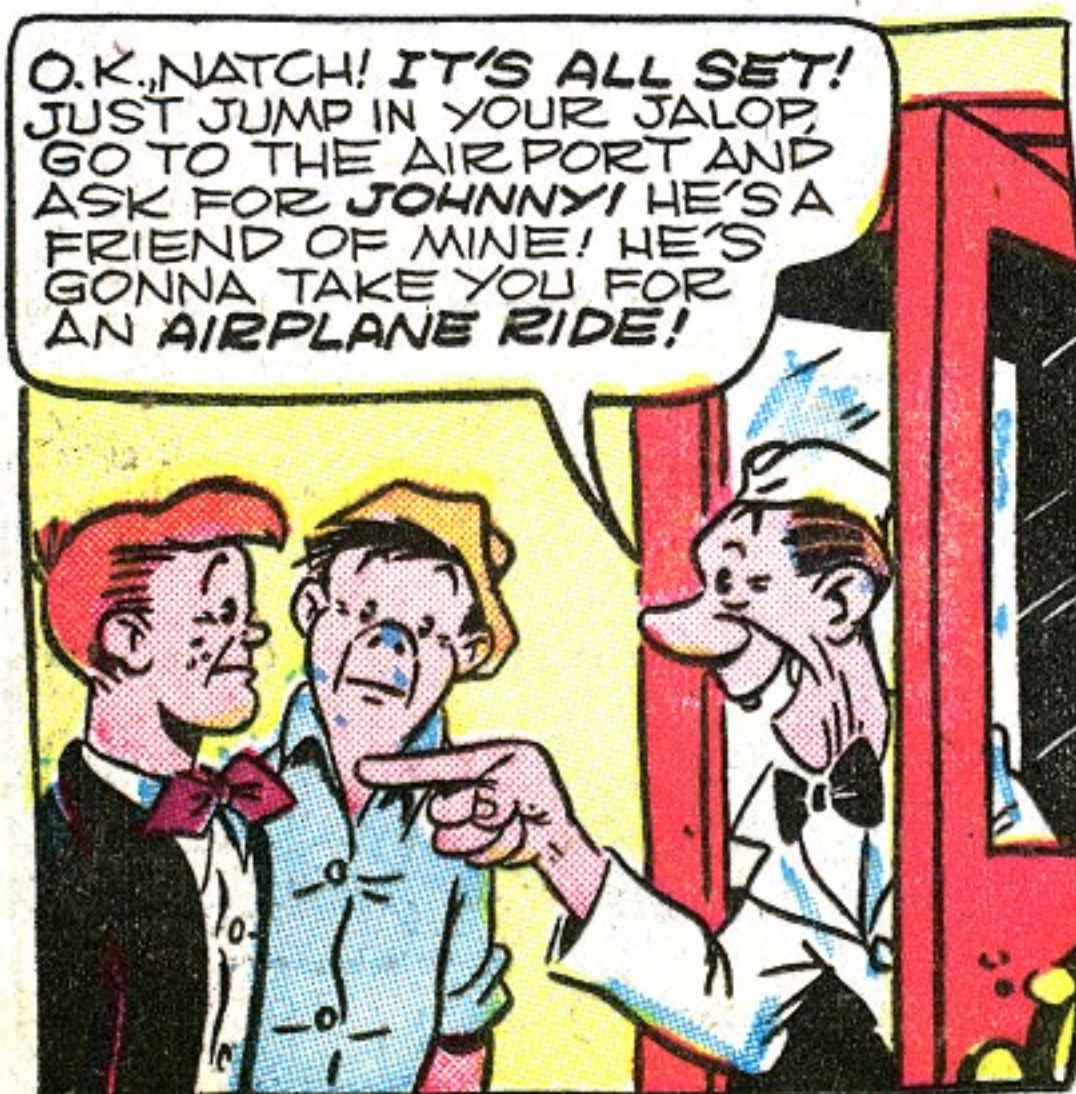
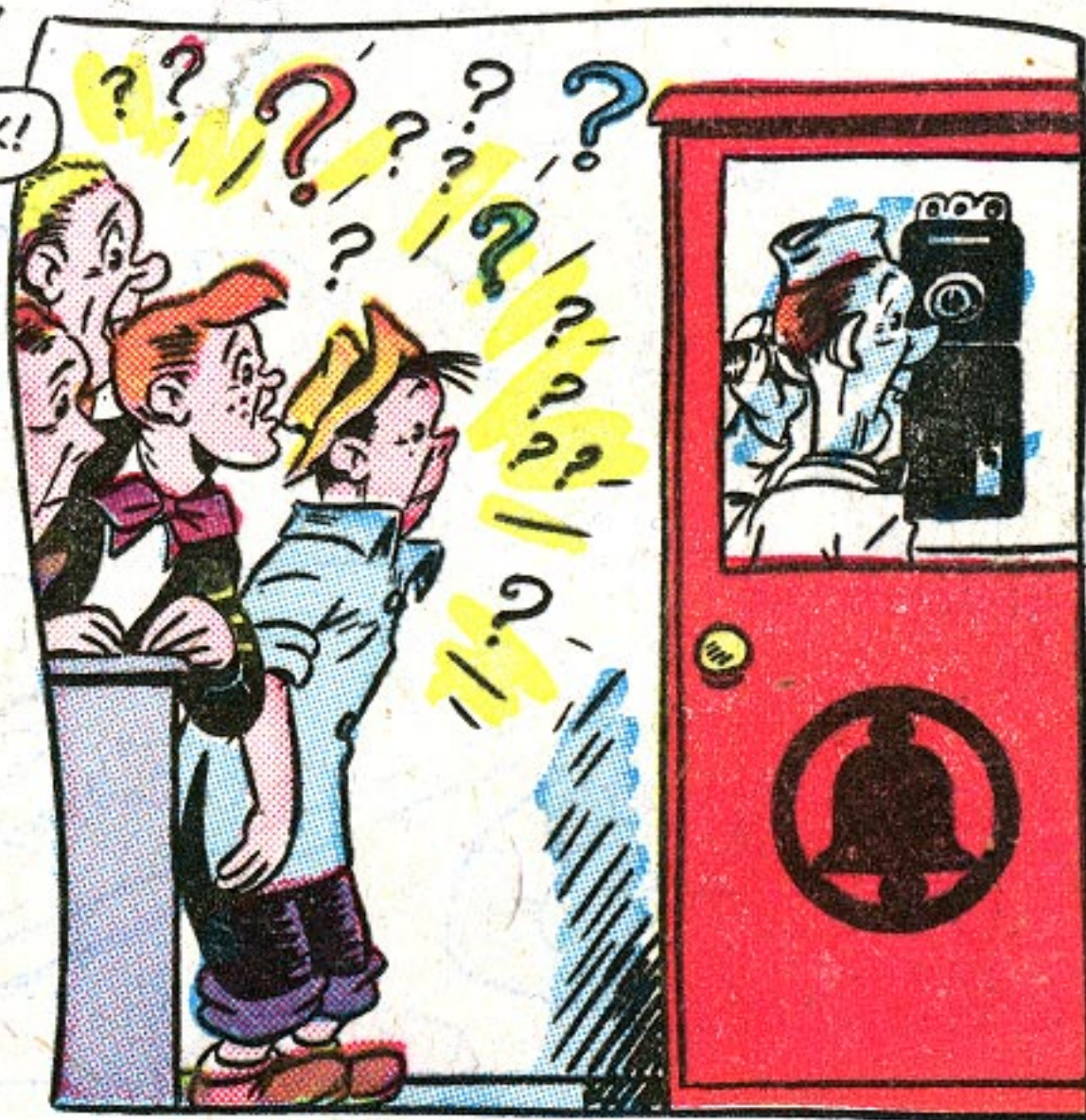
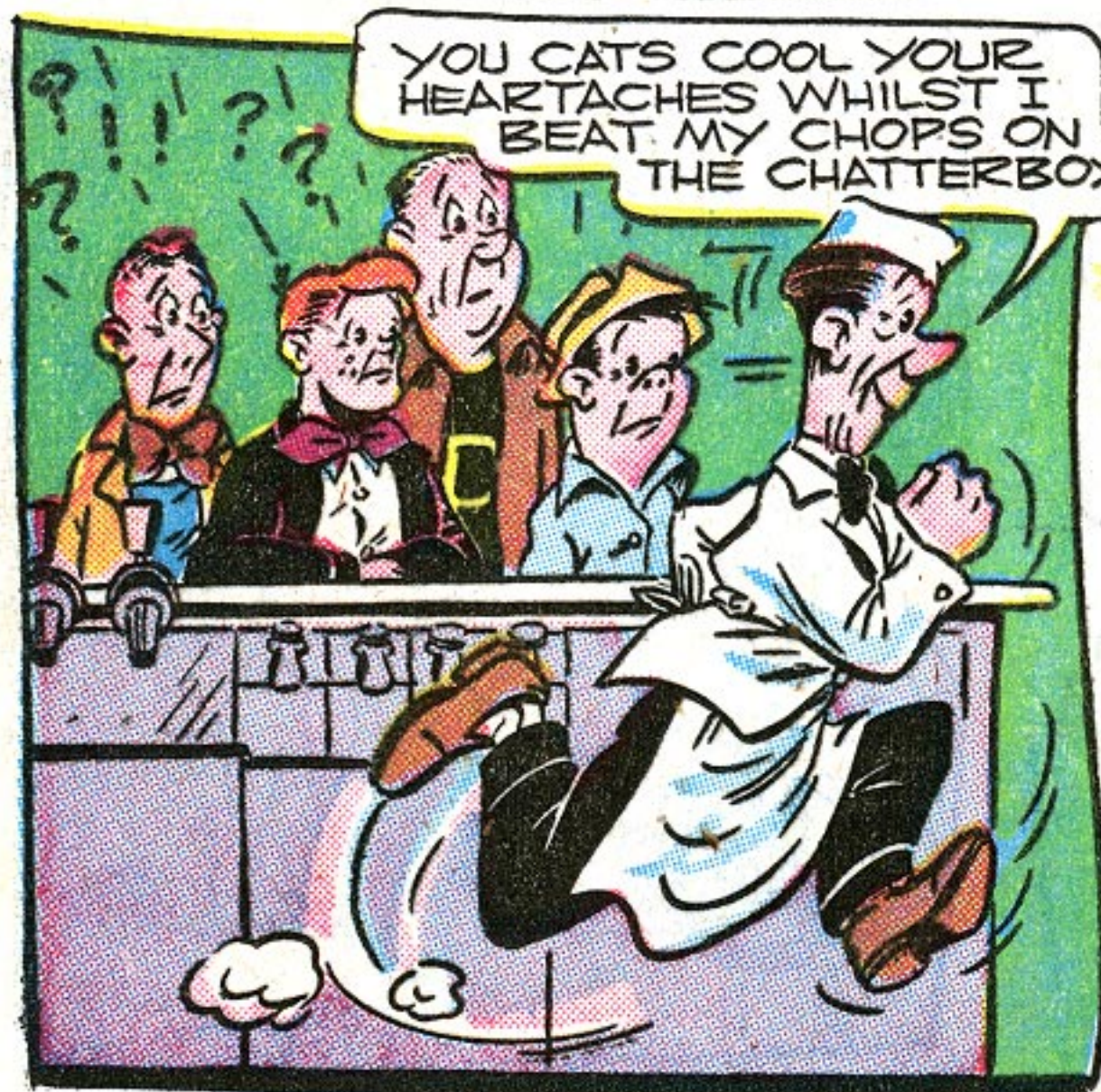
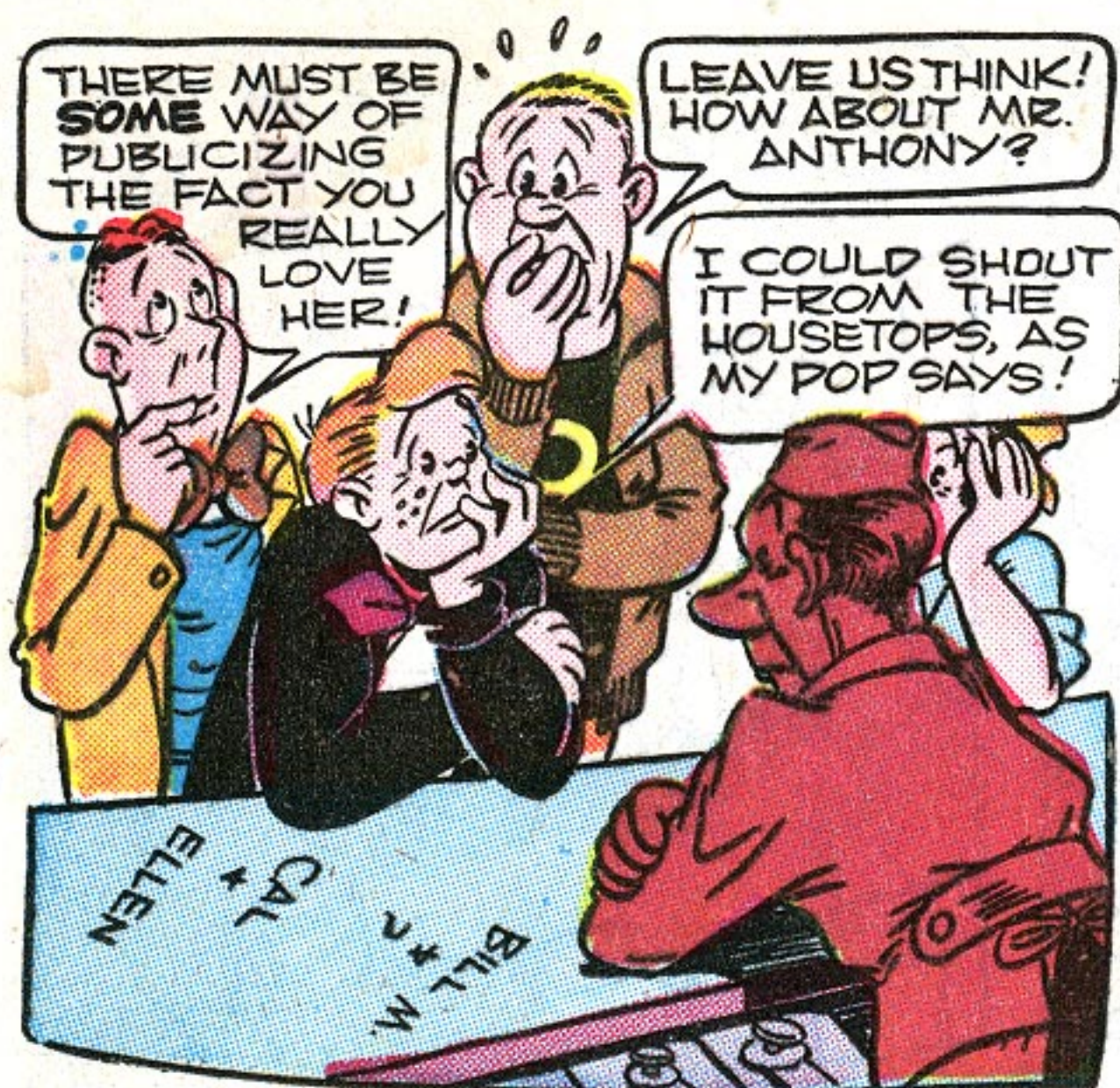


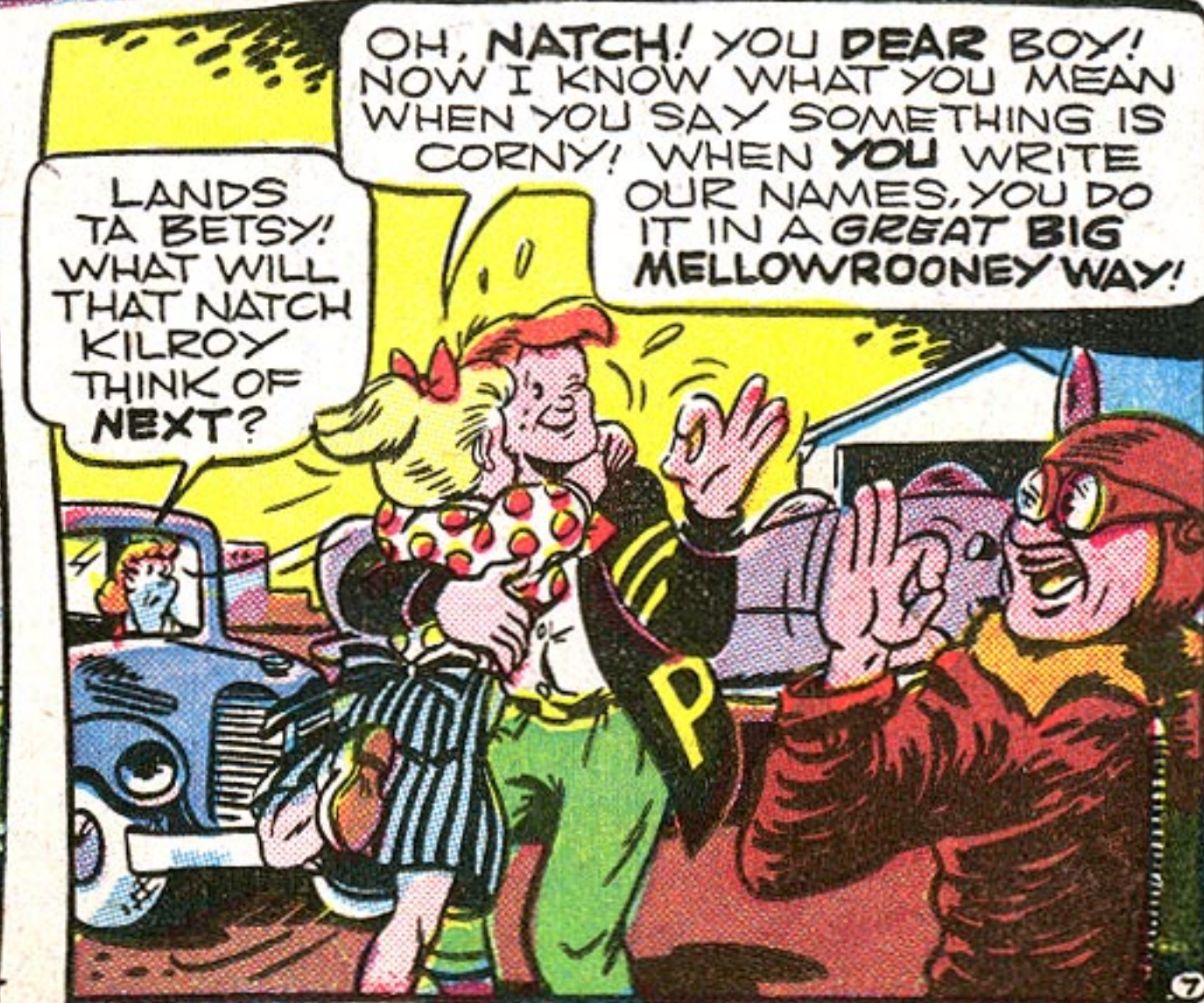
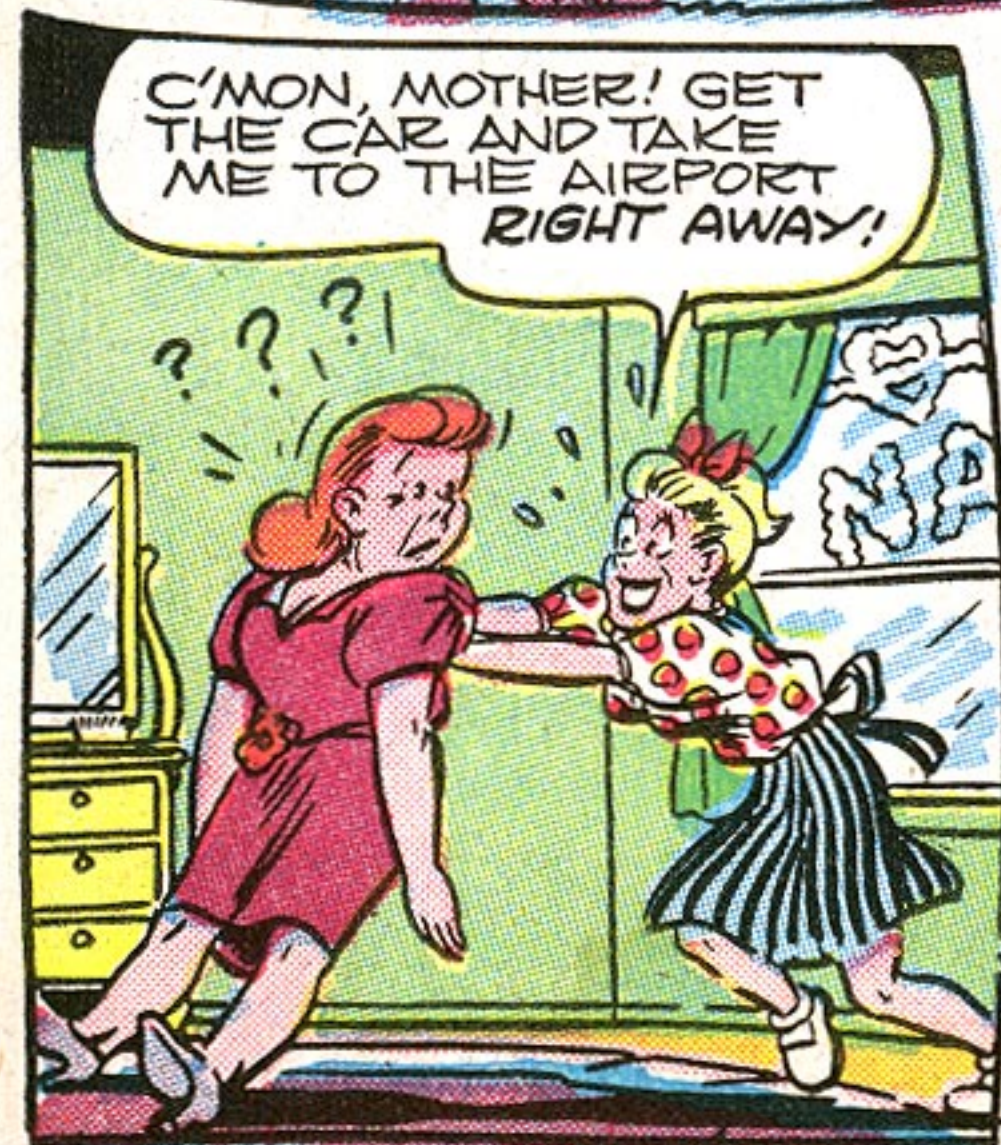
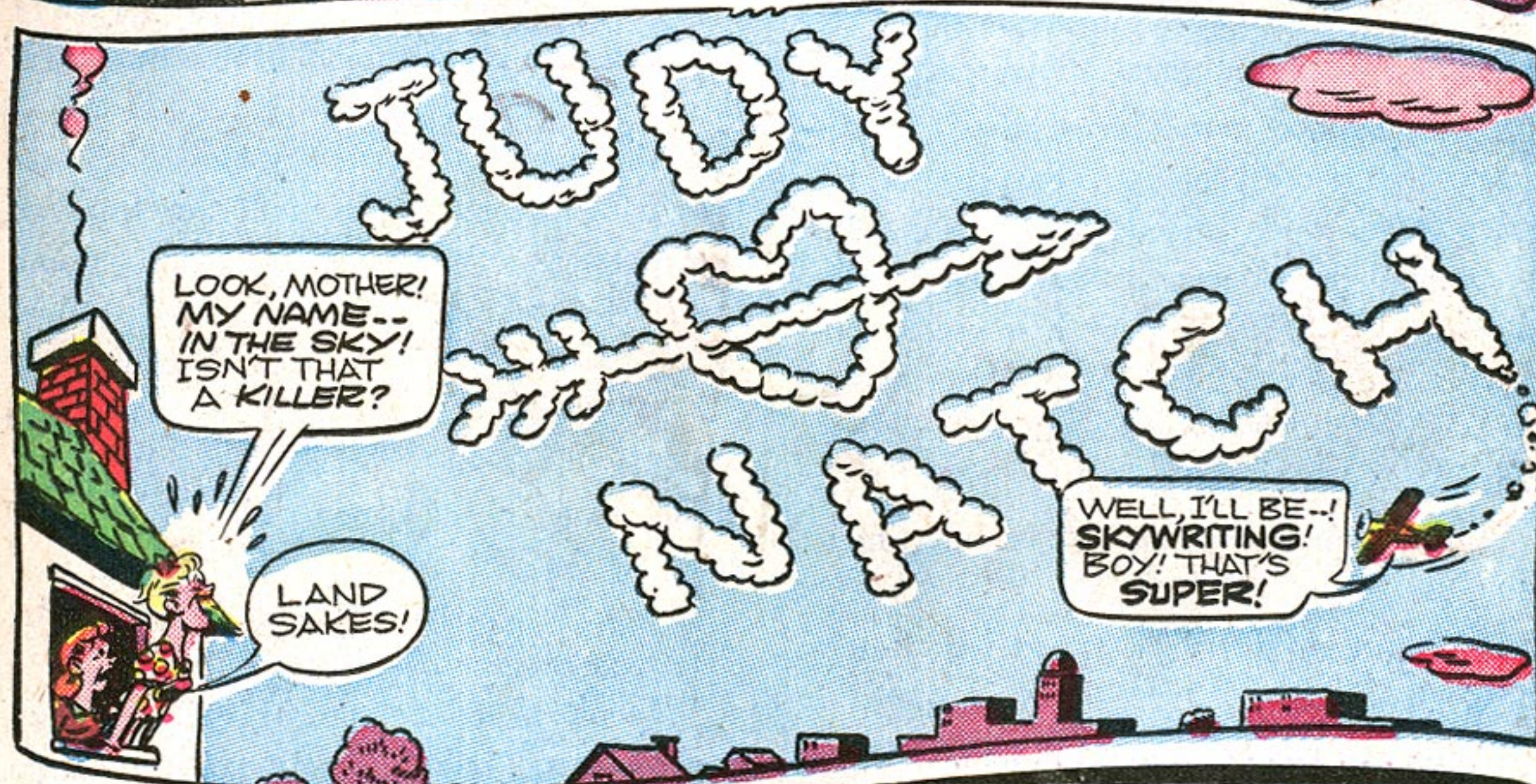
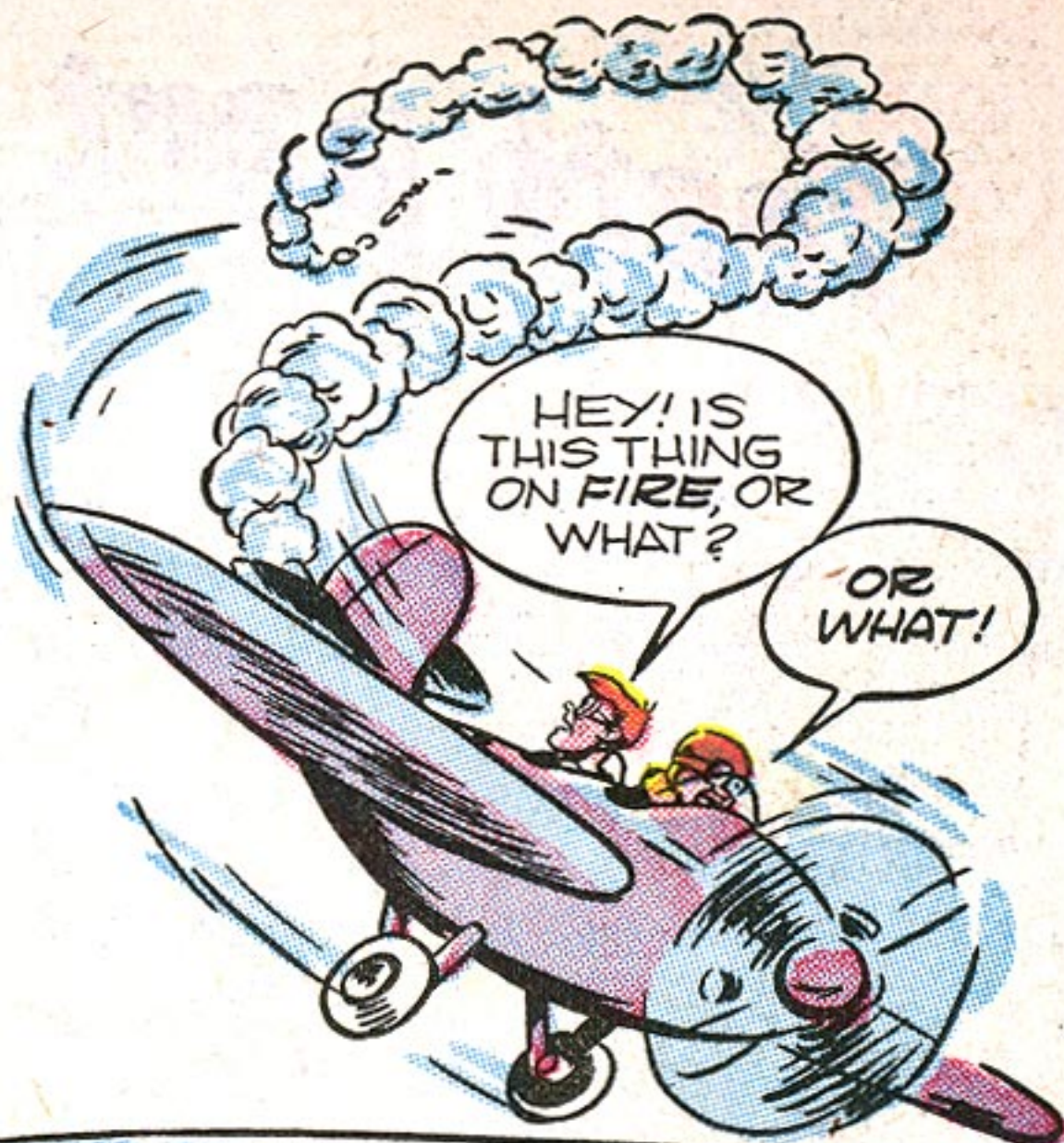
I'M SORRY THAT I COULDN'T LET YOU CARVE YOUR NAMES IN THE COUNTER, NATCH, BUT THE BOSS GIVES ME HECK! IF IT WAS MY PLACE, I'D LET YOU CHOP THE WHOLE JOINT DOWN! MOST OF THESE NAMES WERE CARVED WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING!



I KNOW IT'S CORNY TO GO AROUND WRITIN' YOUR GIRL'S NAME ALL OVER EVERYPLACE, BUT GEE, I DO LOVE JUDY LOTS-- AND I'D HATE TO LOSE HER! I'D RATHER BE AN ICK FROM BATTLE CREEK!







The Tenth part of a DOLLAR!

ONE dollar - seventy for two movie tickets, forty cents for two chocolate frosts afterwards. Natch counted his money carefully. "Wait a minute!" he cried. "I'm a dime short!"

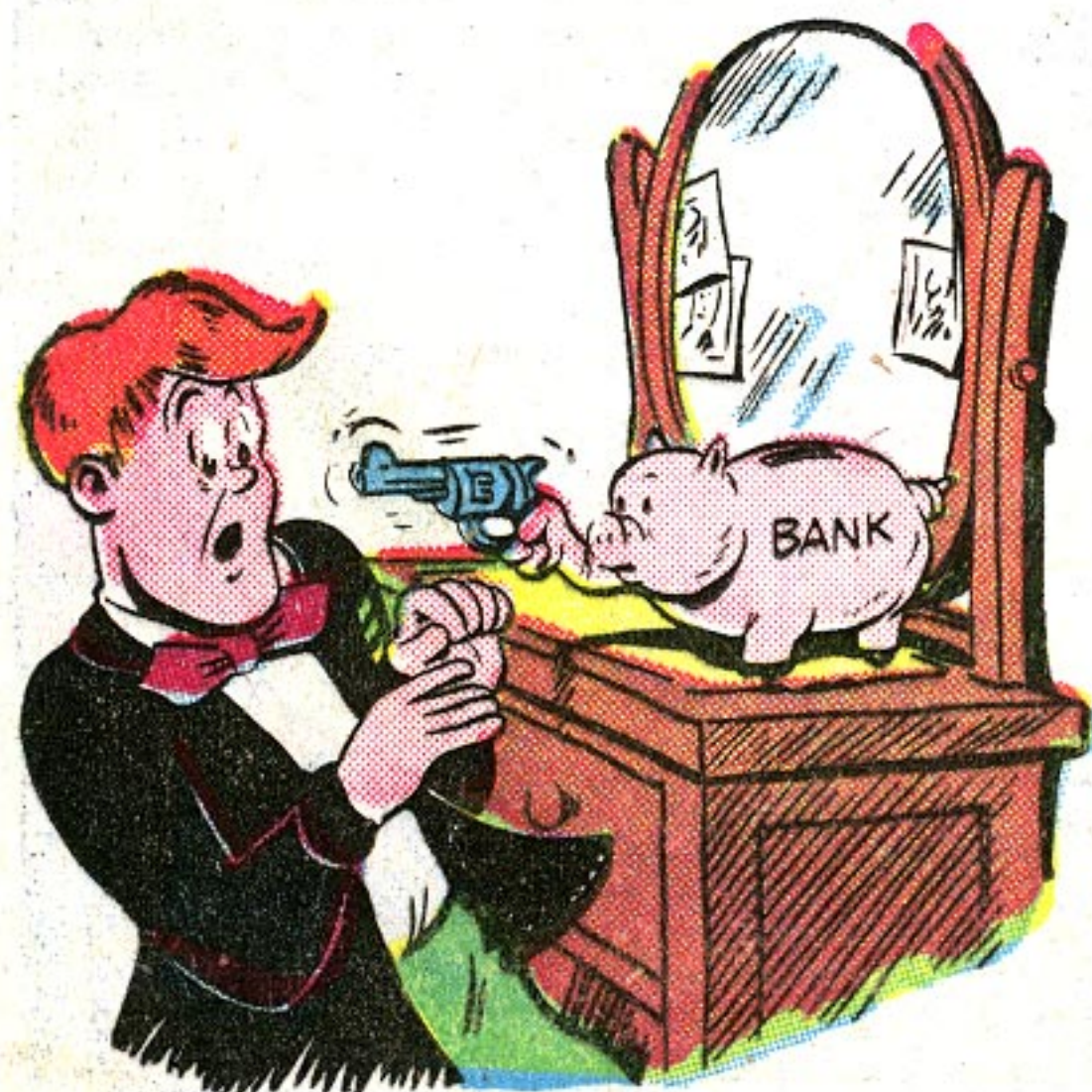
Mom and pop were out, and so was Katie. With only ten minutes to date-time, Natch knew what he had to do. In Katie's room was a fat, painted piggy bank that jingled. "This is for me," thought Natch, tilting the bank until a dime rolled out of the slot. "I'll give it back comes my next allowance!"

Carefree once more, he strolled towards the Peters house, home of the girl of his dreams. As Natch seated himself in the living room, he was uncomfortably aware that Mr. Peters was looking at him with more than usual interest. Since Mr. Peters was a policeman, Natch's discomfort was understandable.

"Uh . . . nice weather," he ventured hesitatingly.

"For bank robbers!" snapped Mr. Peters unexpectedly.

"Wha . . . what?" gasped Natch.



"For bank robbers, I said. Y'know, the police don't sleep around here. We know what's goin' on. And there's a certain bank robber in this town right now!"

Over Natch's head floated a vision of a huge painted piggy bank, with a dime rolling out of the slot. His heart seemed to spring into his mouth. "G . . . gosh," he managed to say. "Honest?"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Peters. "But don't think he's gettin' away with anything. Don't think we don't know who he is! I'm tellin' this to you because . . ."

Natch couldn't bear it any longer. His entire being seemed to be suffering from an acute attack of conscience. "Don't say any more!" he shouted. "I did it! I didn't know . . . I didn't mean . . . but I'll put it back . . . I'll go straight! Please. Mr. Peters, you can't do this to me! Please don't tell. Think of my mom and my pop. They'll die if it gets out. An' Katie . . ."

"Here, here, what is all this?" asked Mr. Peters, in genuine bewilderment.

"I took the dime out of Katie's piggy bank!" cried Natch. "I confess! But I'll go straight . . . really I will!"

Mr. Peters threw back his head and laughed so loudly that Natch thought he would never stop. "Haw-haw!" screamed the policeman, tears rolling down his cheek. "If that ain't the funniest thing I ever heard!"

"Well," said a new voice, "I don't think it's funny at all. Not a bit funny!"

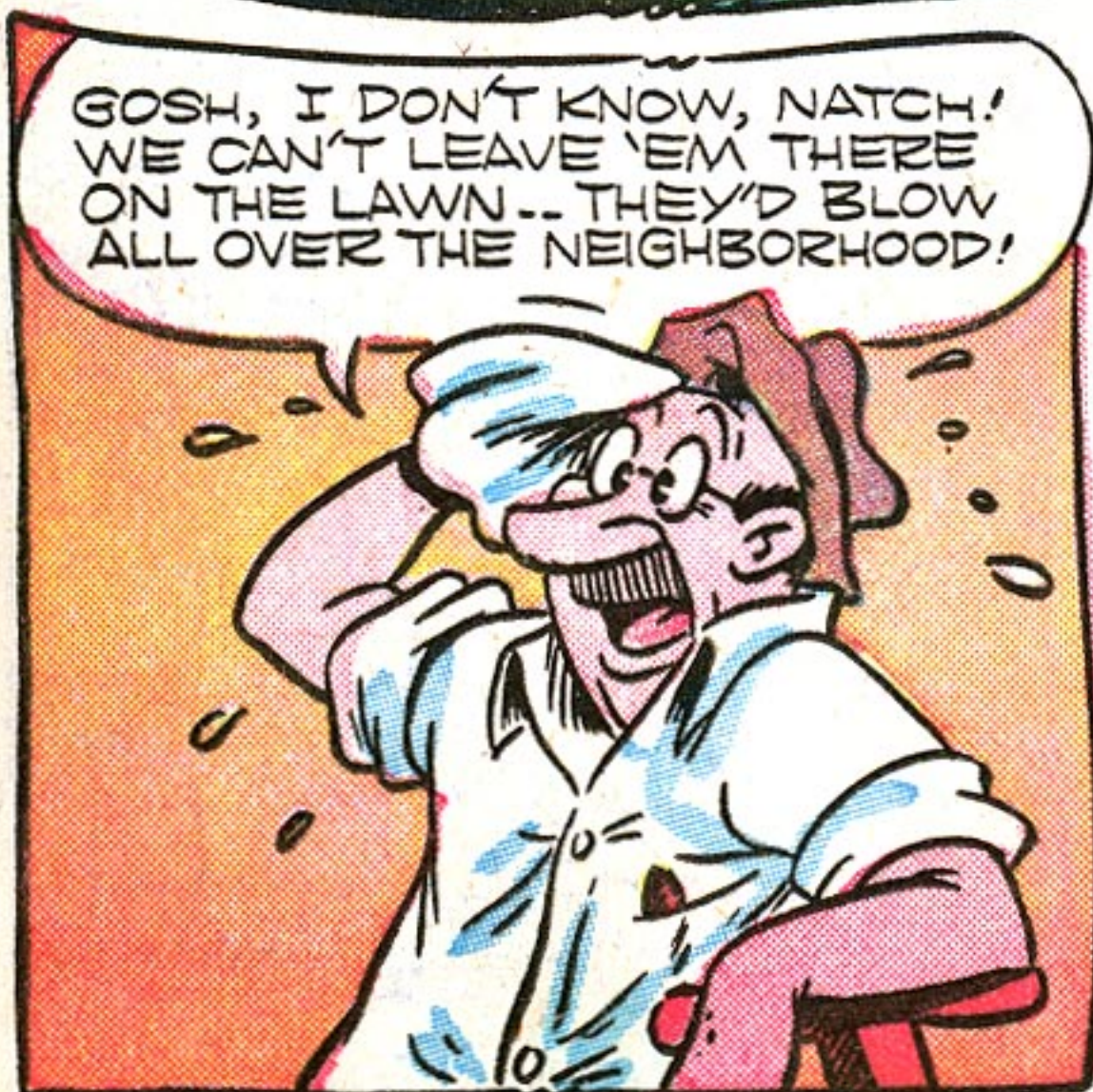
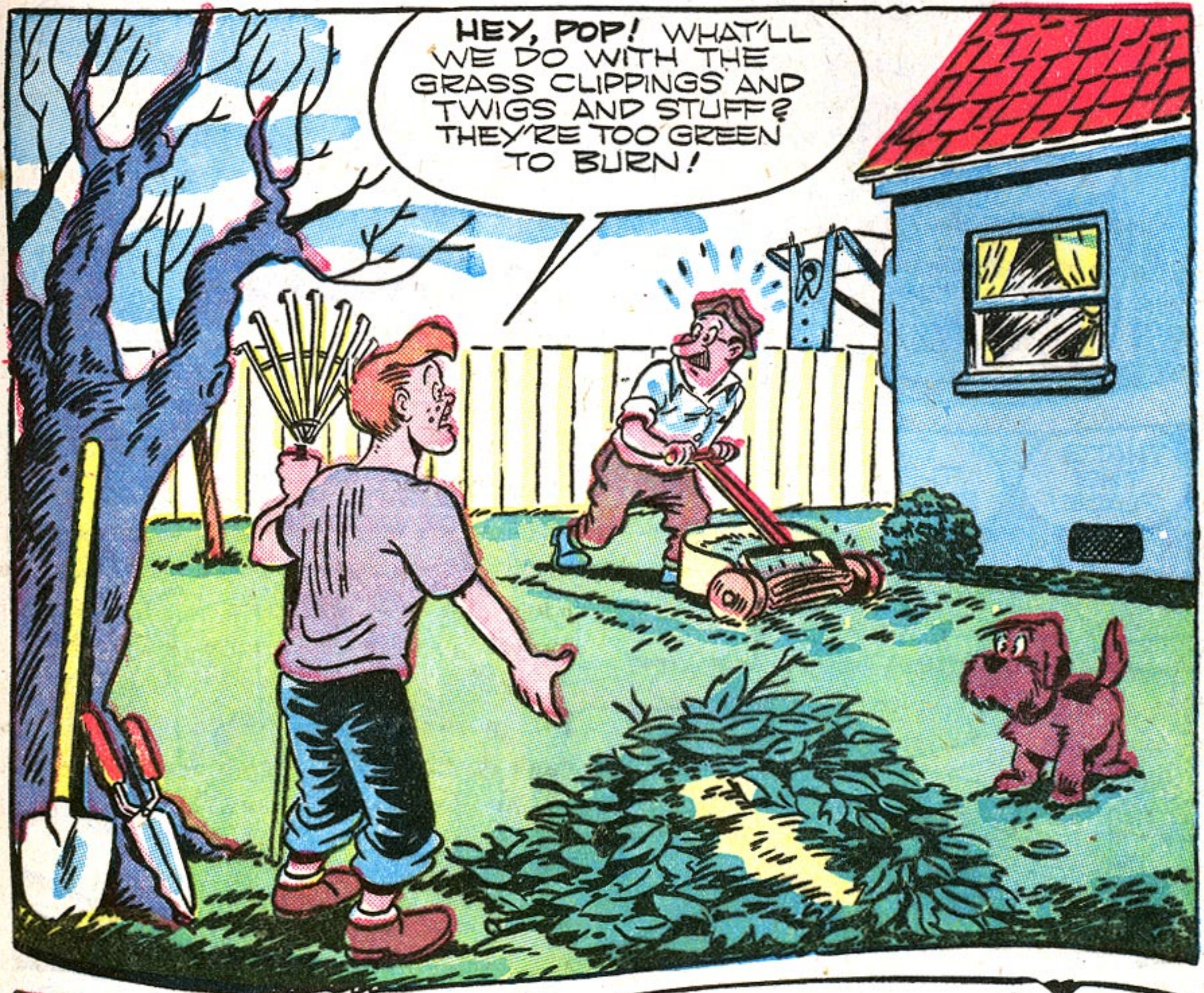
Natch looked at Judy, who was coming towards him across the room.

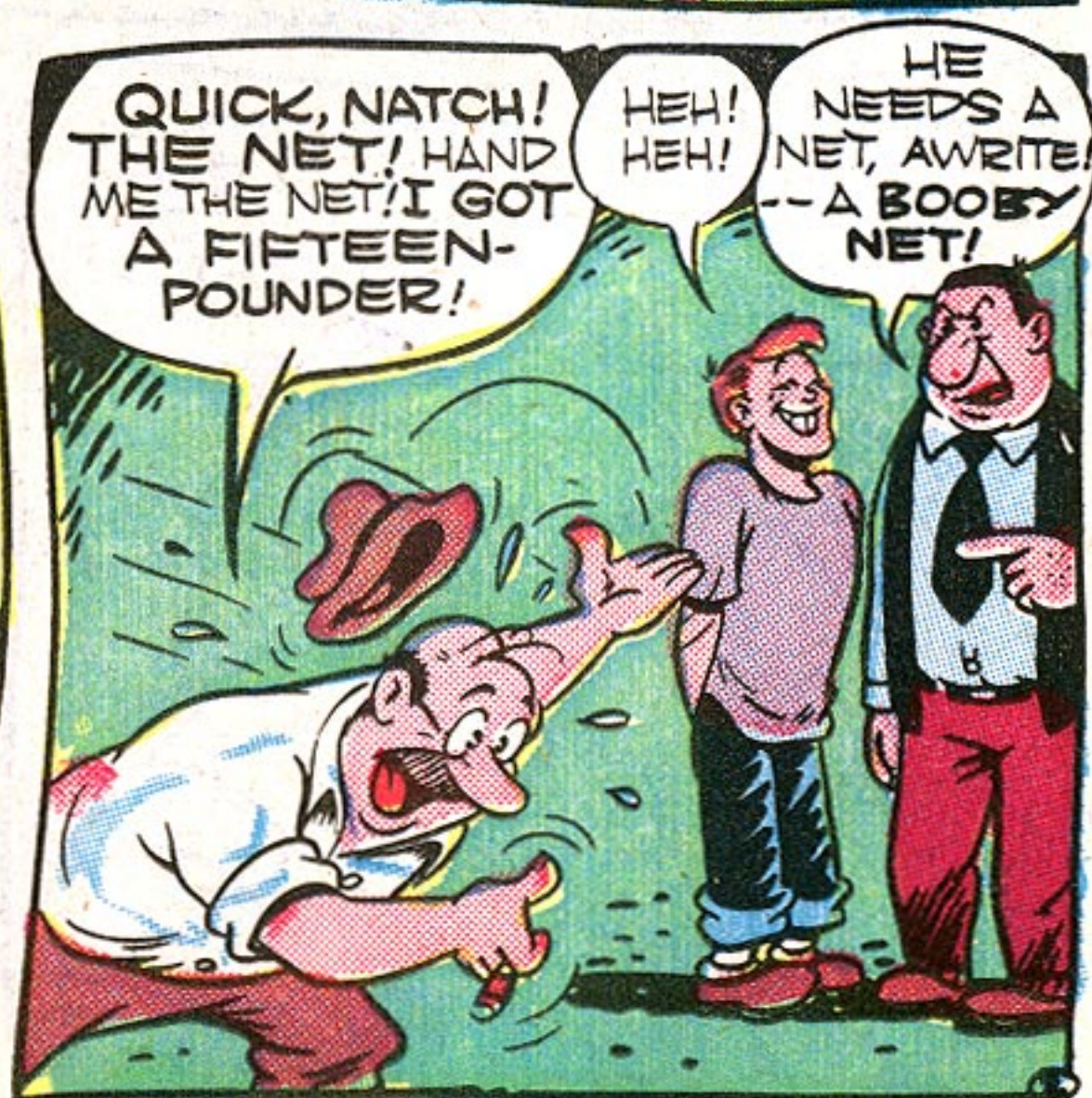
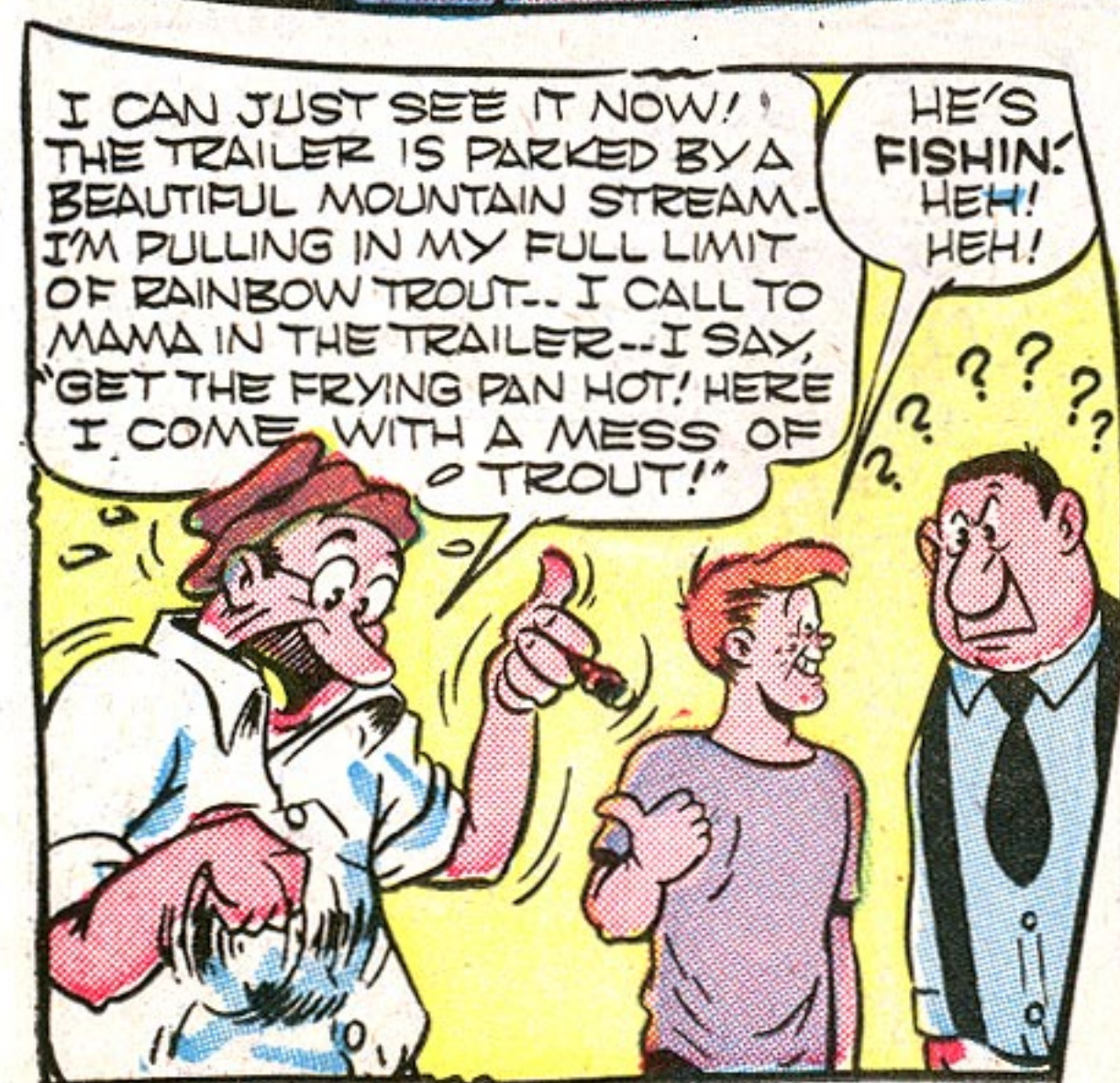
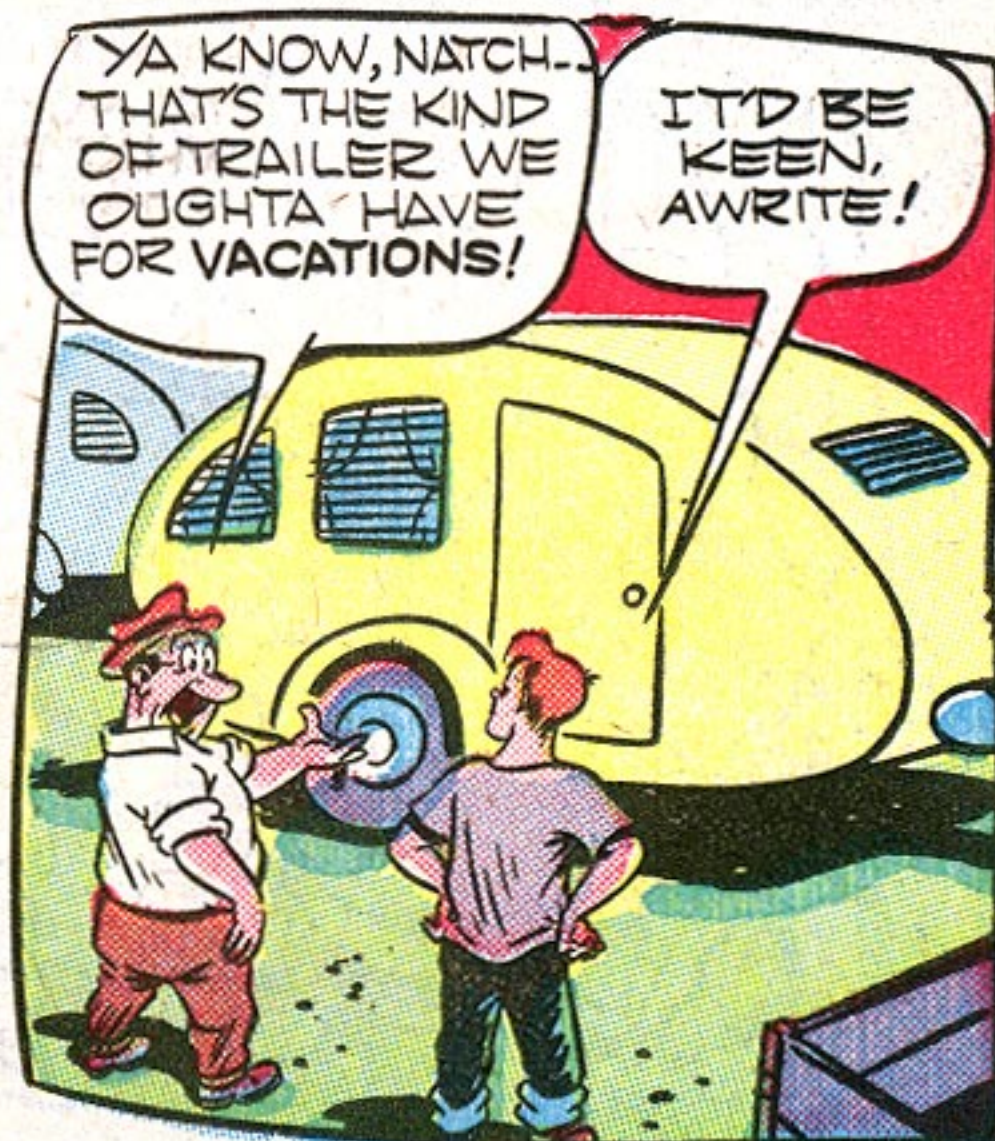
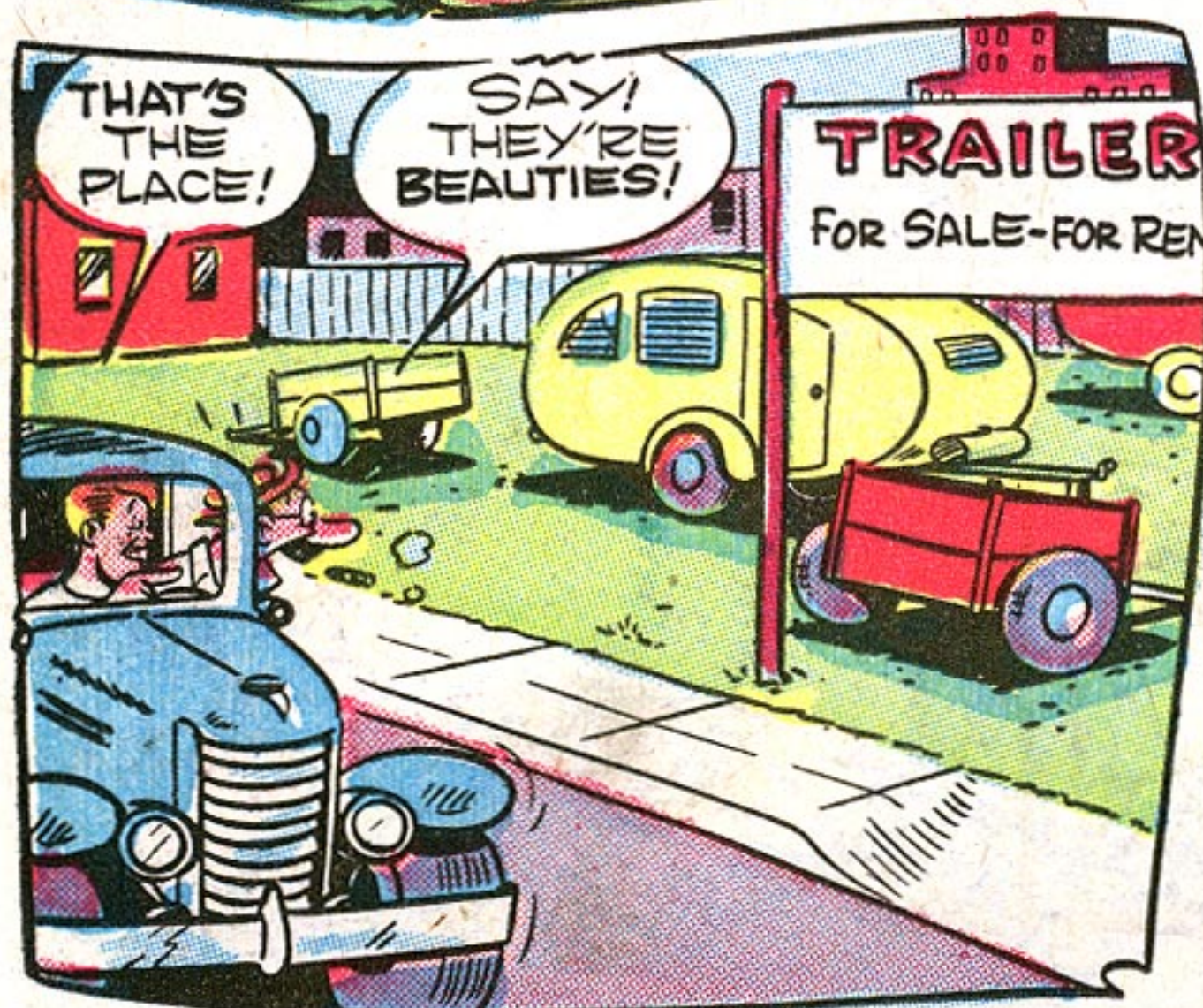
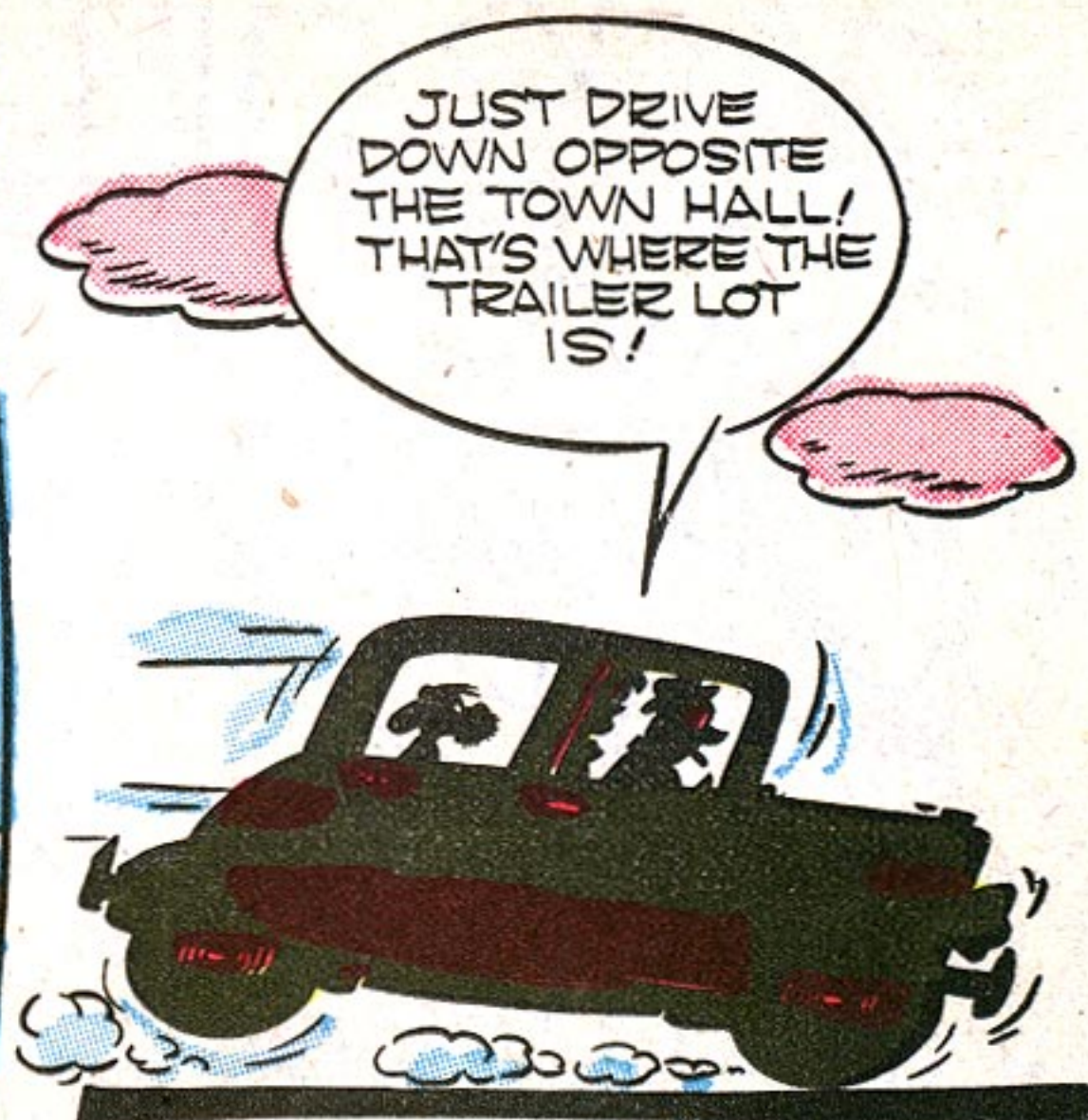
"You . . . you don't?" he stammered.

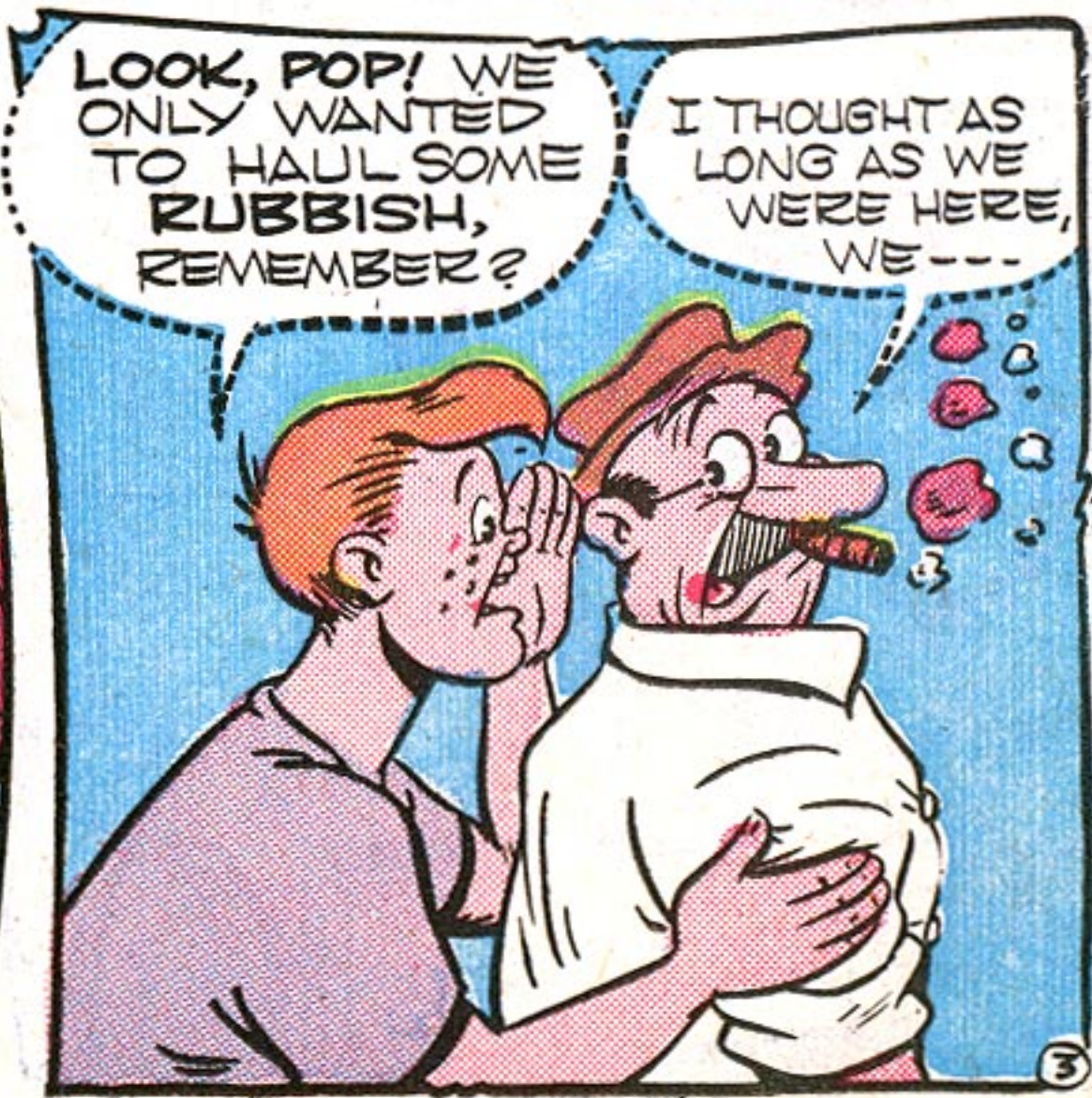
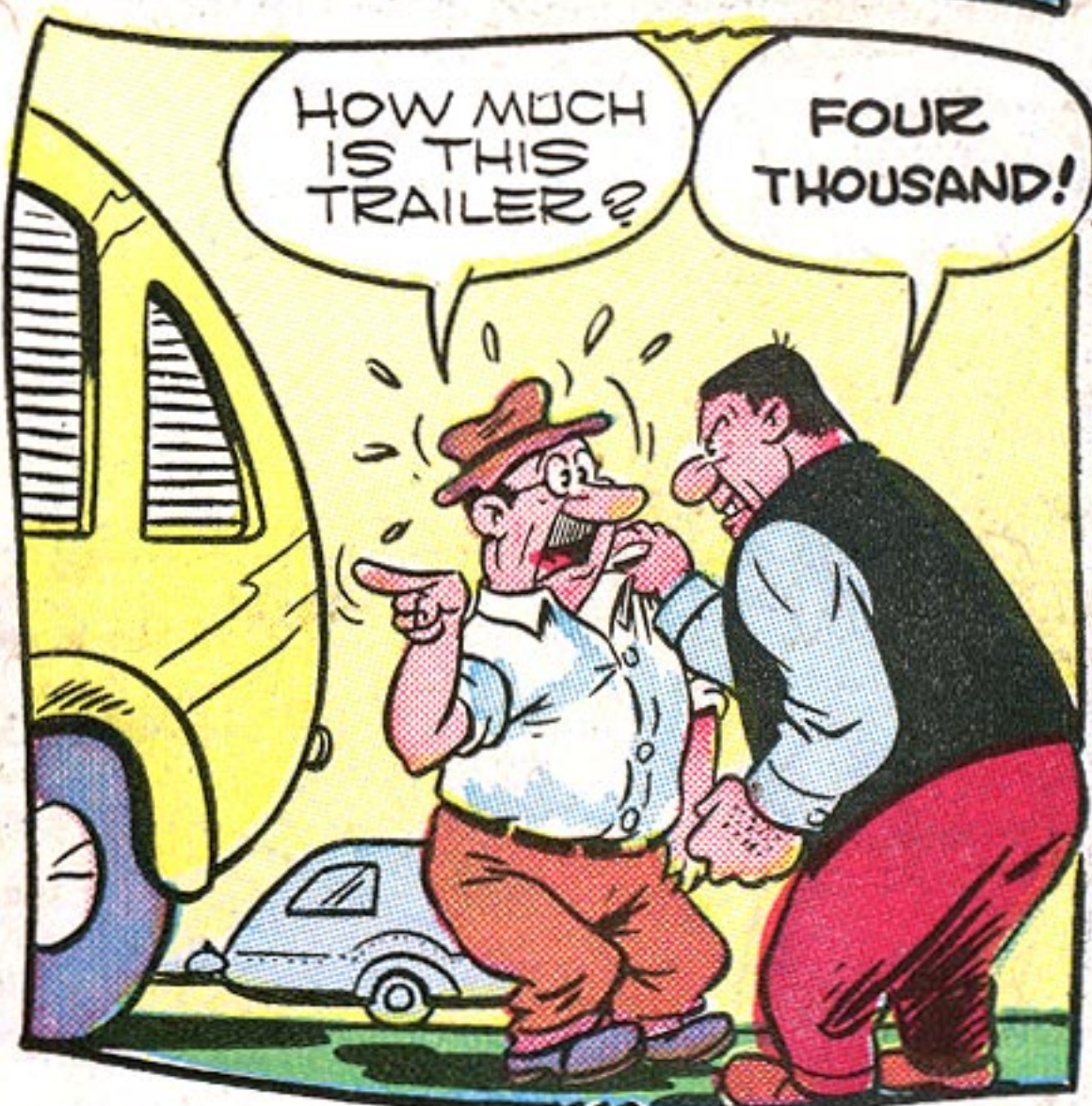
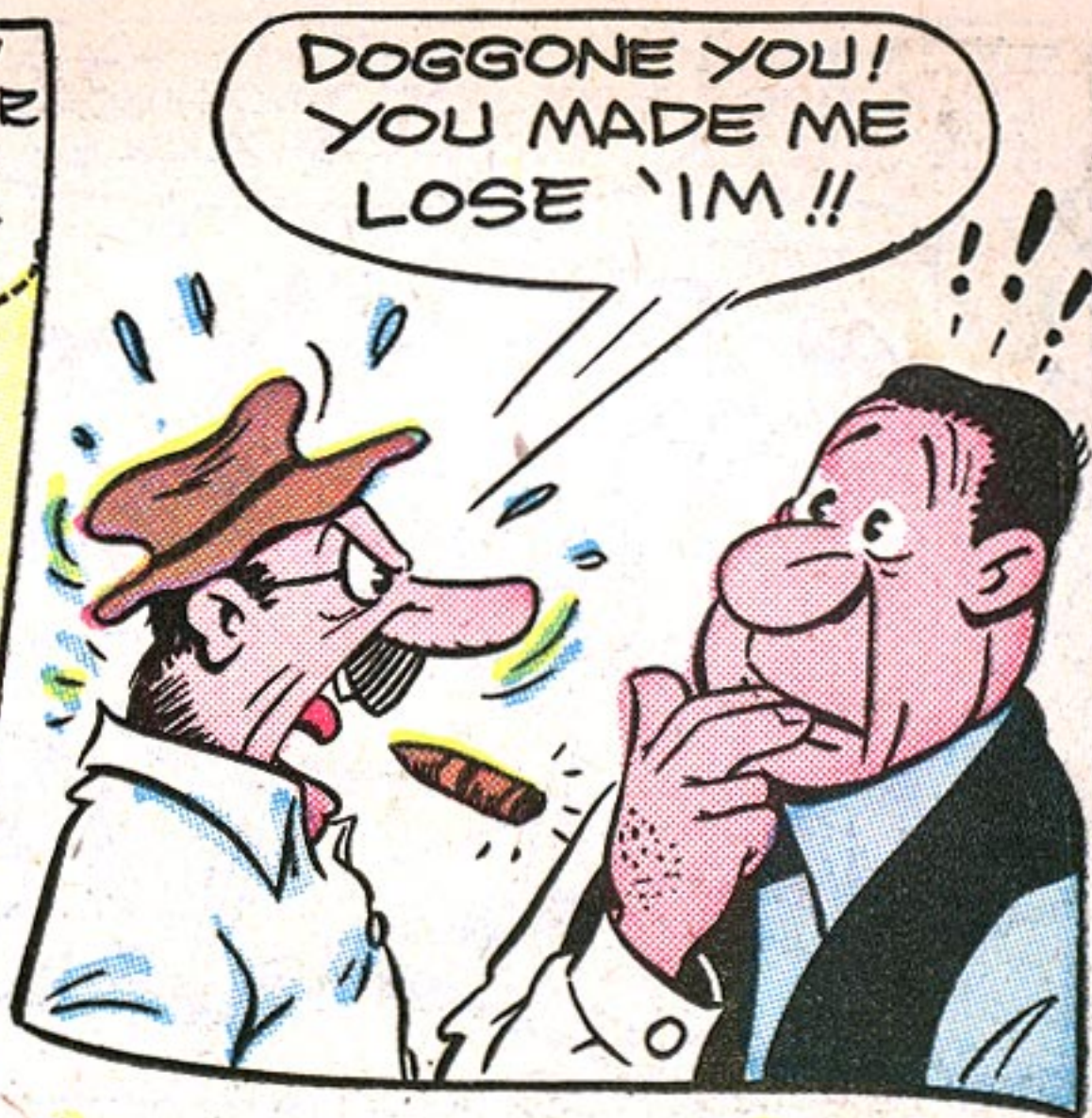
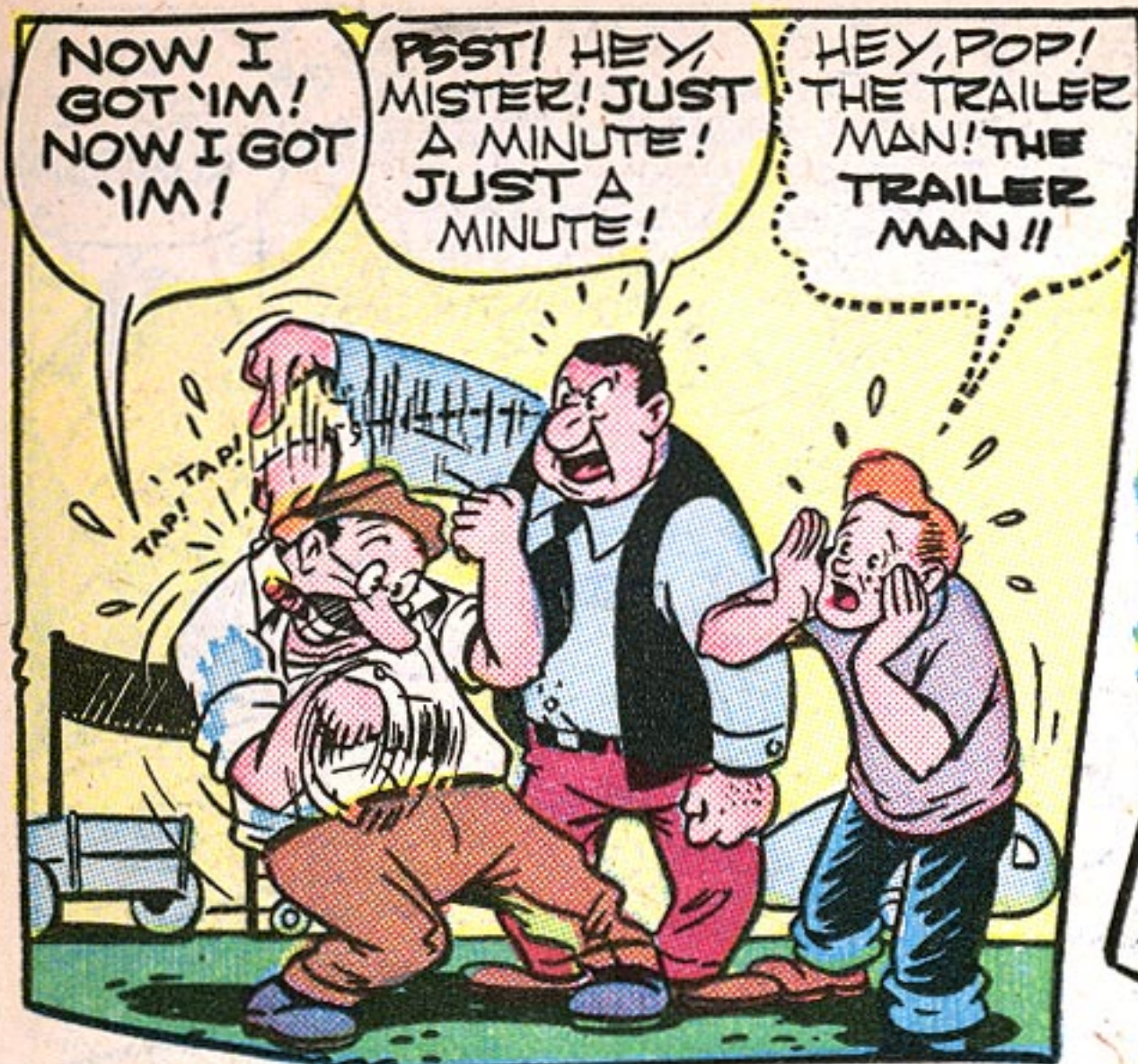
"No, I think it's sweet!" replied Judy, planting a great big kiss on Natch's burning cheek. "Let's go!"

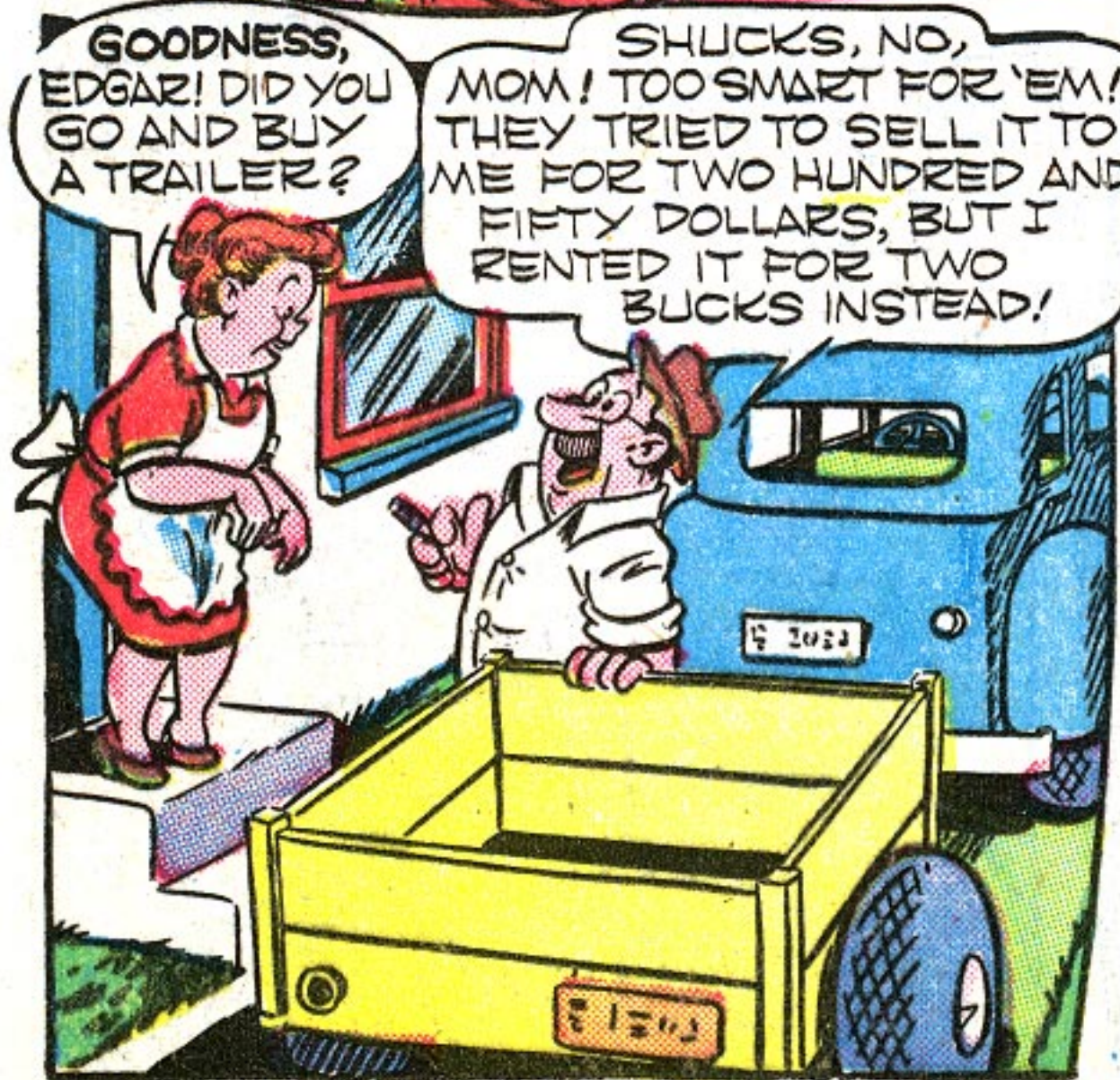
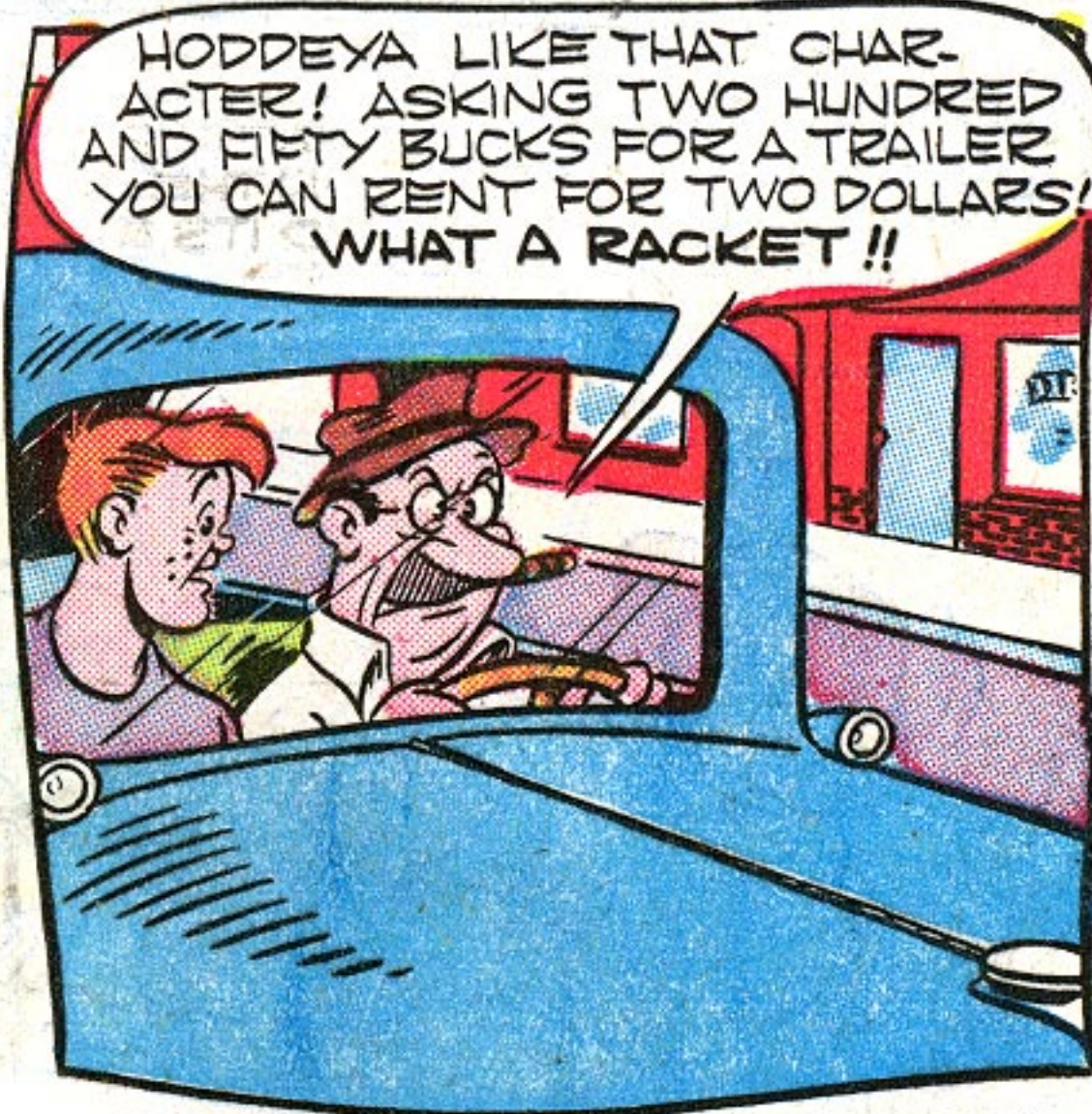
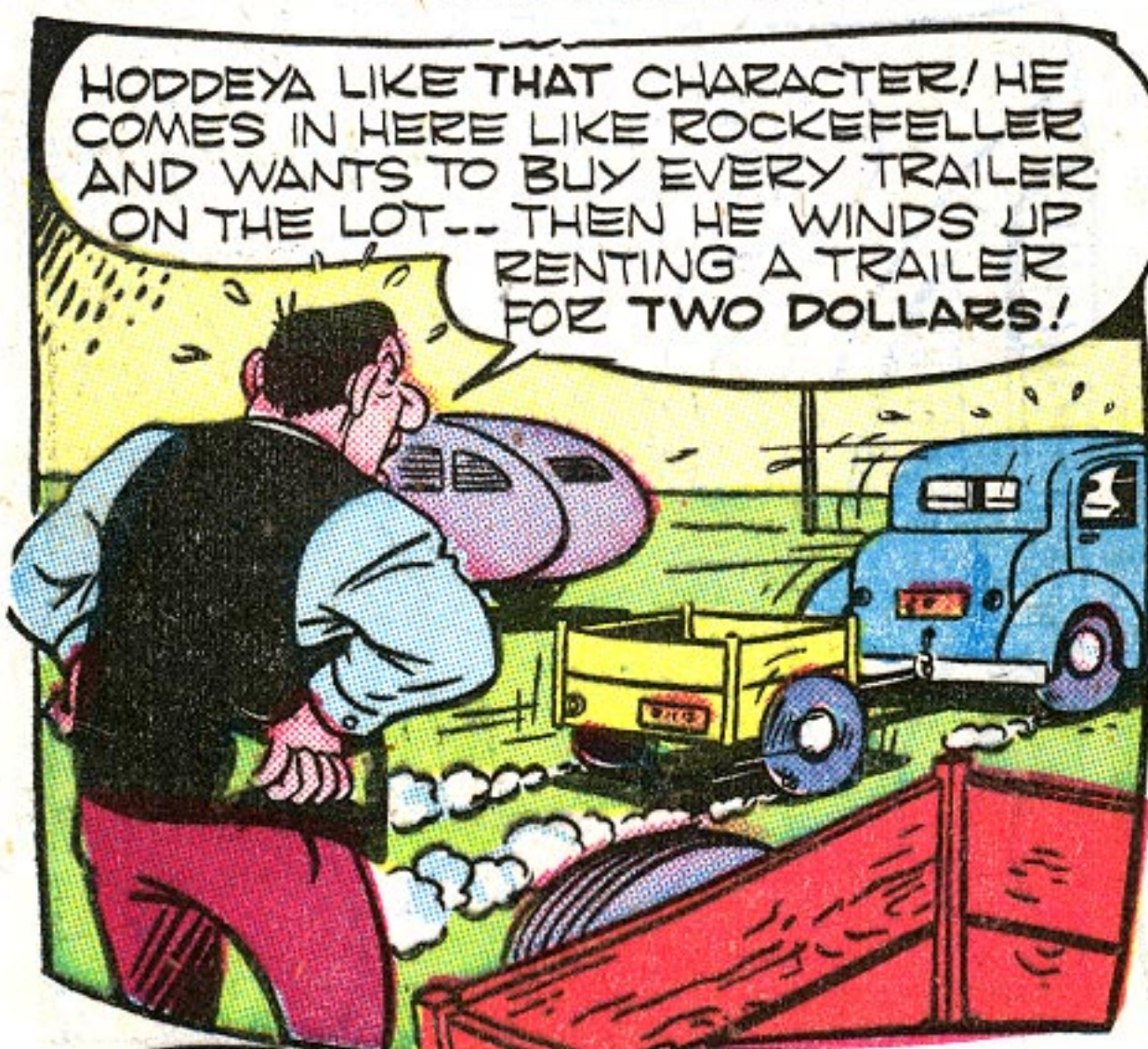
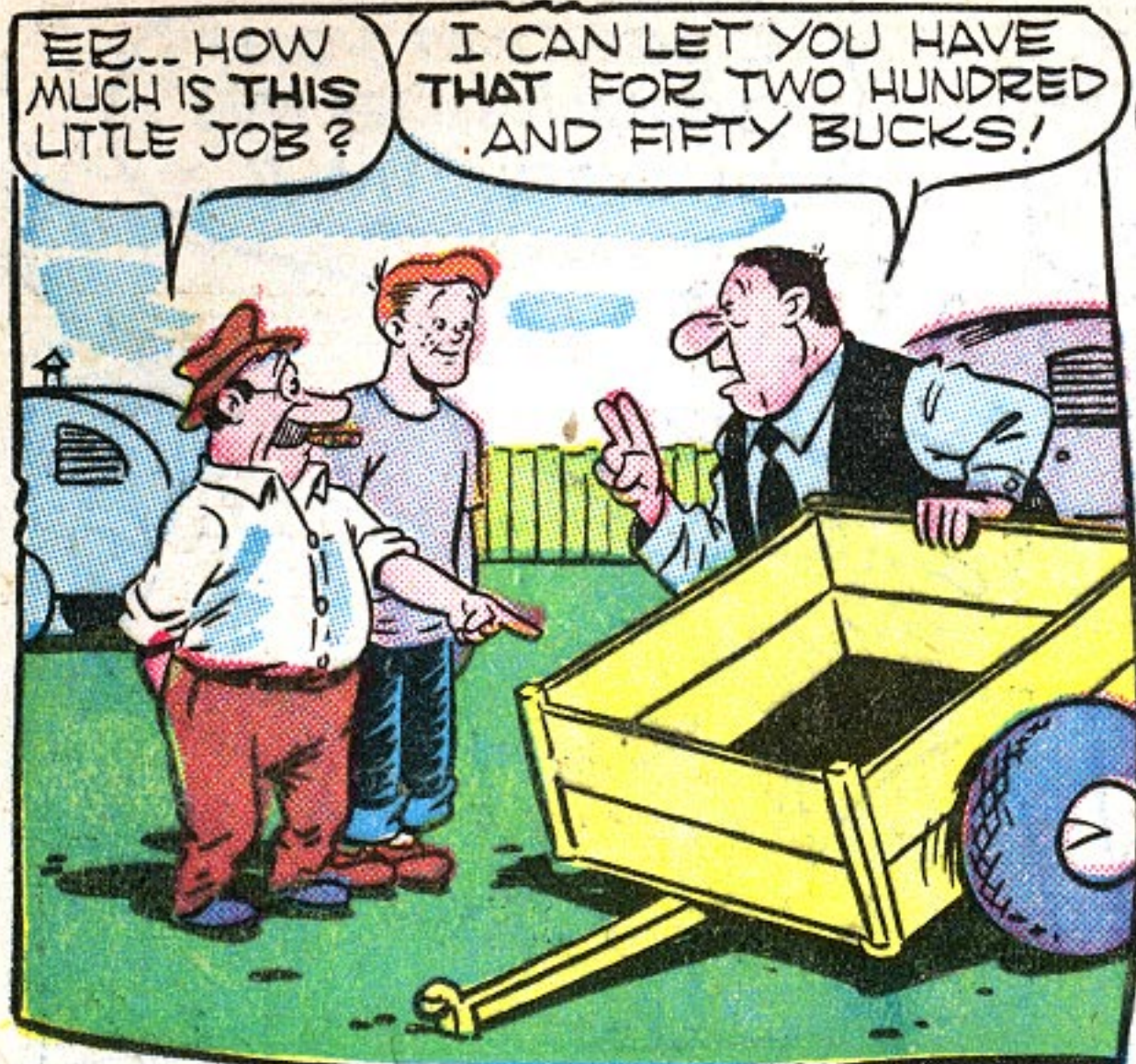
The KILROYS

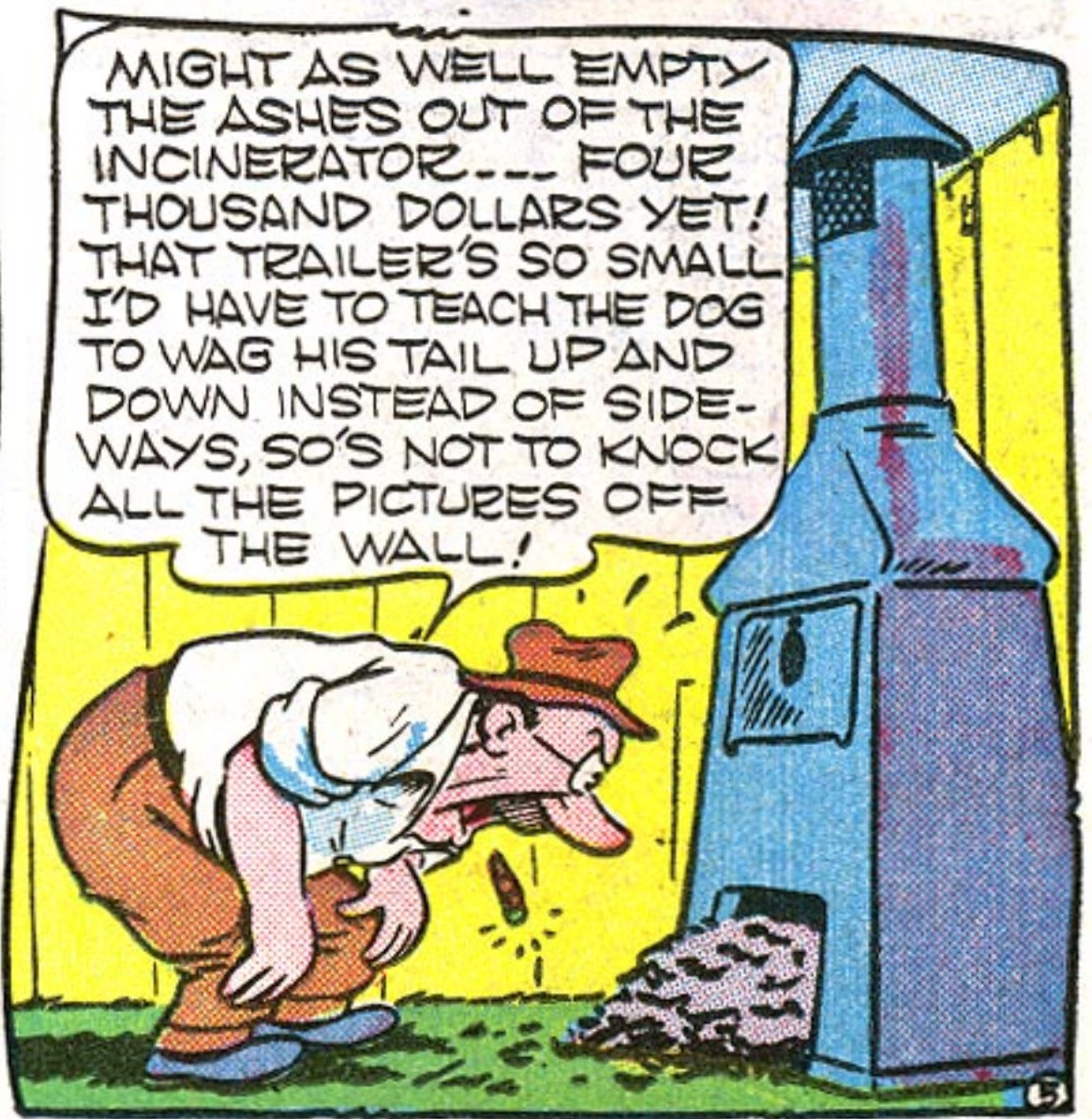
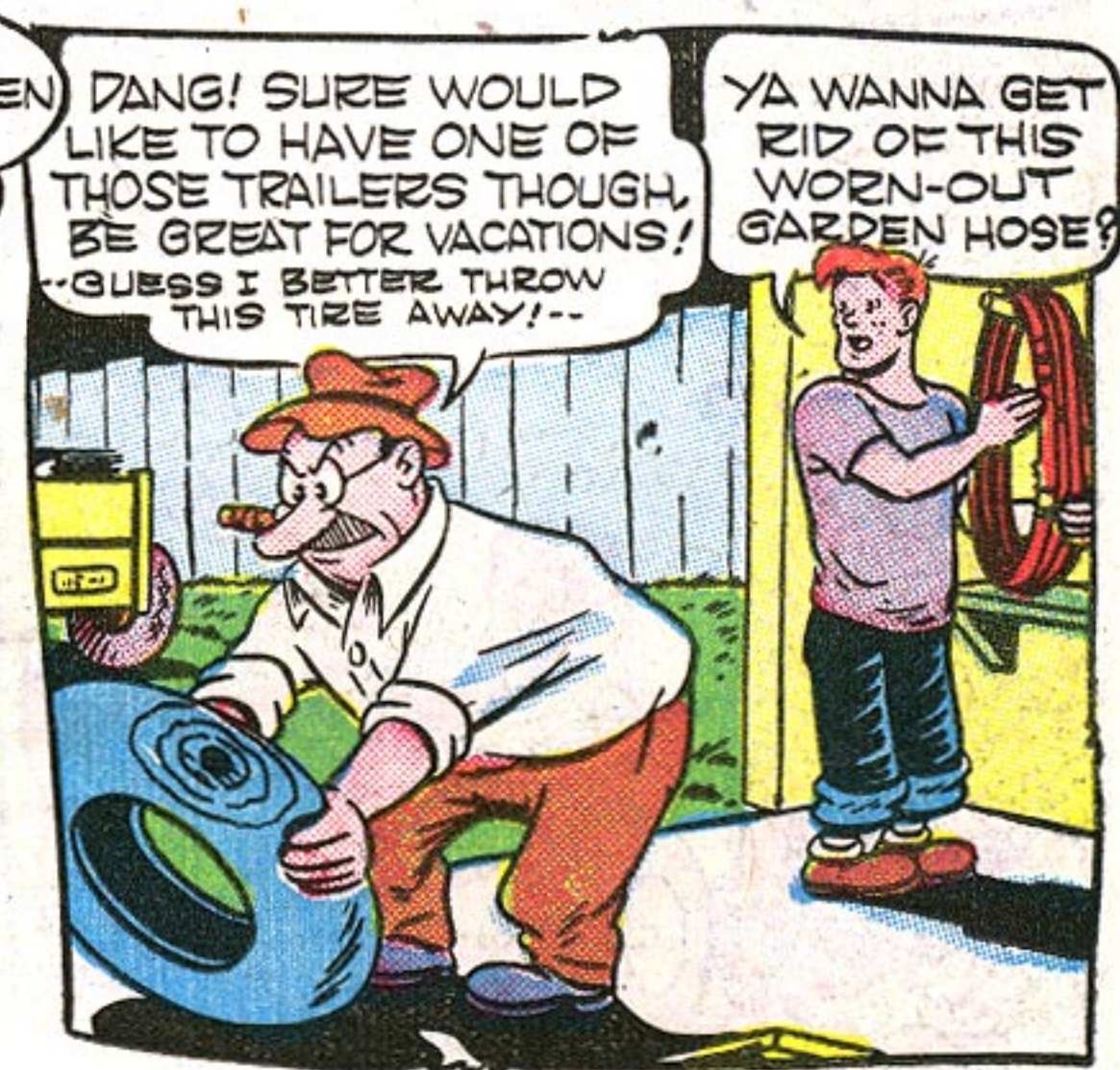
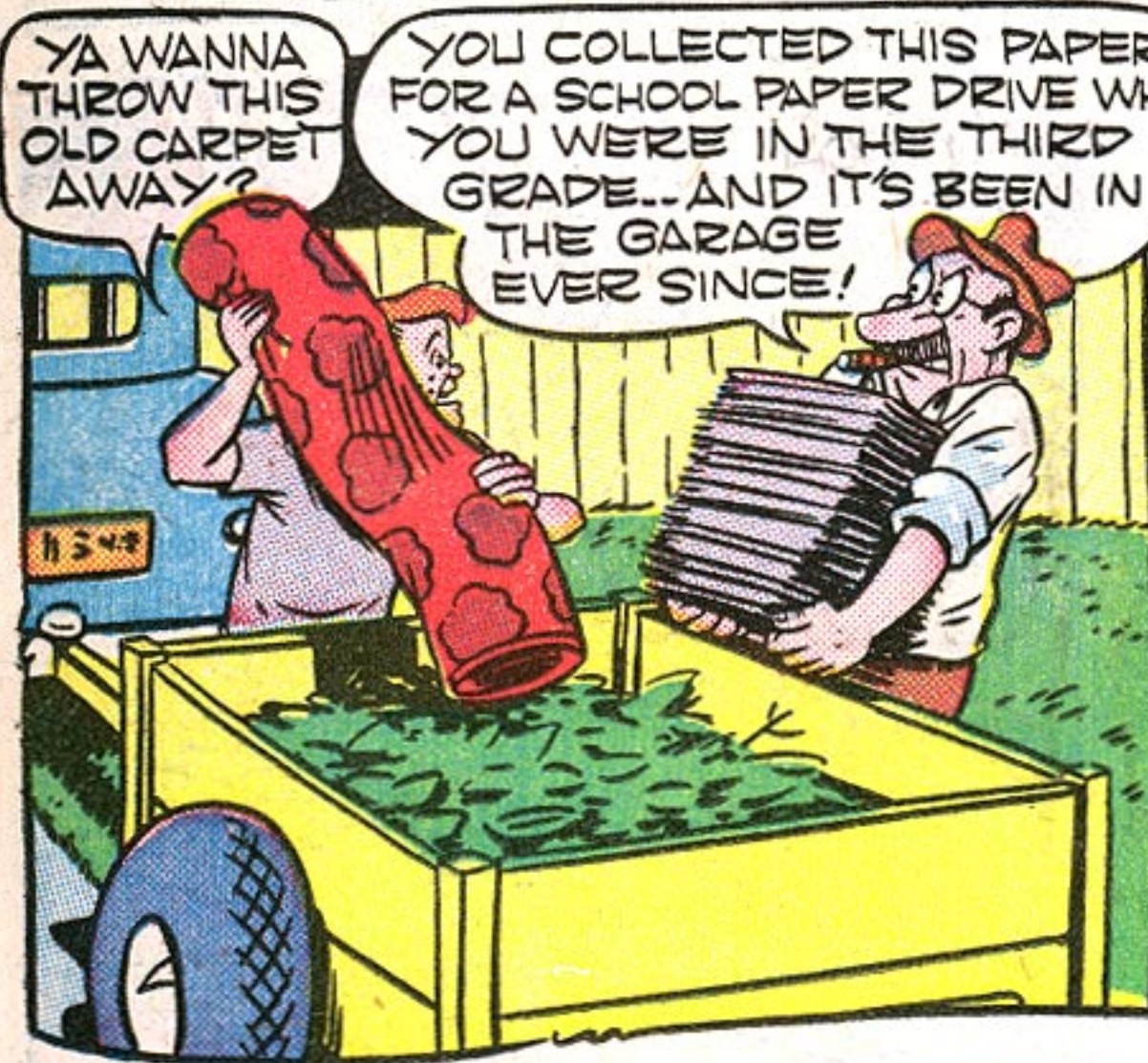
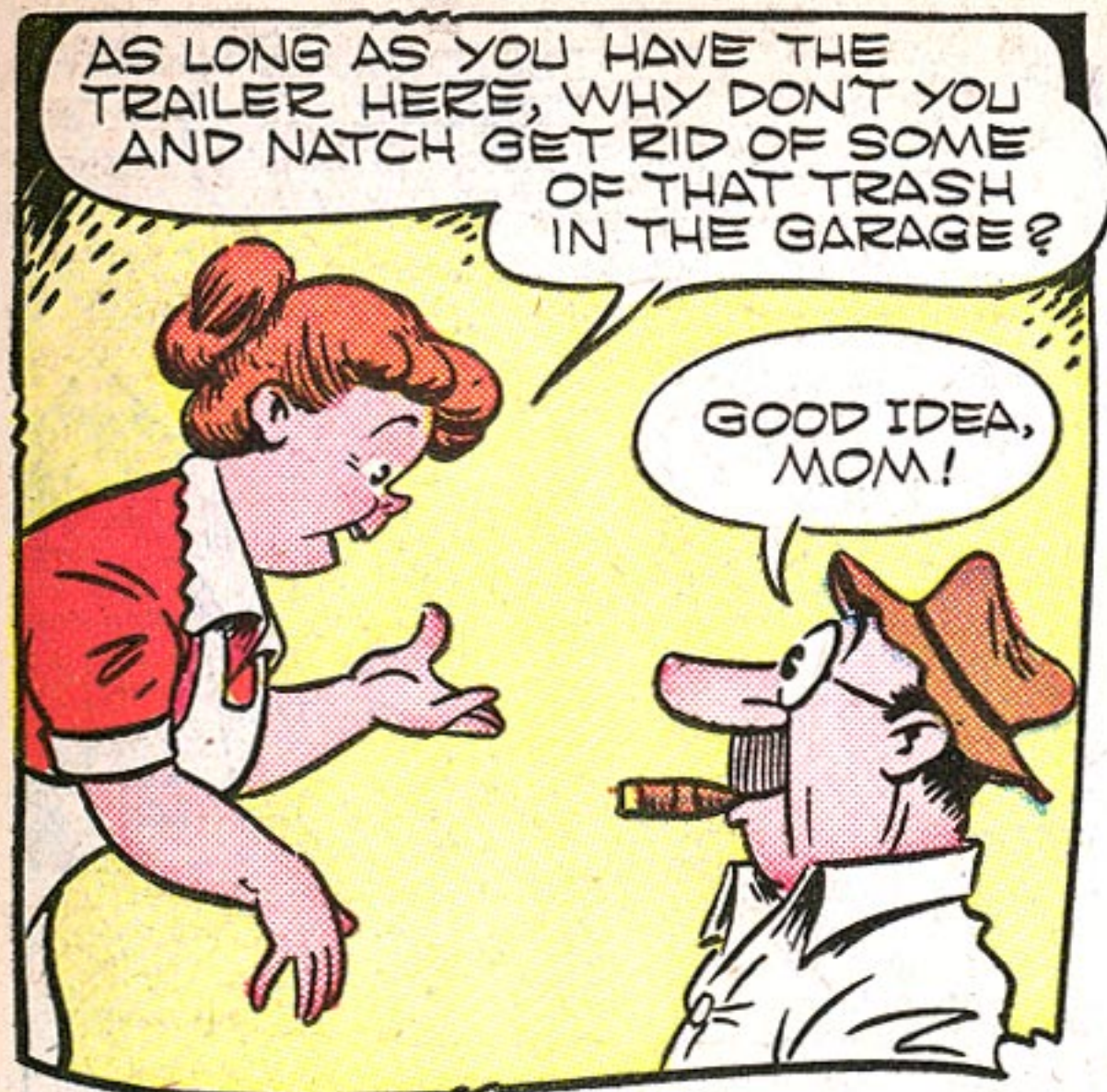
"TALE OF in A TRAILER"

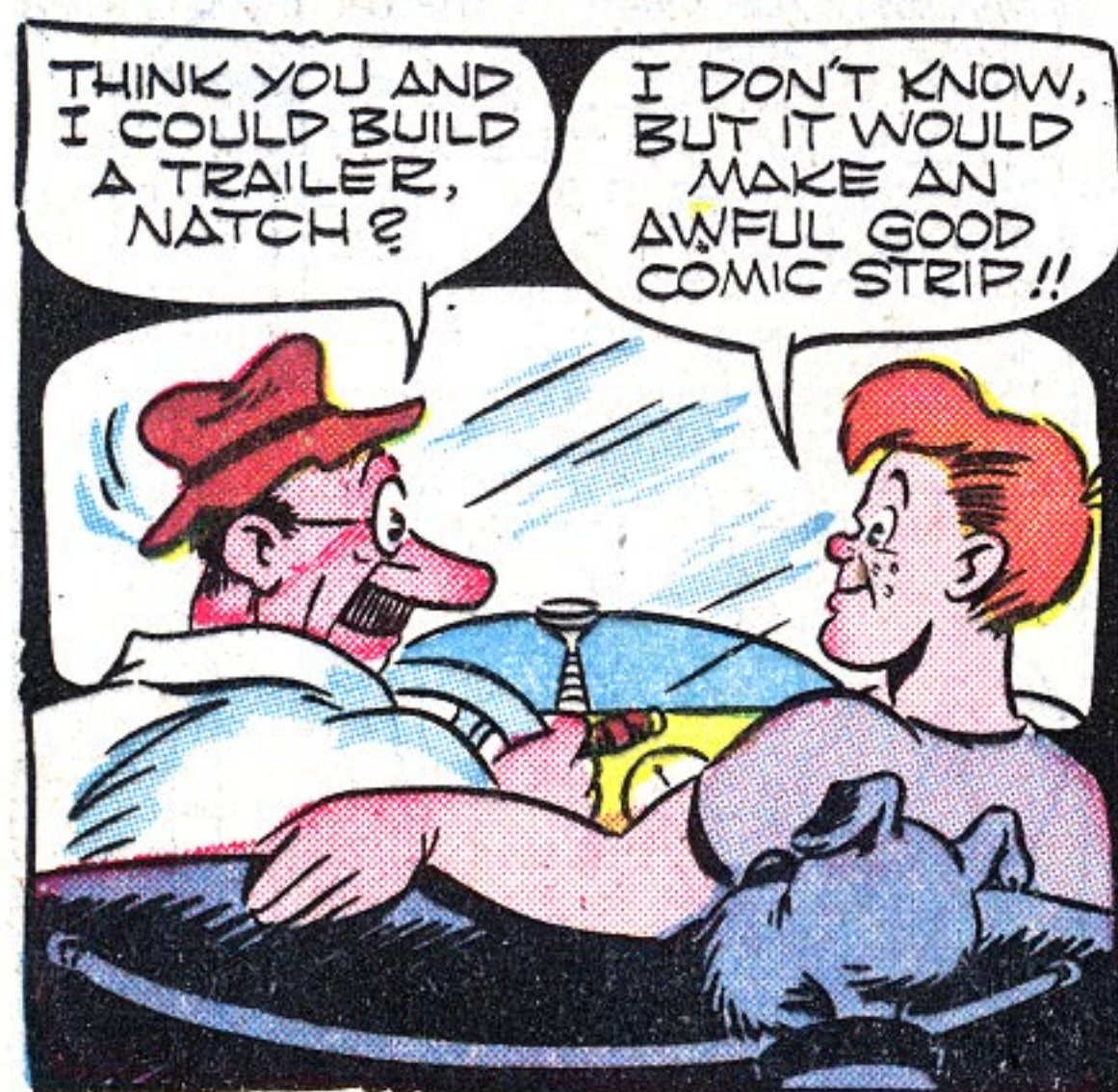
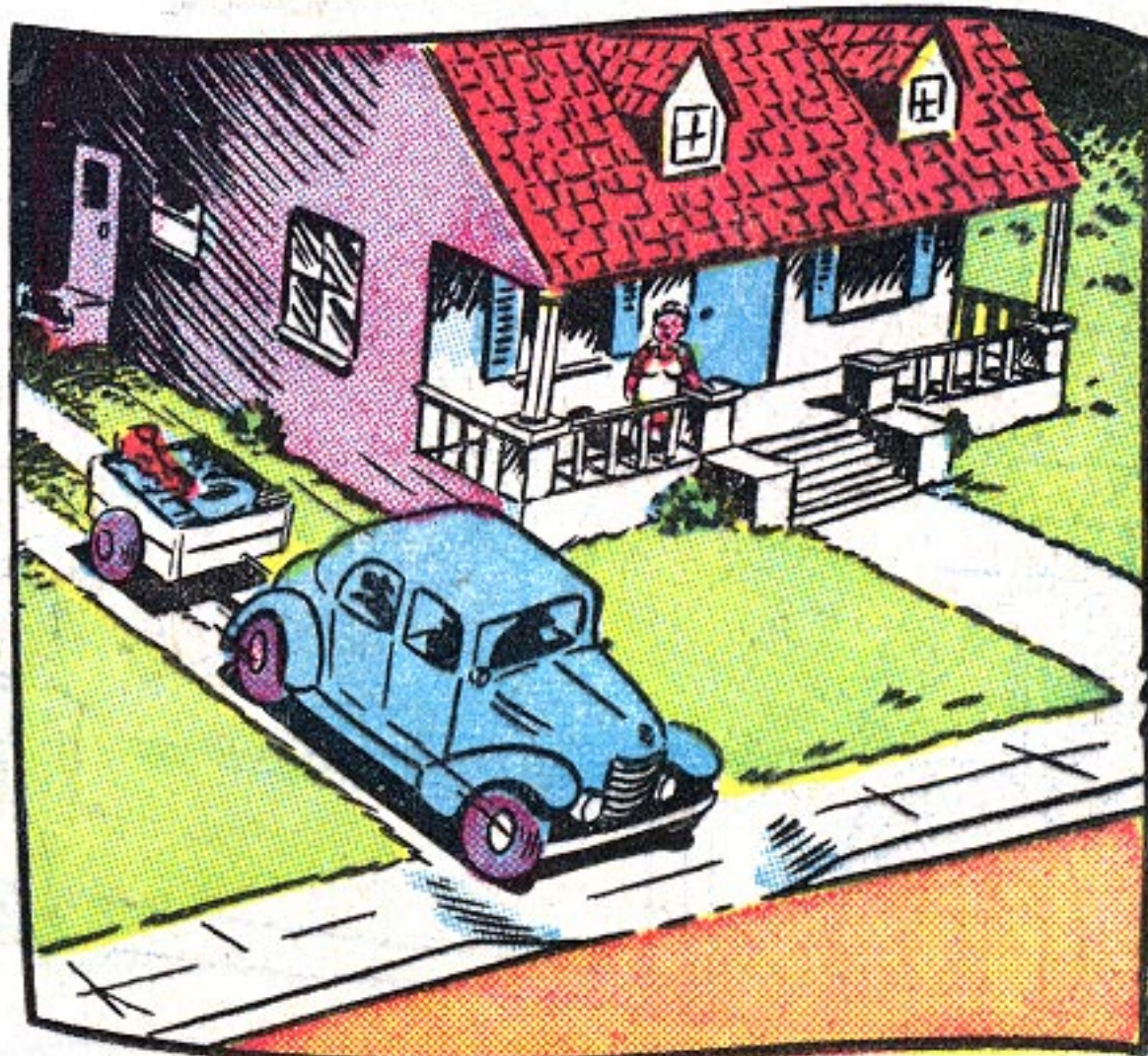
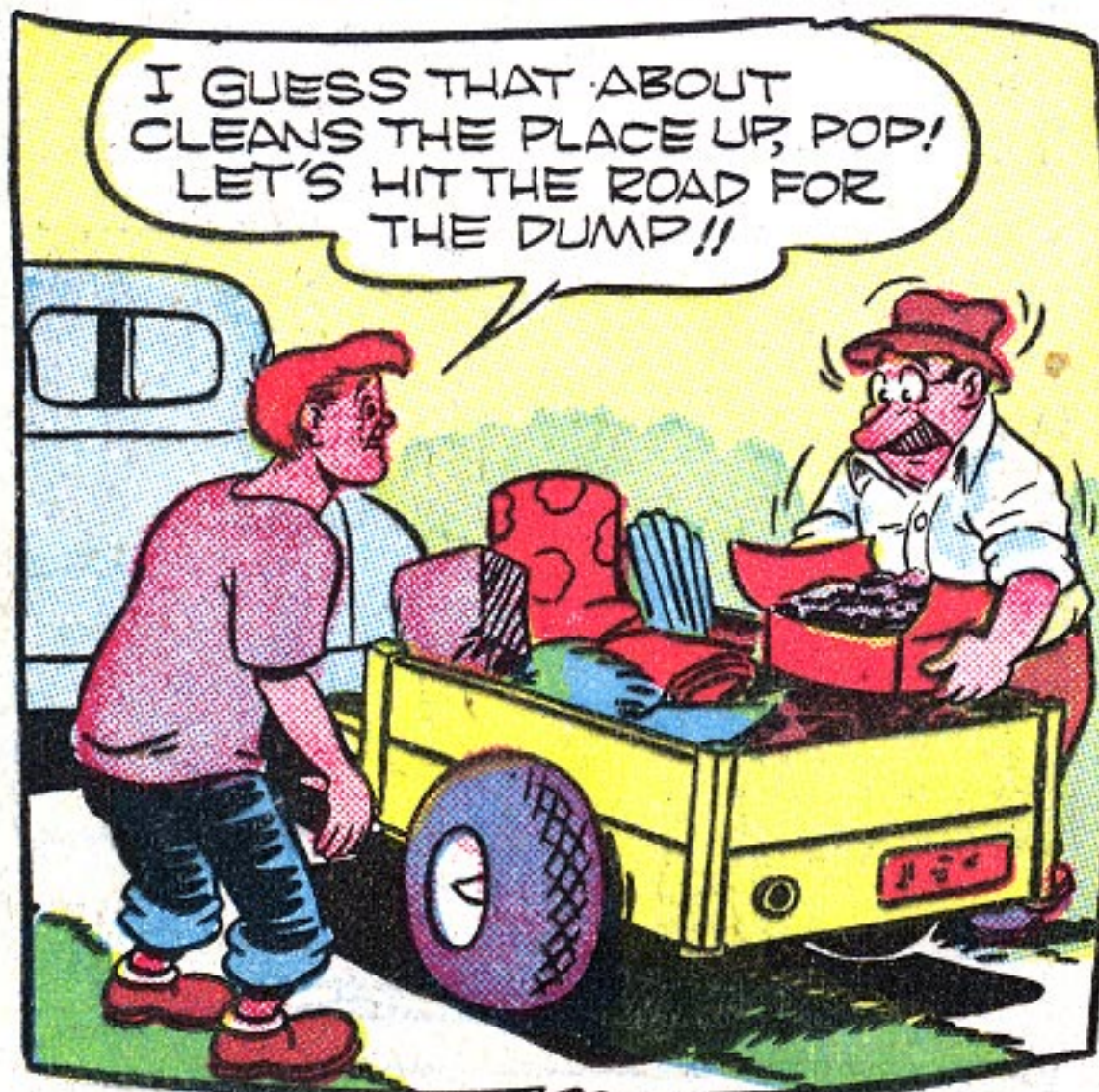


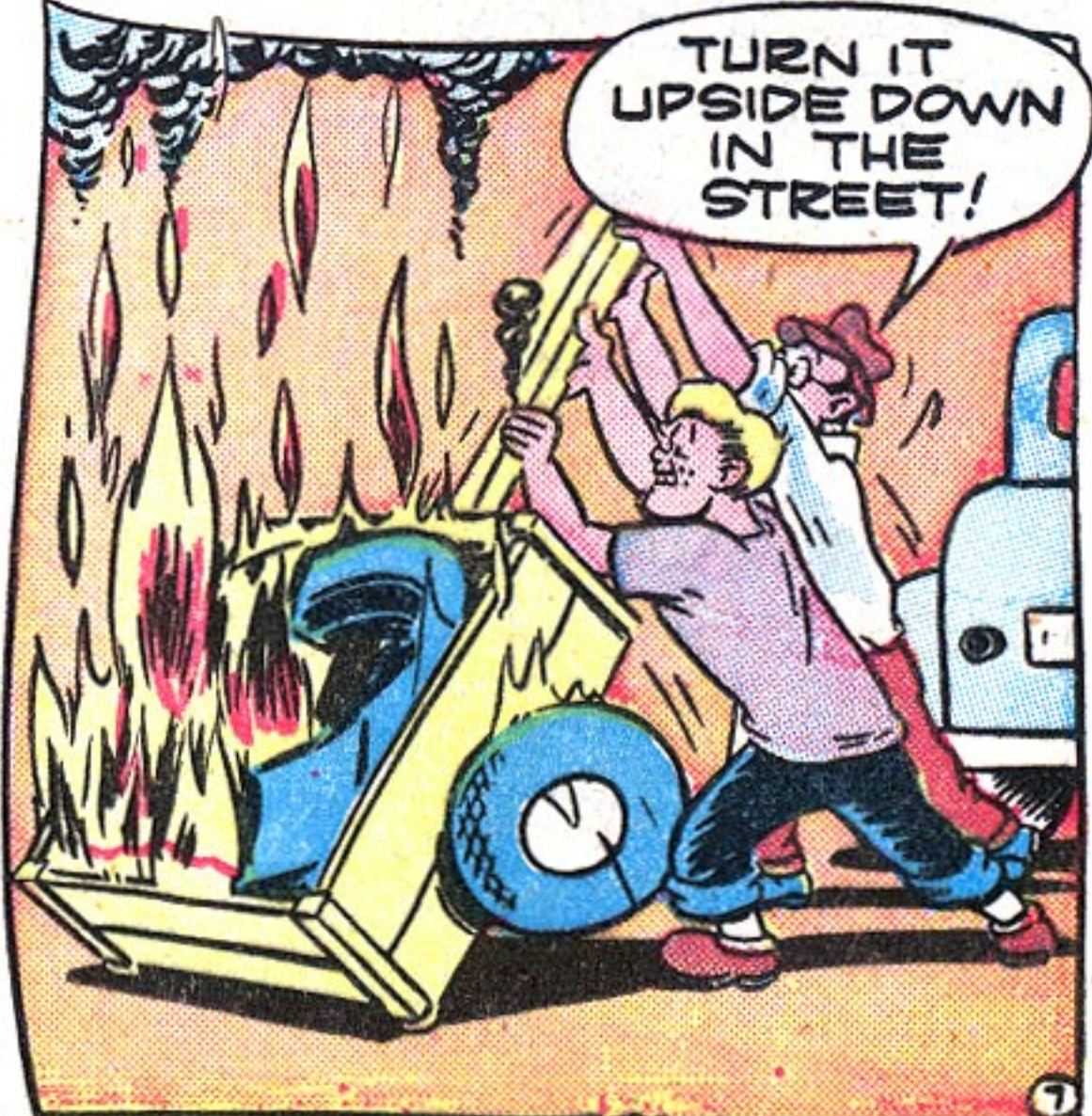
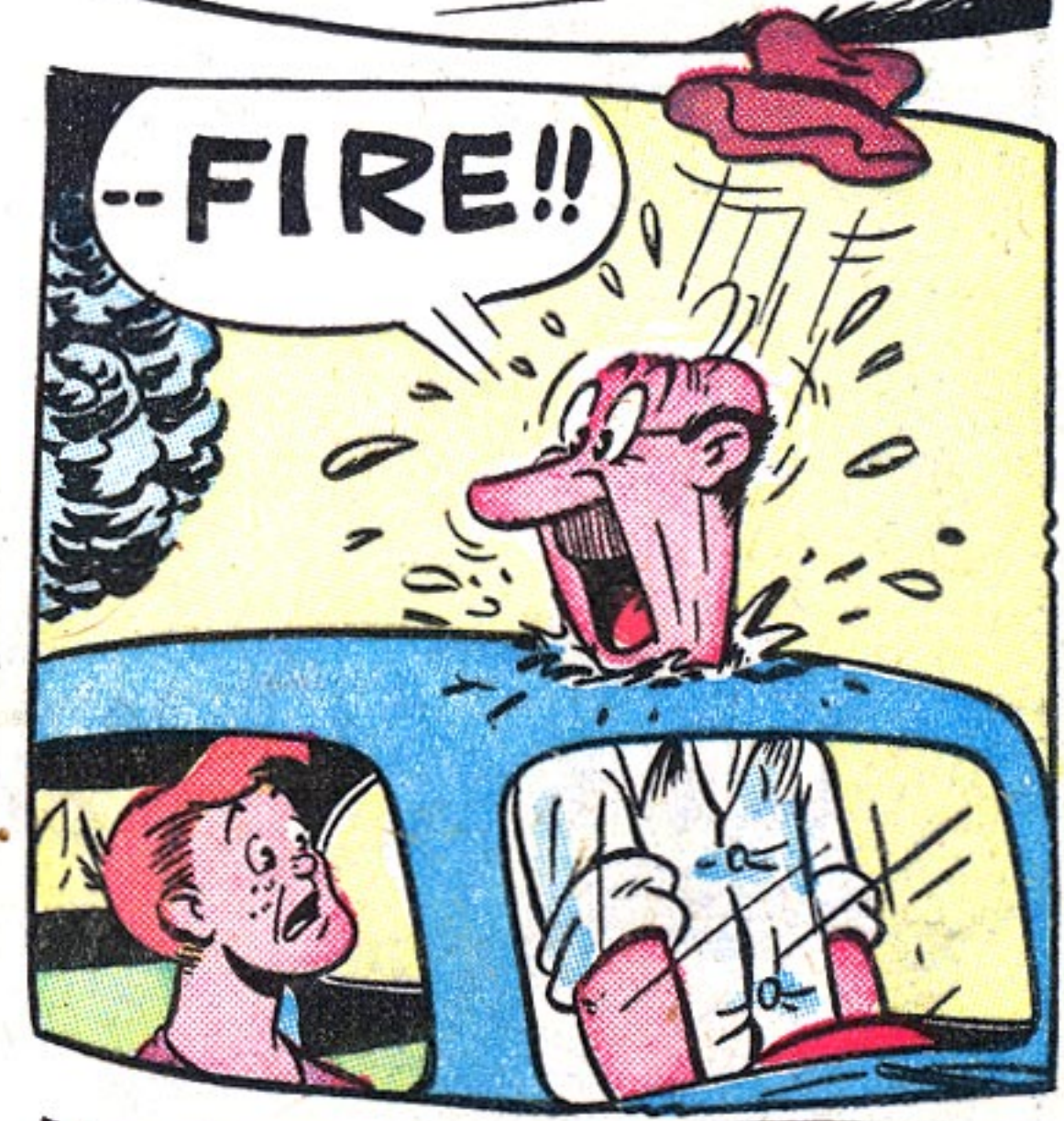
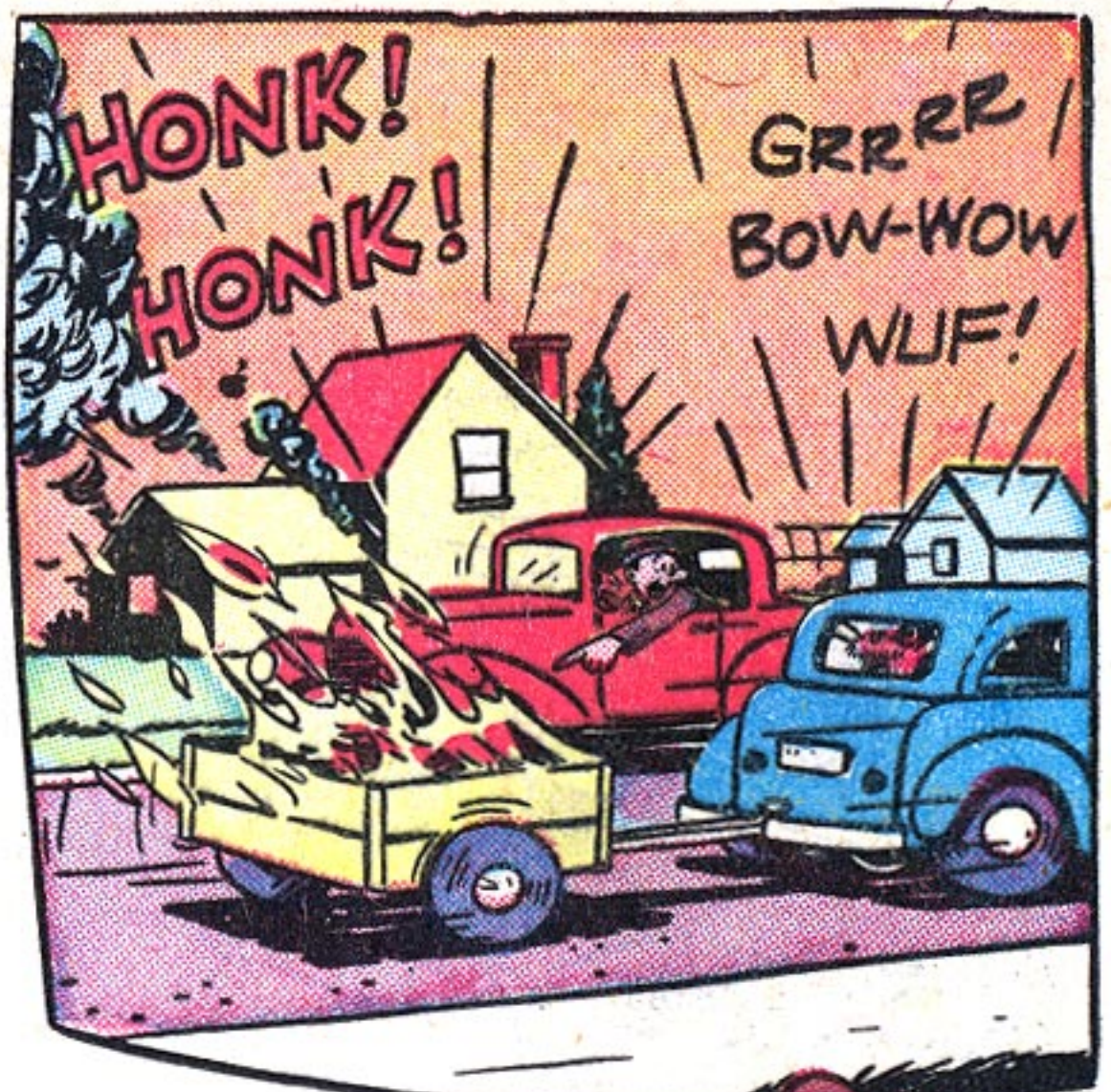
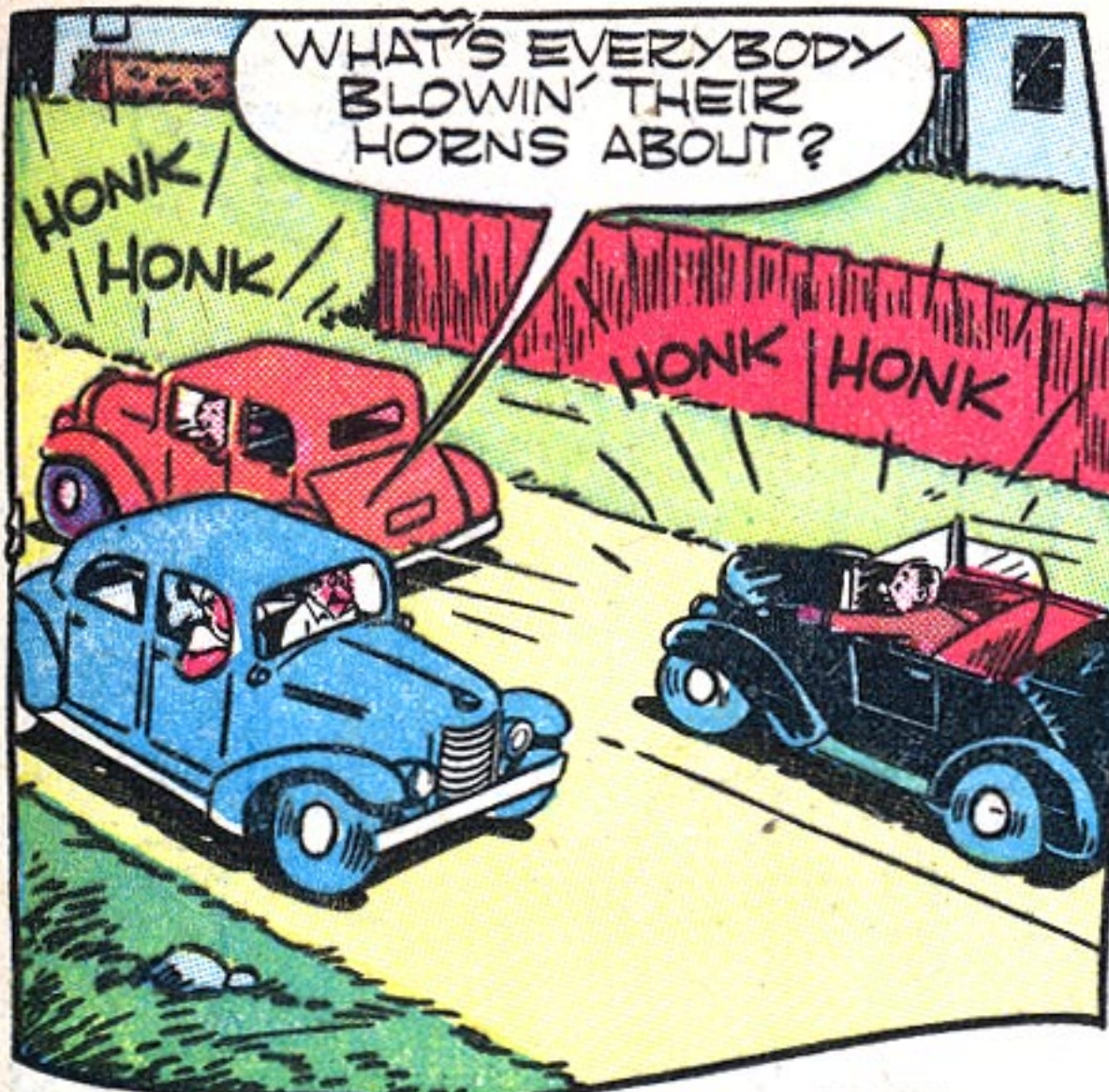


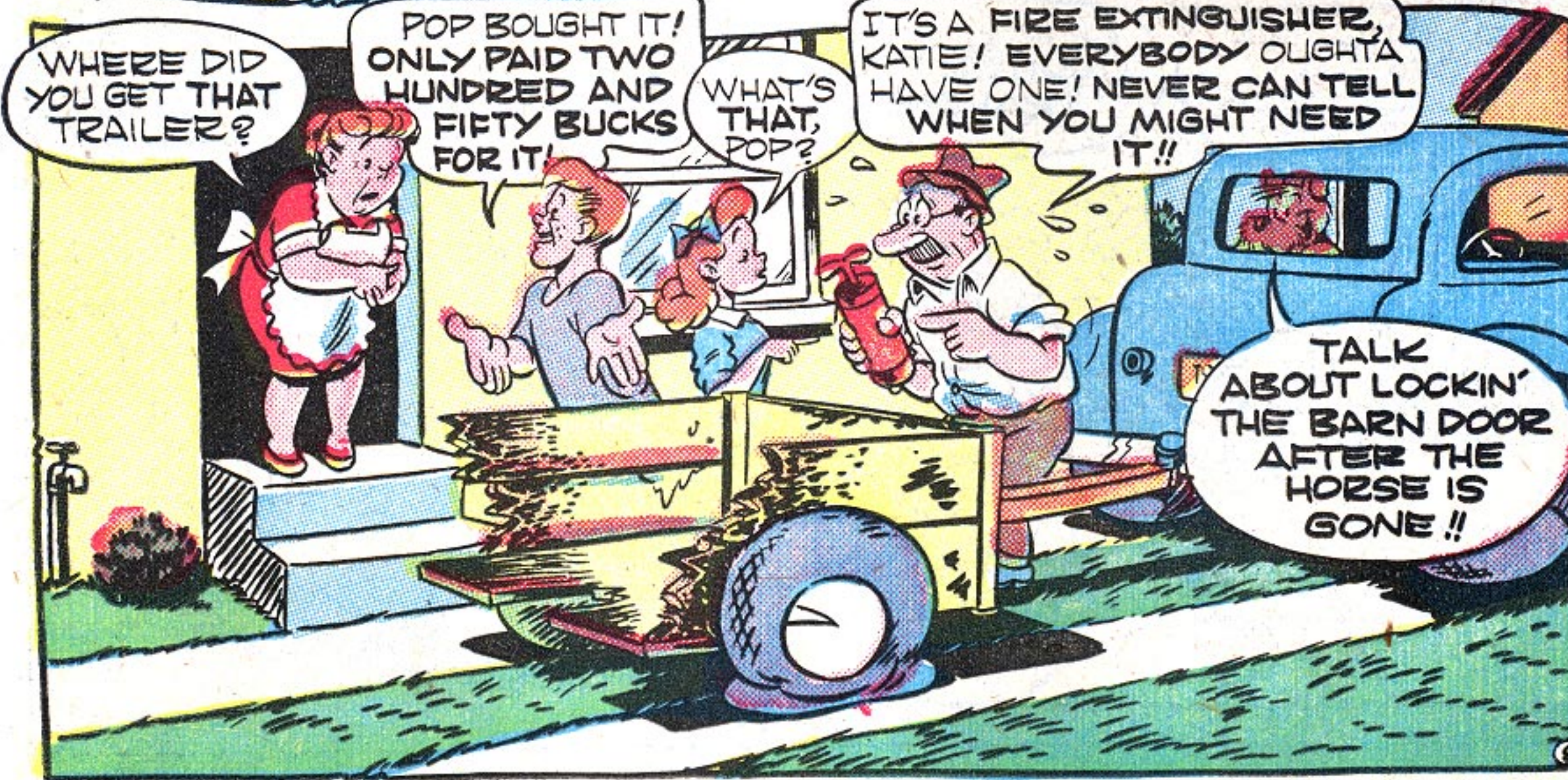
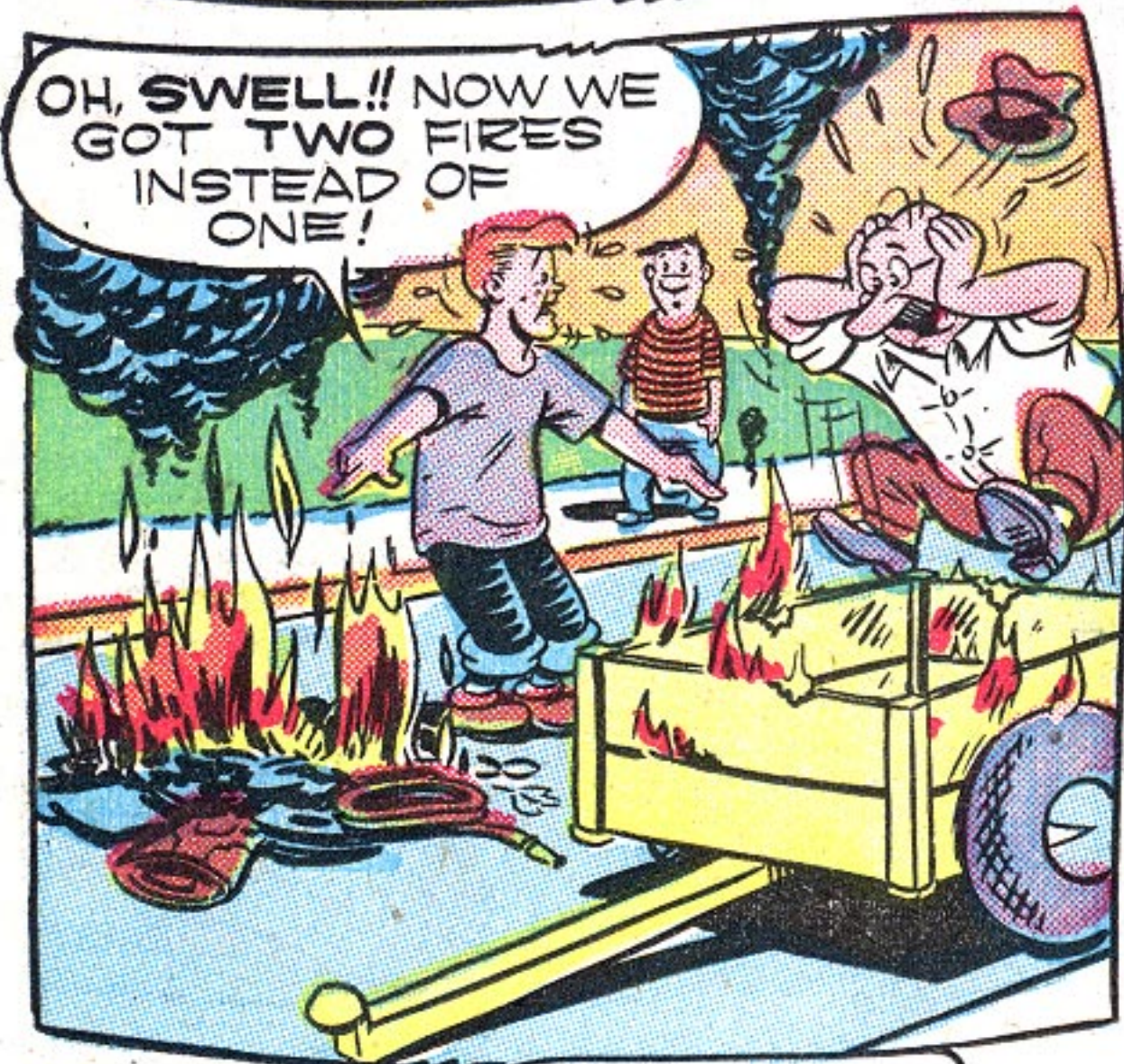
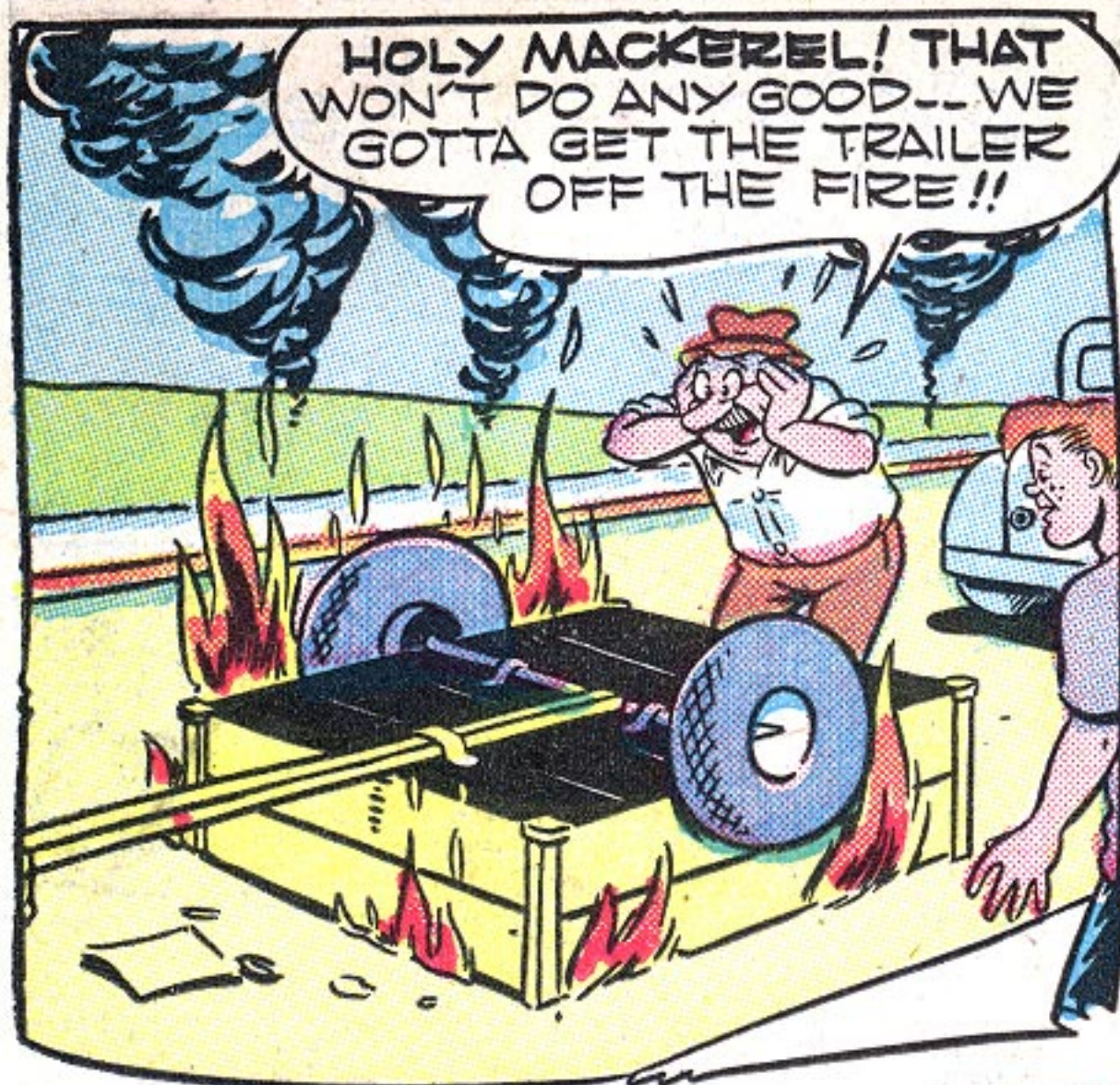












KOLLEGE KAPERS

SAY SOMETHING
SOFT AND SWEET
TO ME!

CUSTARD
PIE!

DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU
MAD WHEN A GIRL TAKES
SO LONG GETTIN' READY
TO GO TO DINNER WITH
YOU?

YEAH! THE
LONGER SHE
TAKES, THE
HUNGRIER
SHE GETS!

YOU CAN'T SLEEP
IN MY CLASS!

IF YOU DIDN'T
TALK SO LOUD,
I COULD!

I KNOW I'M JUST
A LITTLE **PEBBLE**
IN YOUR LIFE!

WELL, WHY NOT
TRY BEING A LITTLE
BOULDER?

By HARLEY

HOT PLATE Special

"**WOW!**" shouted Jackson. "A brand-new platter! That . . . I gotta get!"

Flinging himself into his overheated car, Jackson pointed its battered nose towards down-town. "Slam-Slam Vout!" he chortled. "With the Cyclone Four beatin' it out . . . an' Slide Slither on the trombone yet! I'm gonna buy me that record an' make it *spin!*"

The jalopy was steaming by the time it reached the Platter Shoppe. And so was Jackson, when he realized that Mr. Garmish was on the *outside* of the store instead of on the *inside*! He was closing!

"Mr. Garmish! Mr. Garmish!" he panted, vaulting over the side of the smoking car. "Wait! Stop! You can't do this to me!"

"Do *what?*" asked Mr. Garmish, turning the key in the lock. "I'm just closing up!"

"That, sir, is precisely what I mean. Oh, *please*, Mr. Garmish!" To the

shopkeeper's horror, Jackson got to his knees right on the pavement. "Please open the door an' give out with *Slam-Slam Vout!* I hear ya only got *one* left!"

"But it's after six and I . . ." Mr. Garmish started to protest.

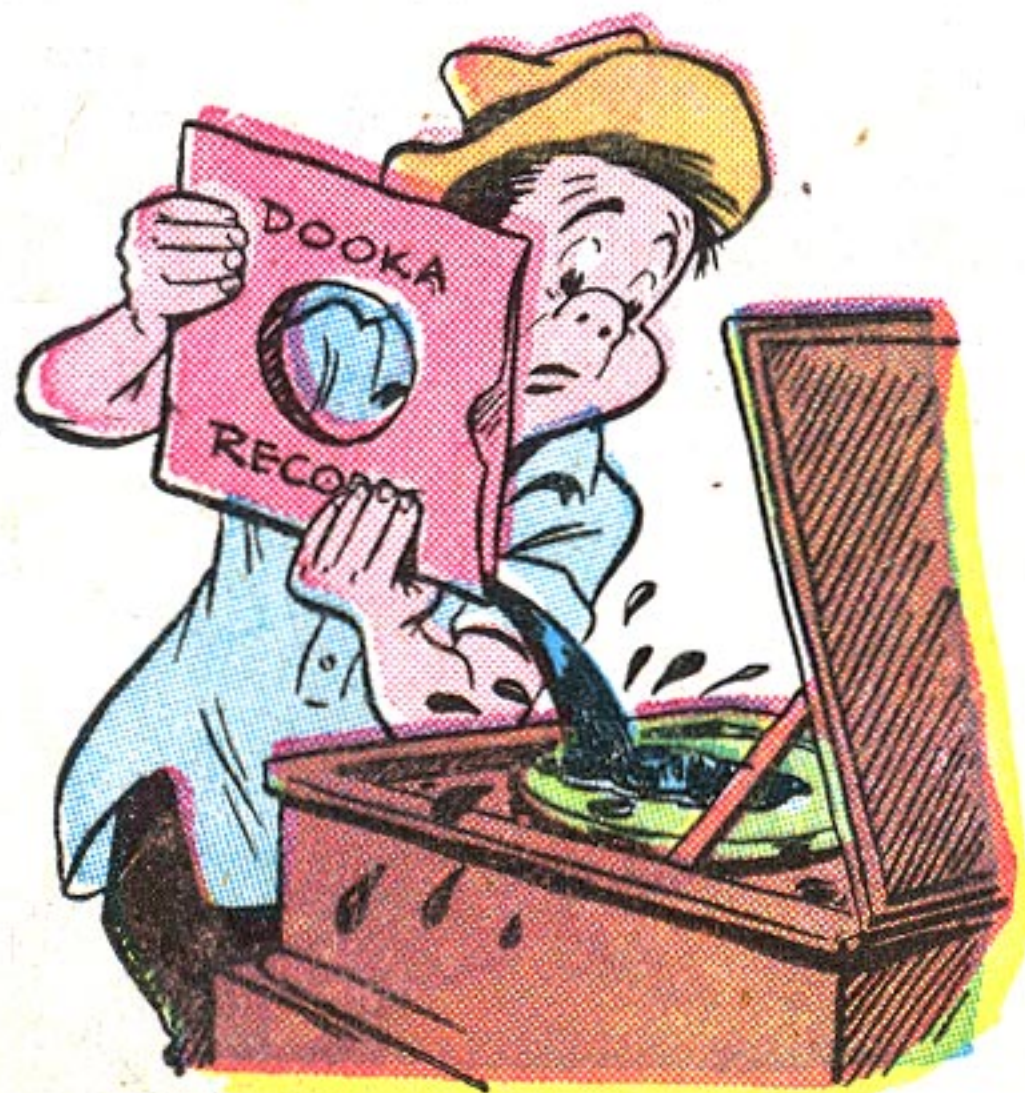
"Look at me," pleaded Jackson. "A starved music-lover, that's what! Would ya deny a citizen his right ta life, liberty an' the pursuit of *hot jazz?* Would ya let a little thing like closing time come between me an' my *happiness?*"

To avoid the stares of the rapidly-gathering crowd, Mr. Garmish opened the door, got out the last recording of Slam-Slam Vout, wrapped it hastily, thrust it into Jackson's trembling hand and rang up the sale on the cash register.

Into the overheated car sprang Jackson, clutching his treasure. "*Wham!*" he shouted, jolting the jalopy forward. "Move, ya torrid tea-kettle, *move!*"

In a last burst of speed, the rod took Jackson home. The jalop was so hot by the time it left Jackson at the door, it seemed to have turned bright red. "But what do I care?" thought Jackson, reaching down to pick up his wonderful record. "It was a tough run, but I made it! An' *now . . . huh?*"

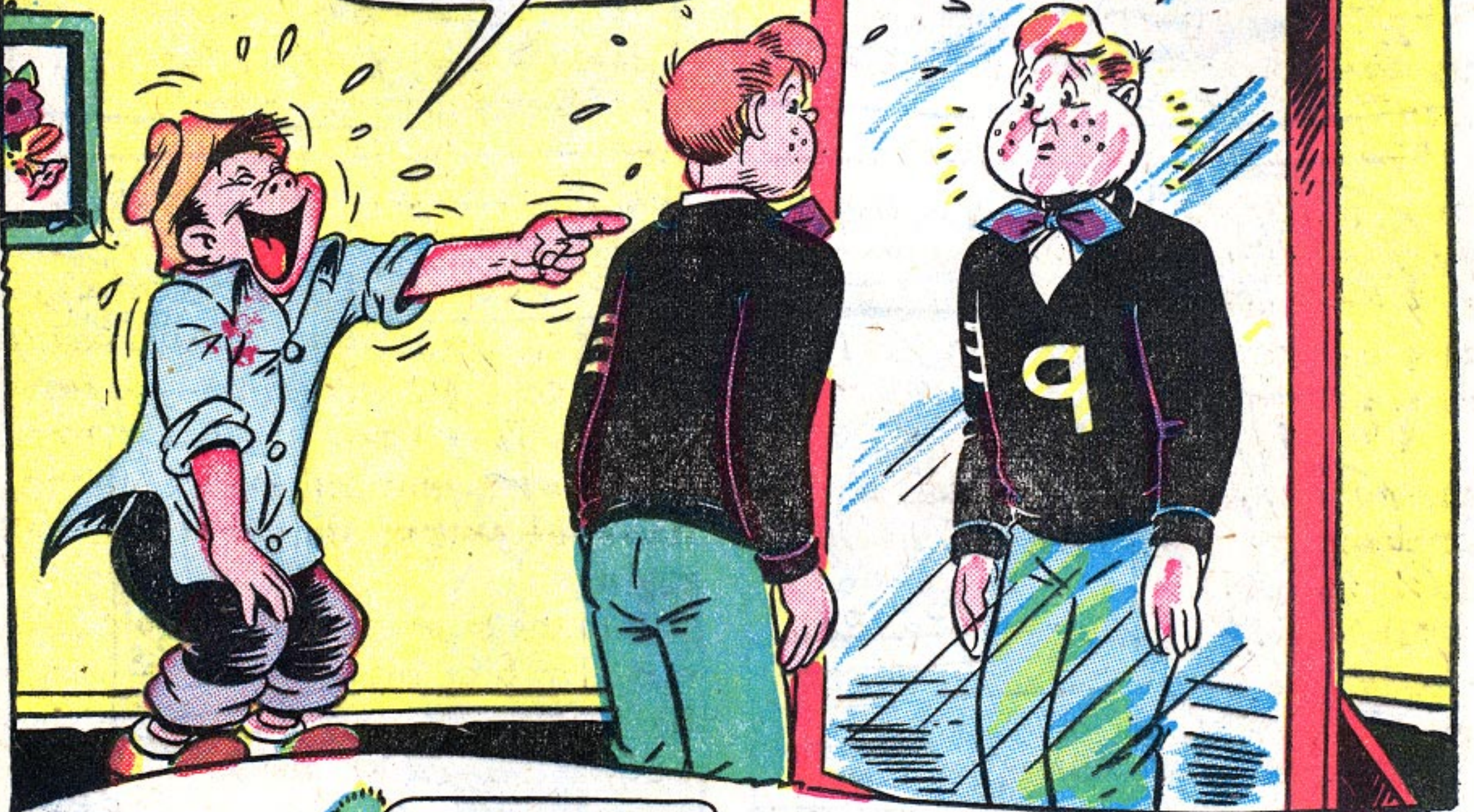
Trembling, Jackson picked up the precious platter he had risked life and limb to get . . . only it didn't seem to be a platter any more! The black wax had gone for its first and last spin, and had *melted down* in the heat of the little jalopy!



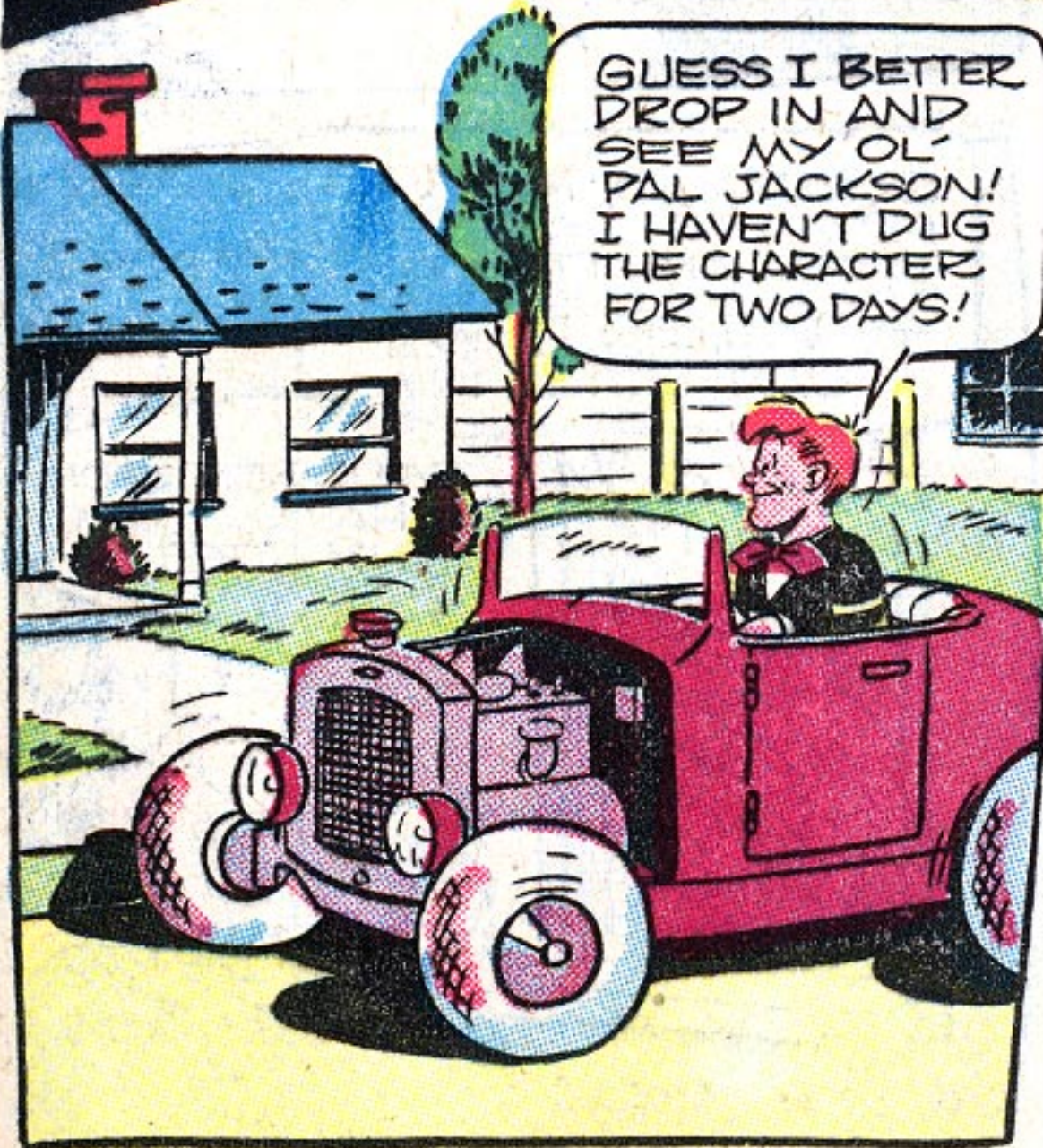
Natch in "Careful, It's Catching!"

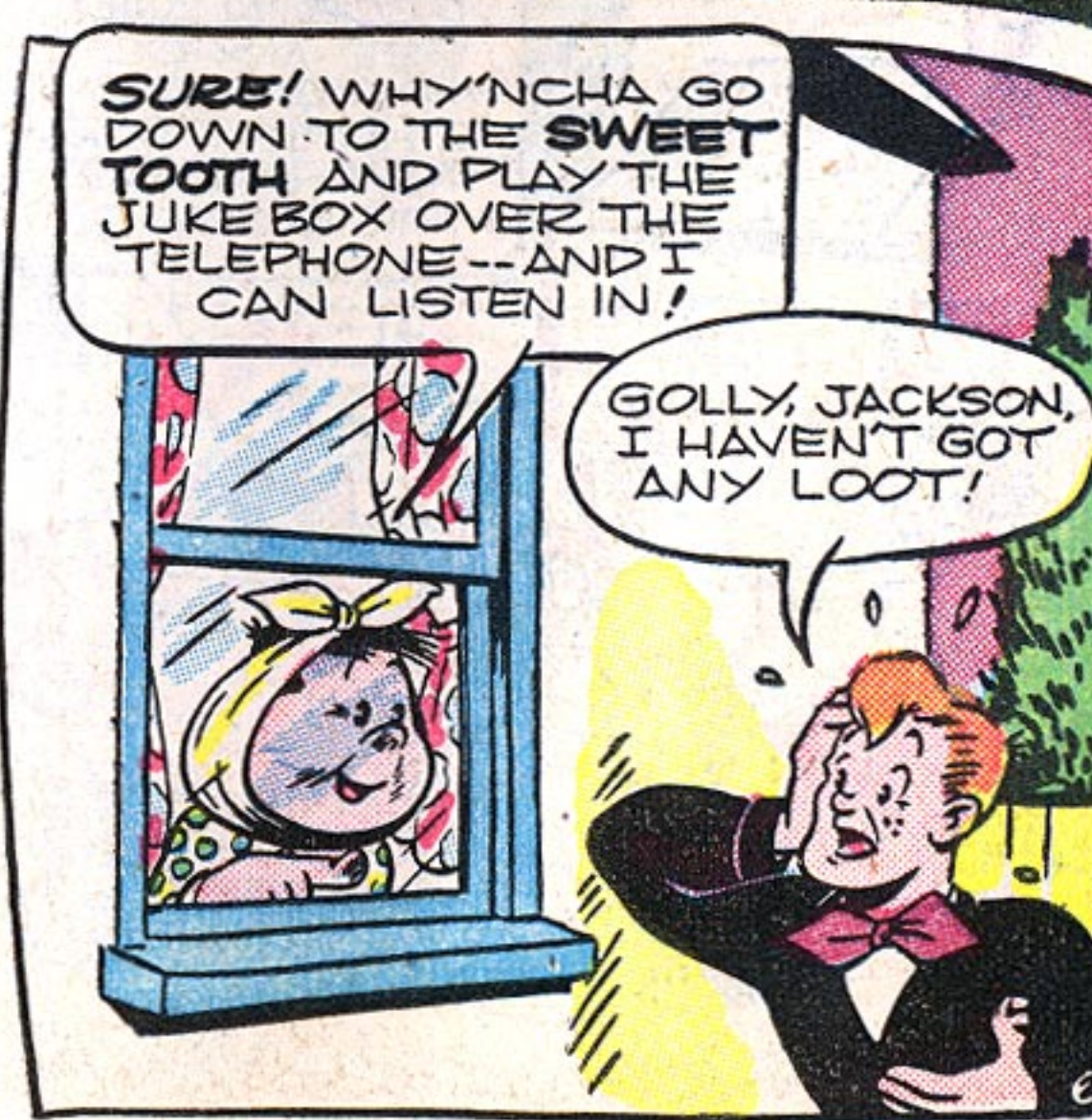
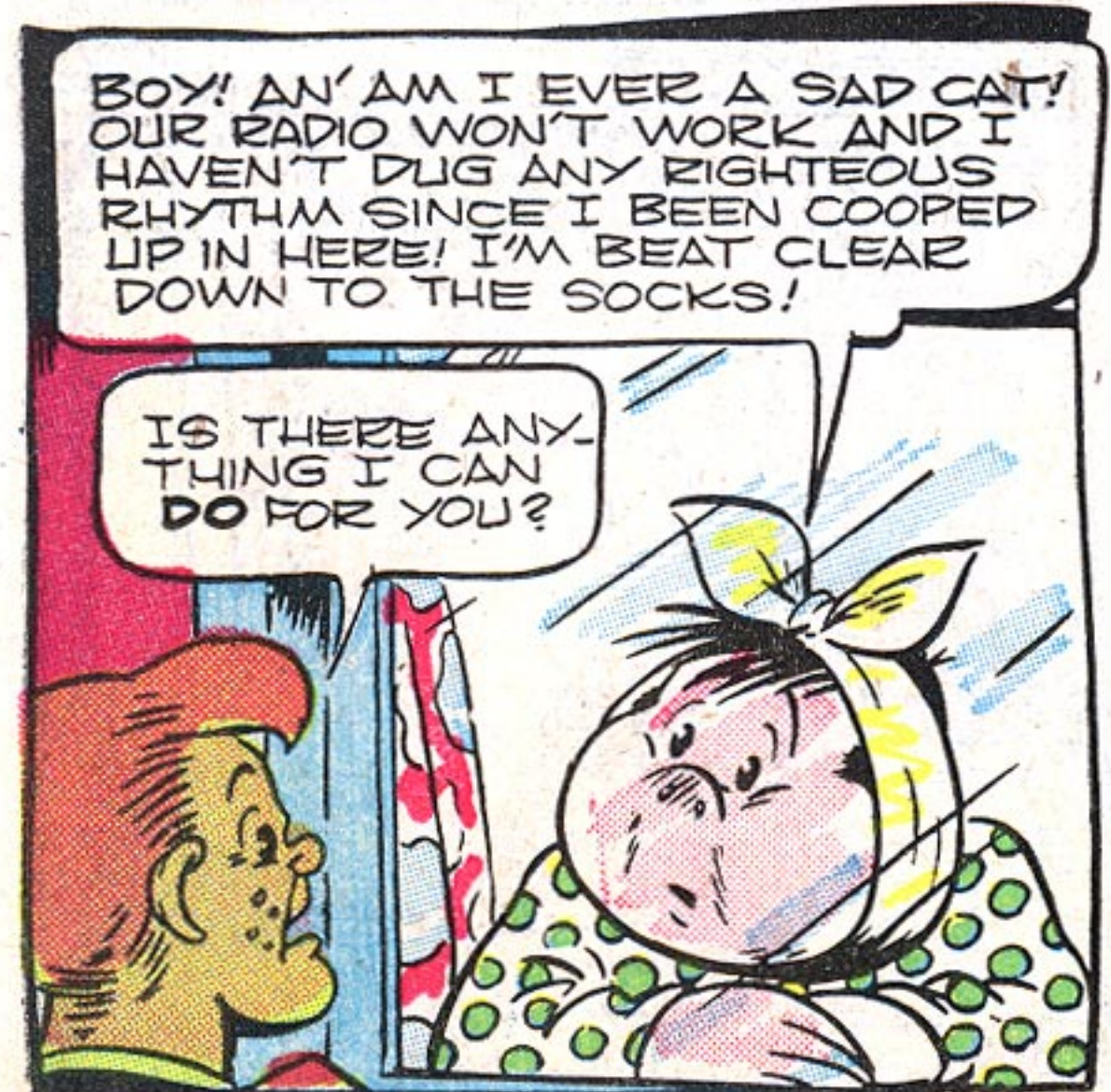
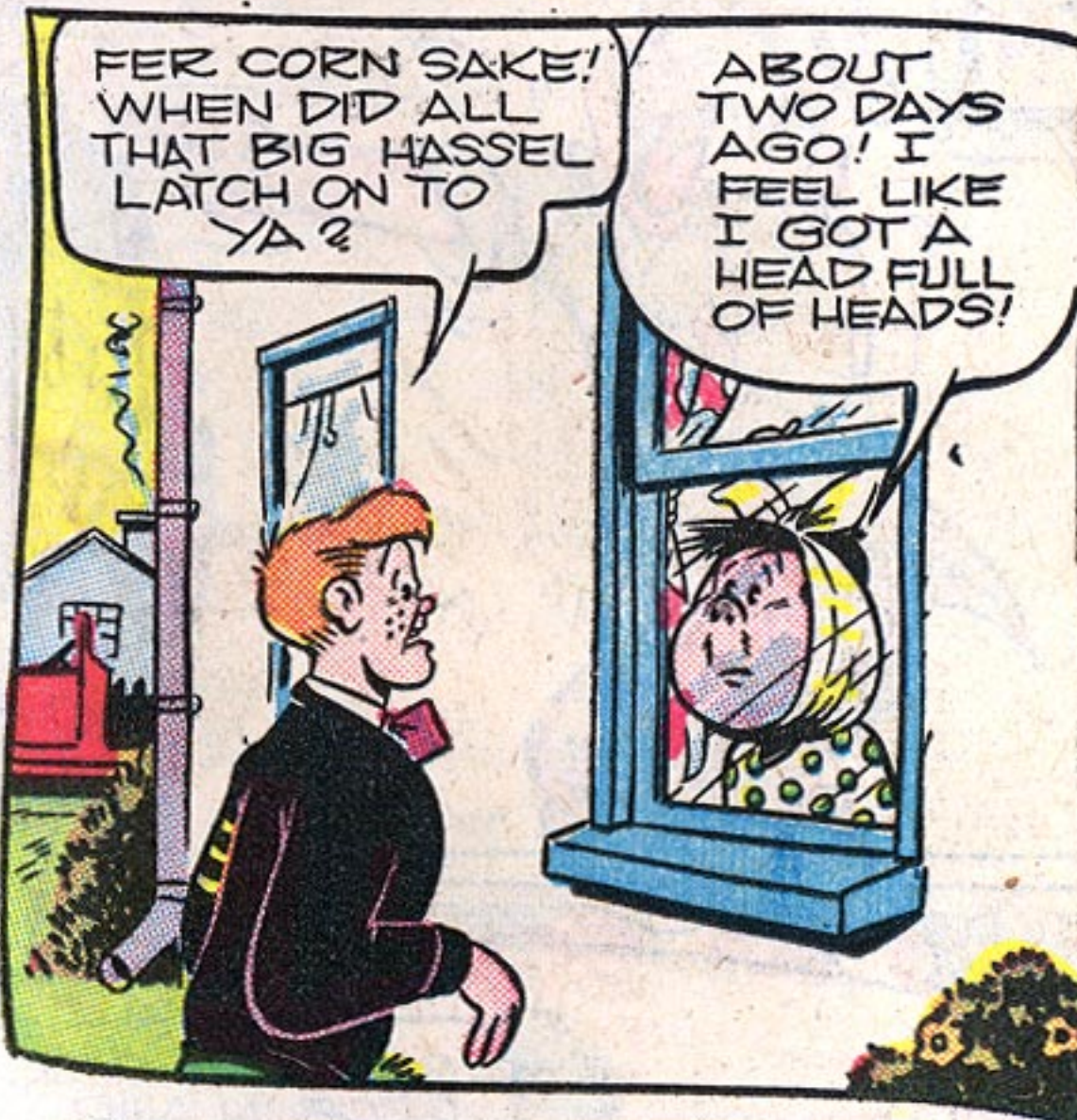
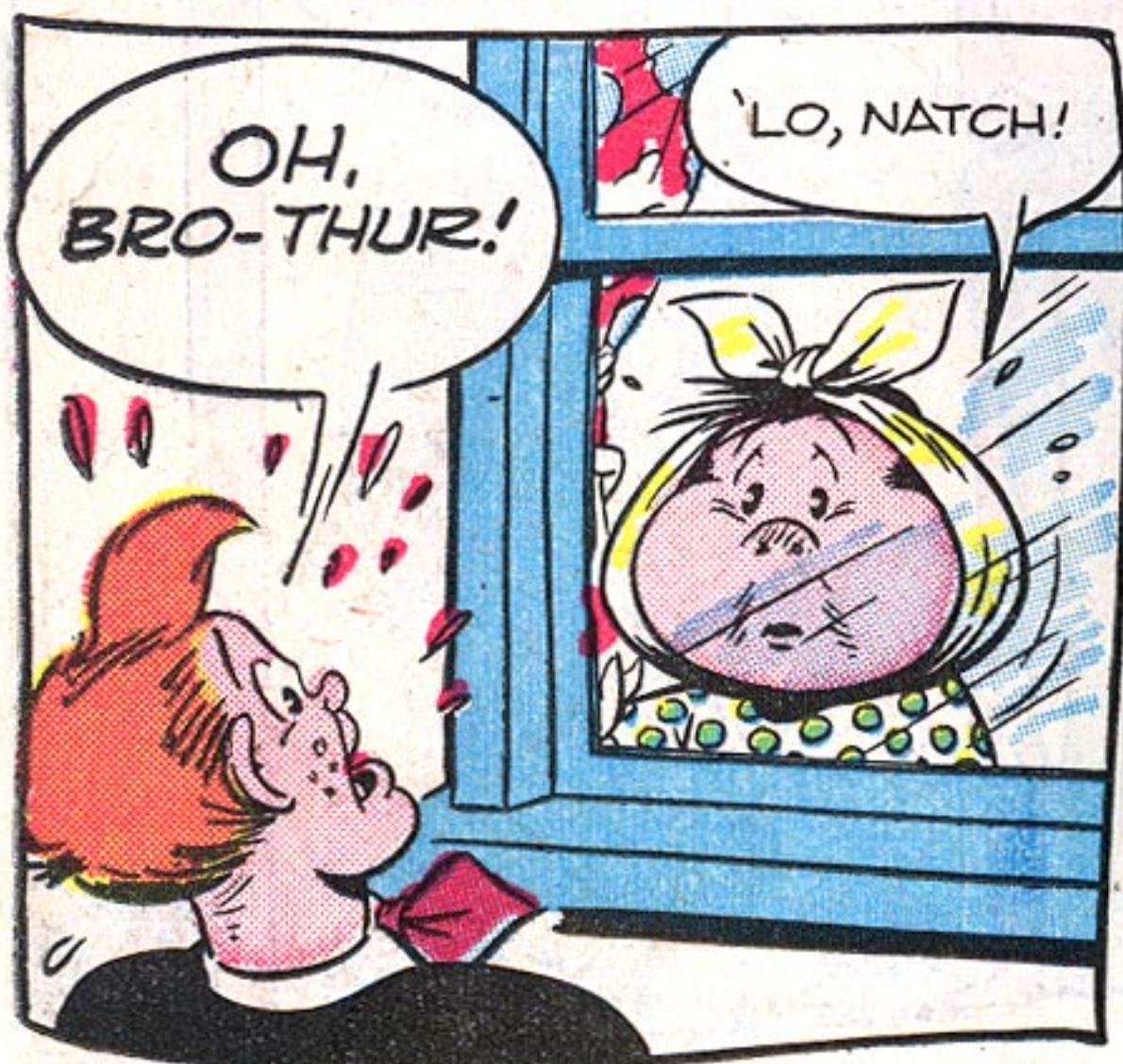
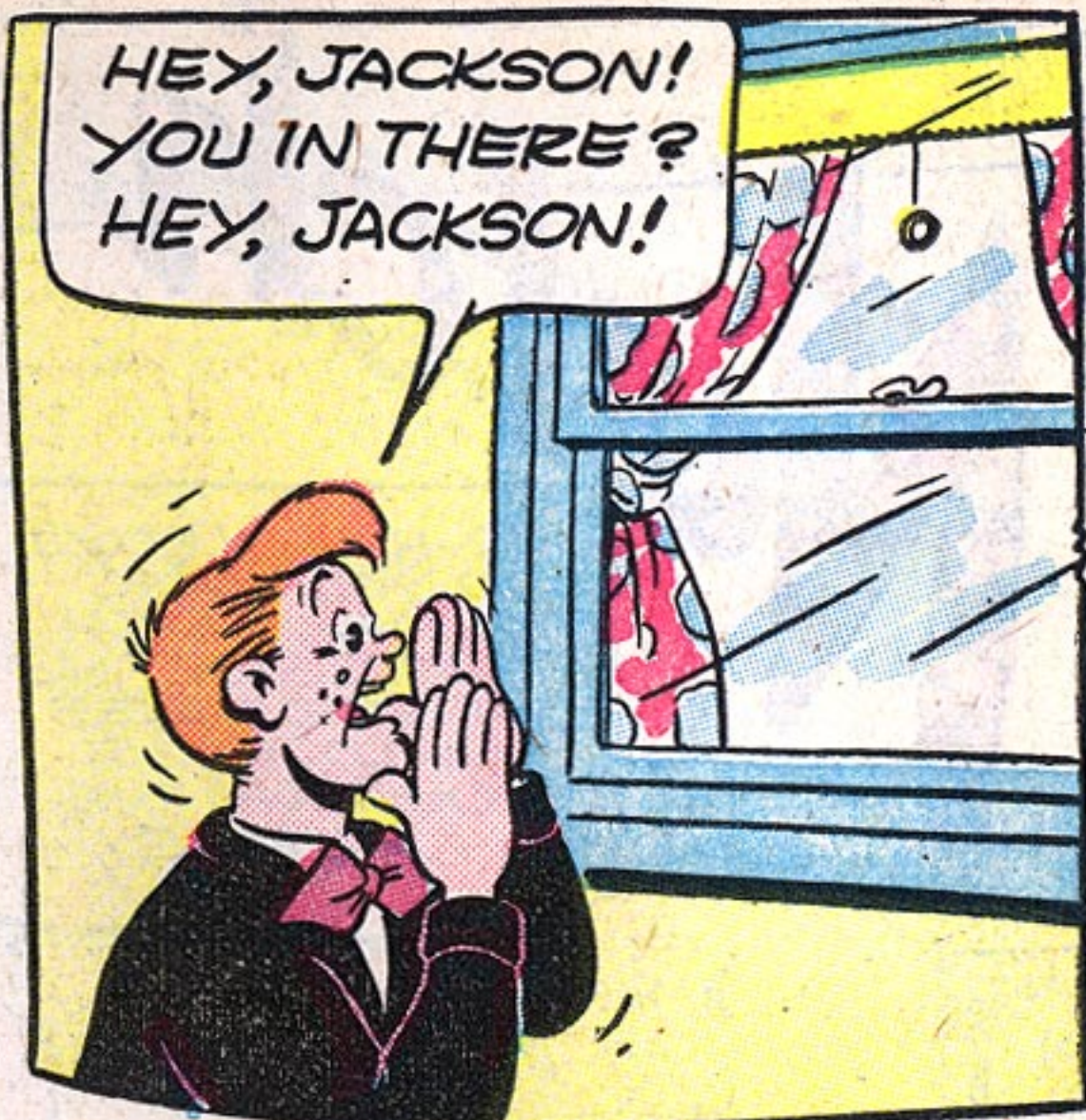
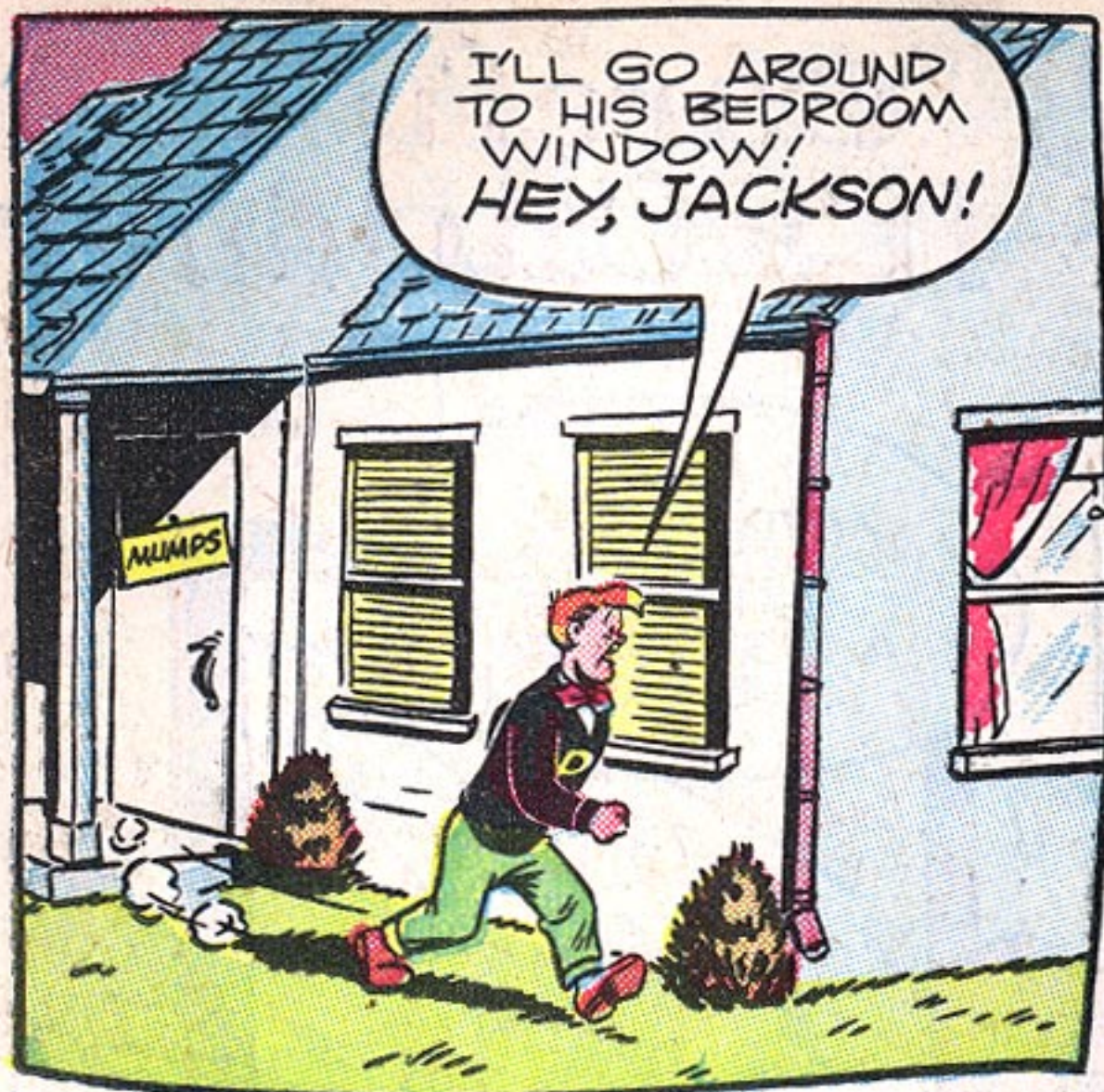
HO-HO-HO! BOY!!
DO YOU LOOK
FUNNY, NATCH!
THAT DISTORTING
MIRROR MAKES
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU HAVE THE
MUMPS!

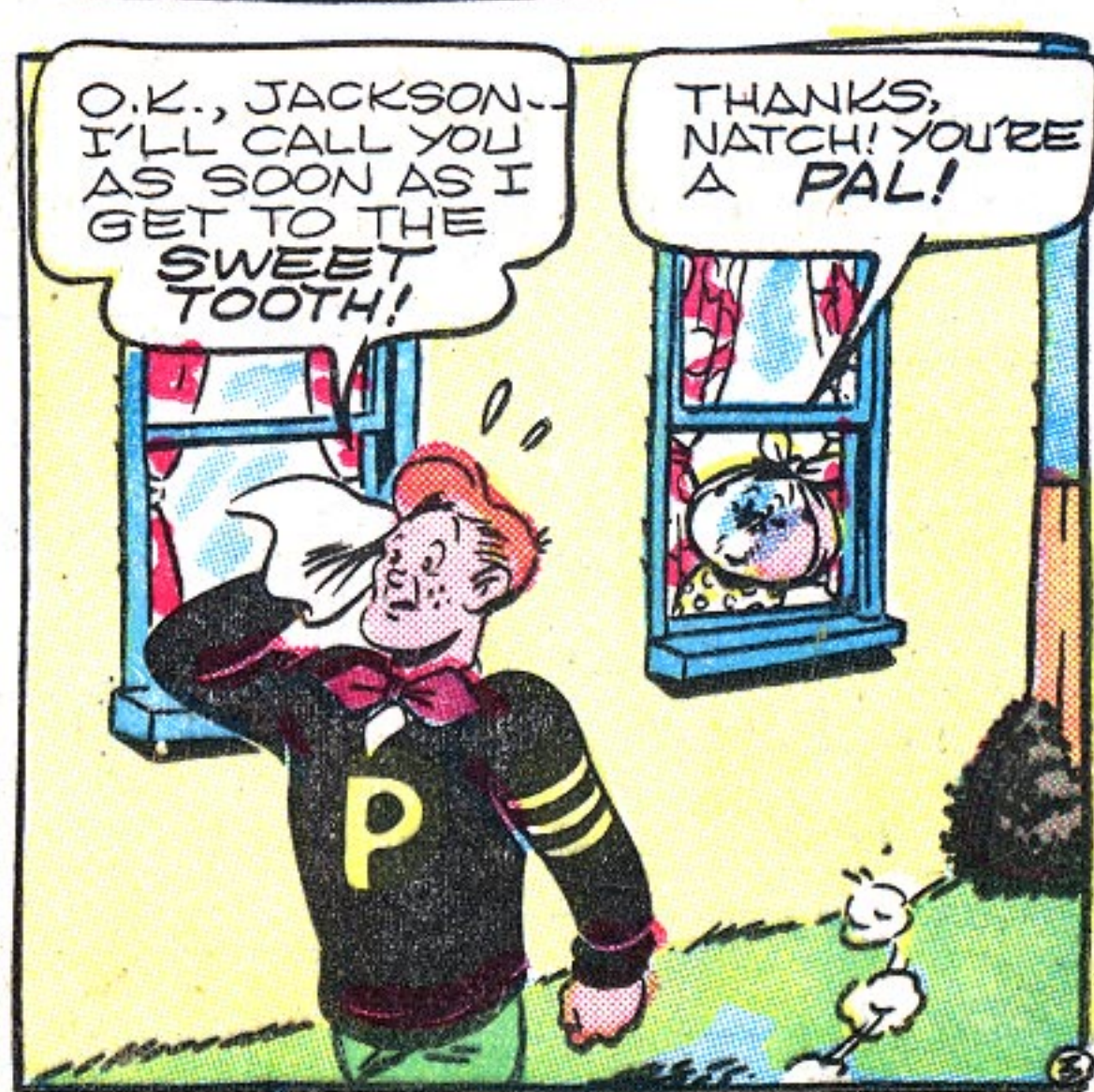
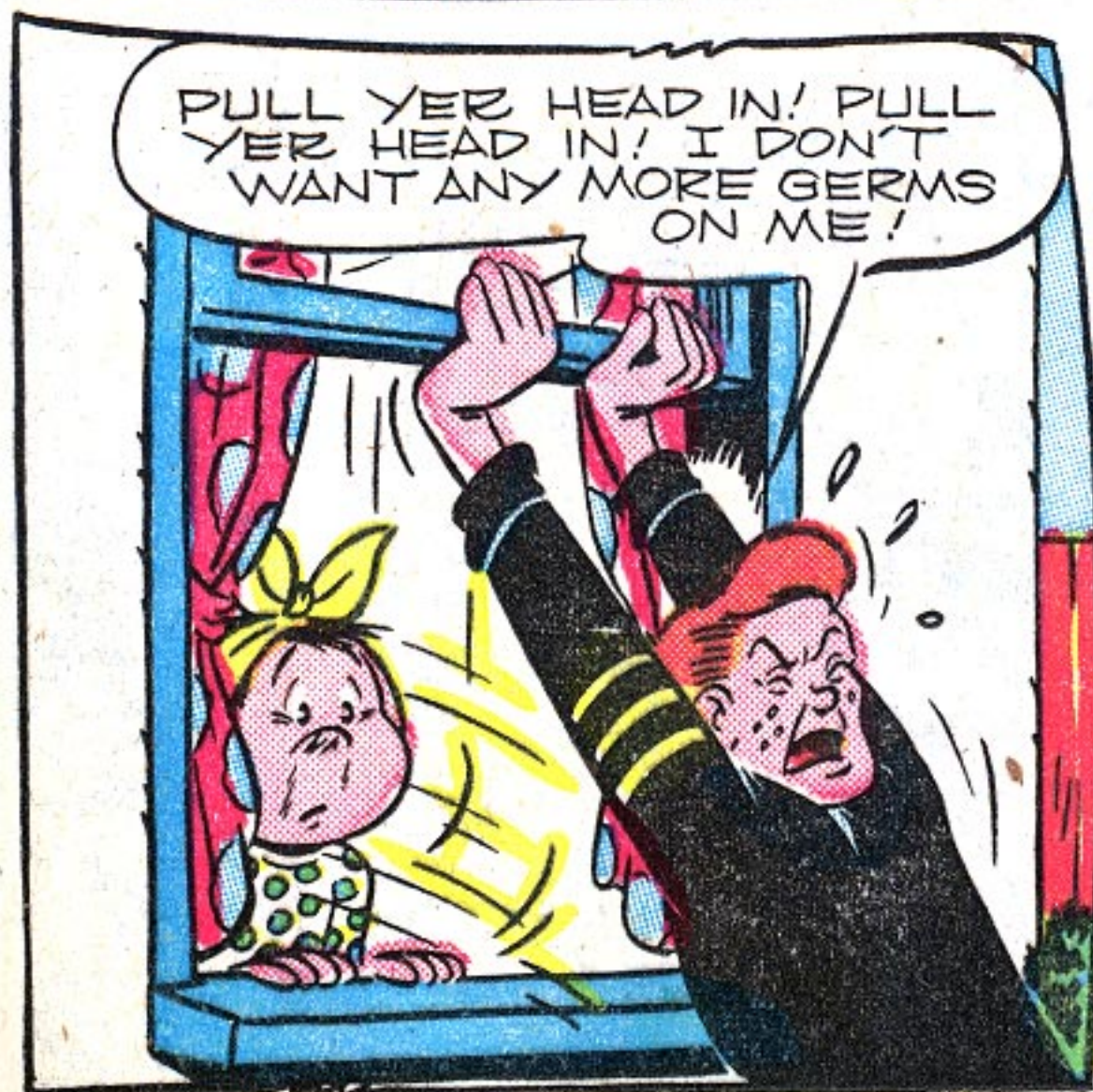
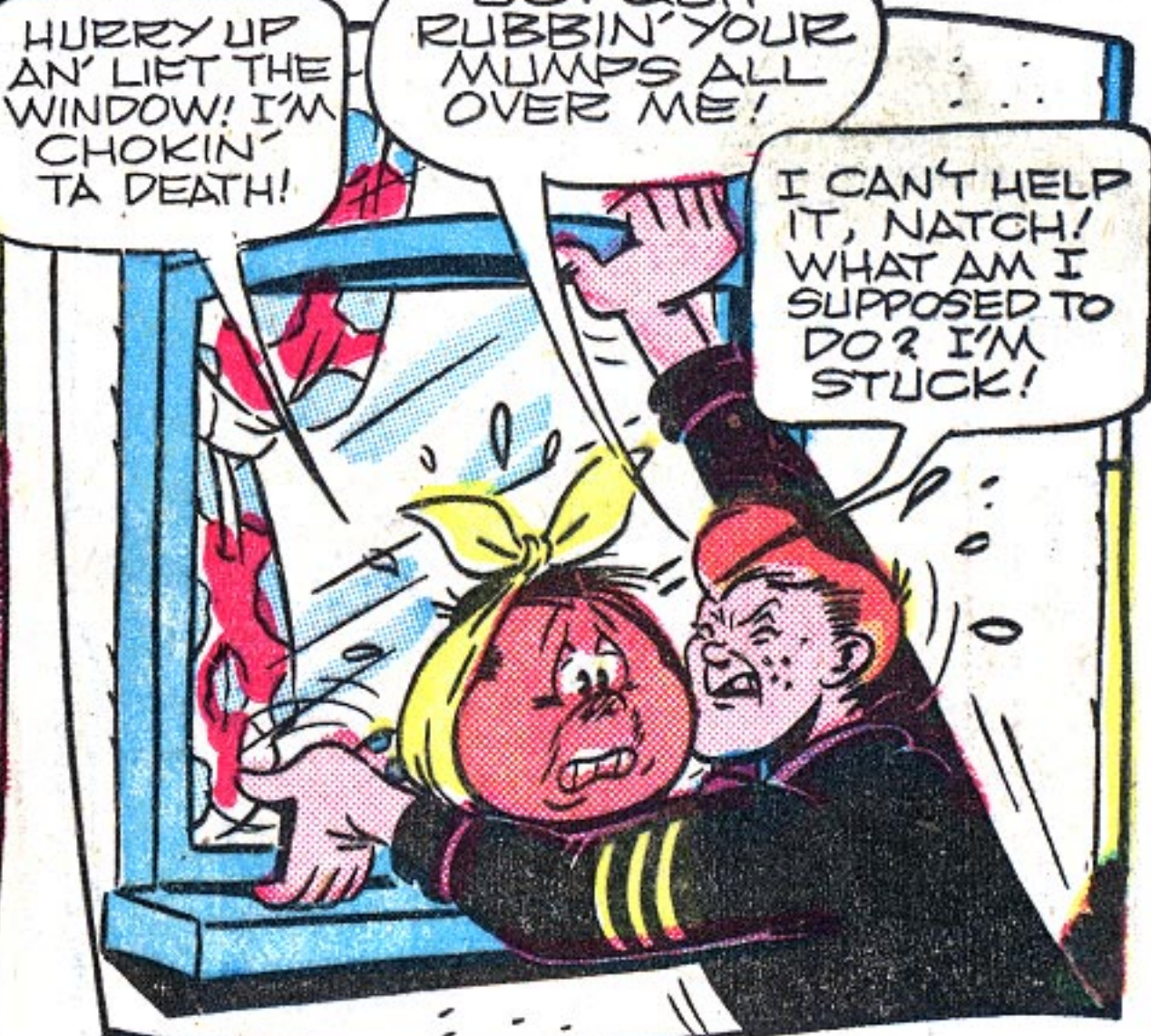
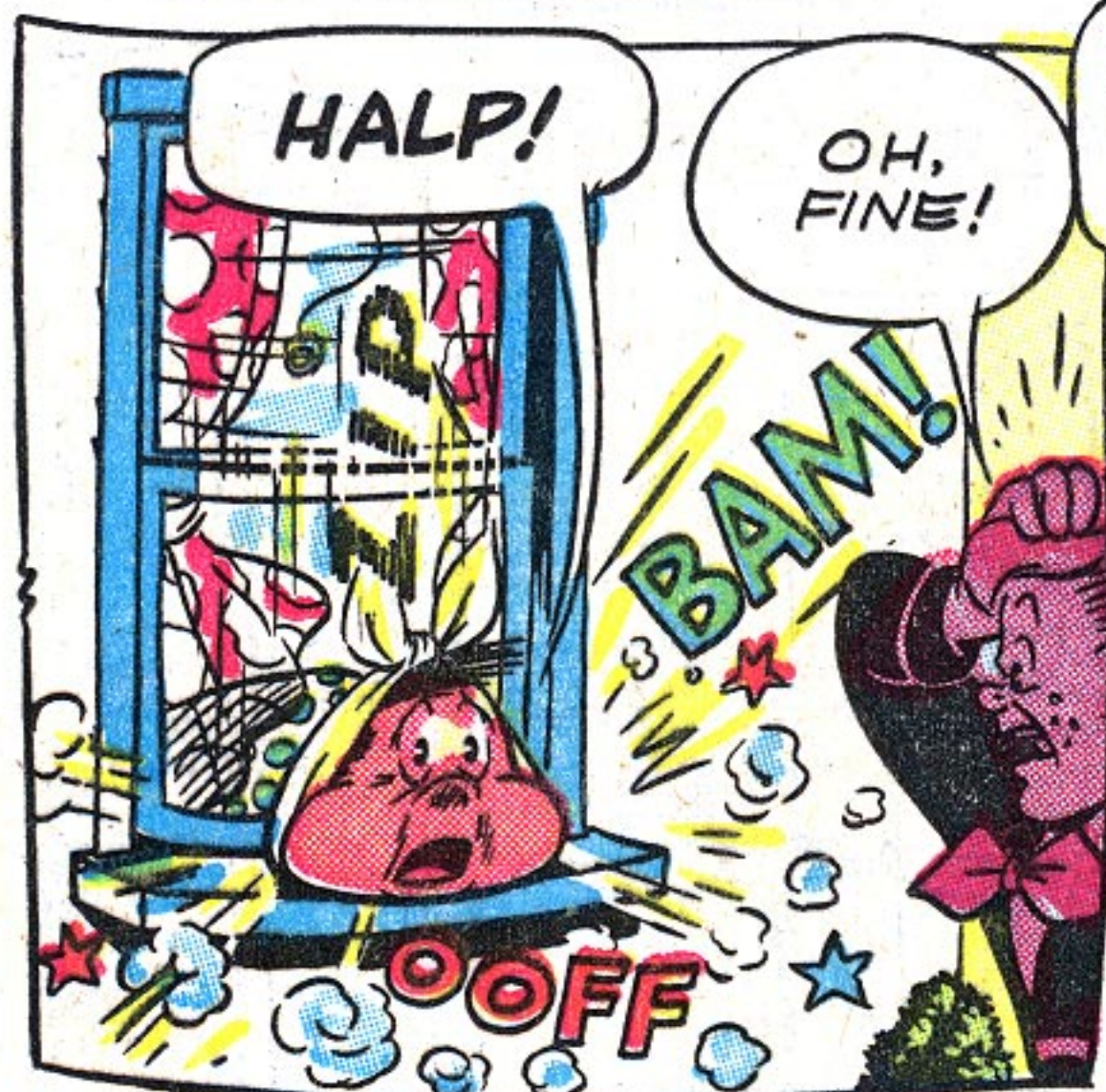
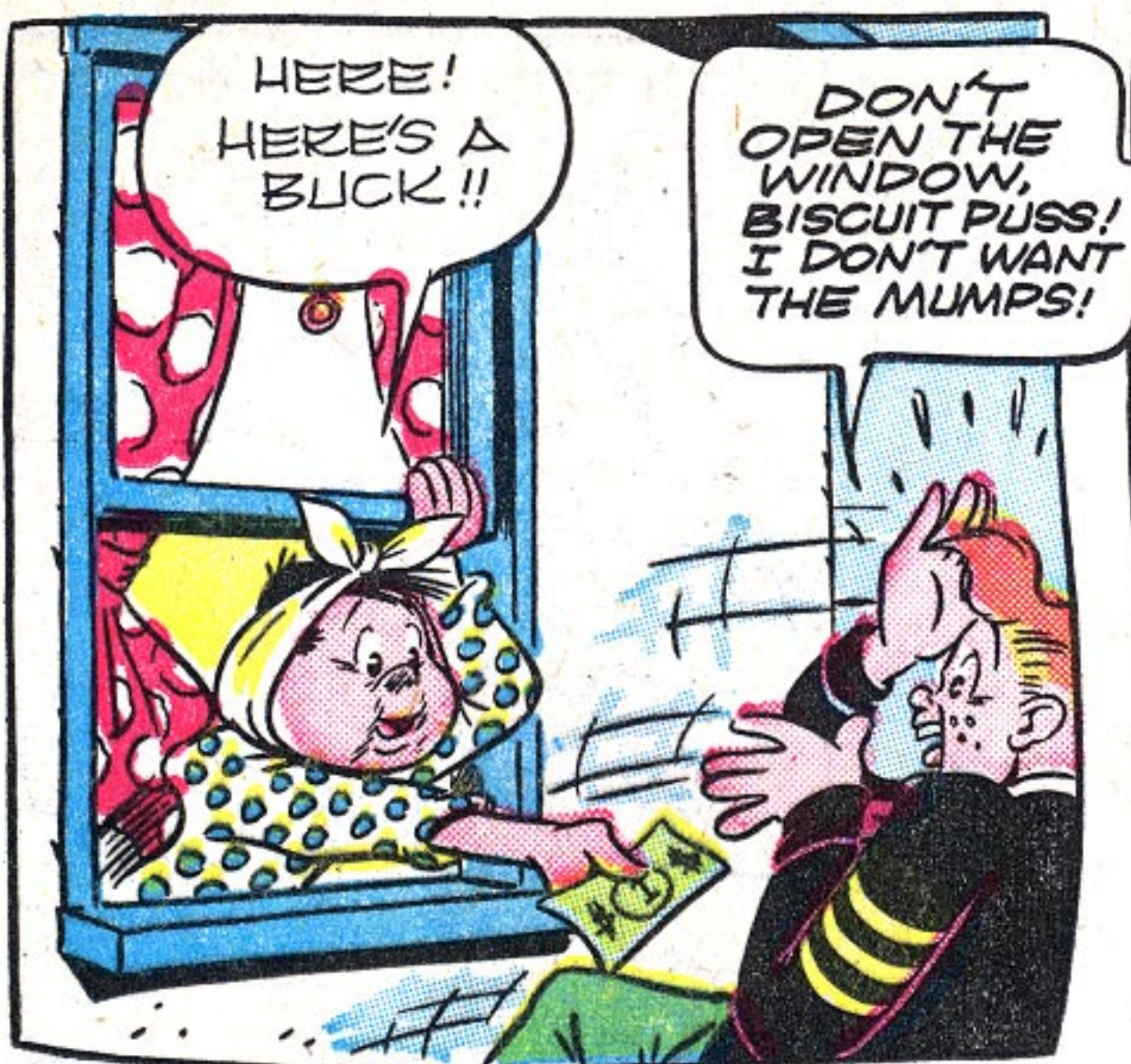
I GOT
NEWS FOR
YA, JACKSON!
THIS IS NOT
A DISTORTING
MIRROR!



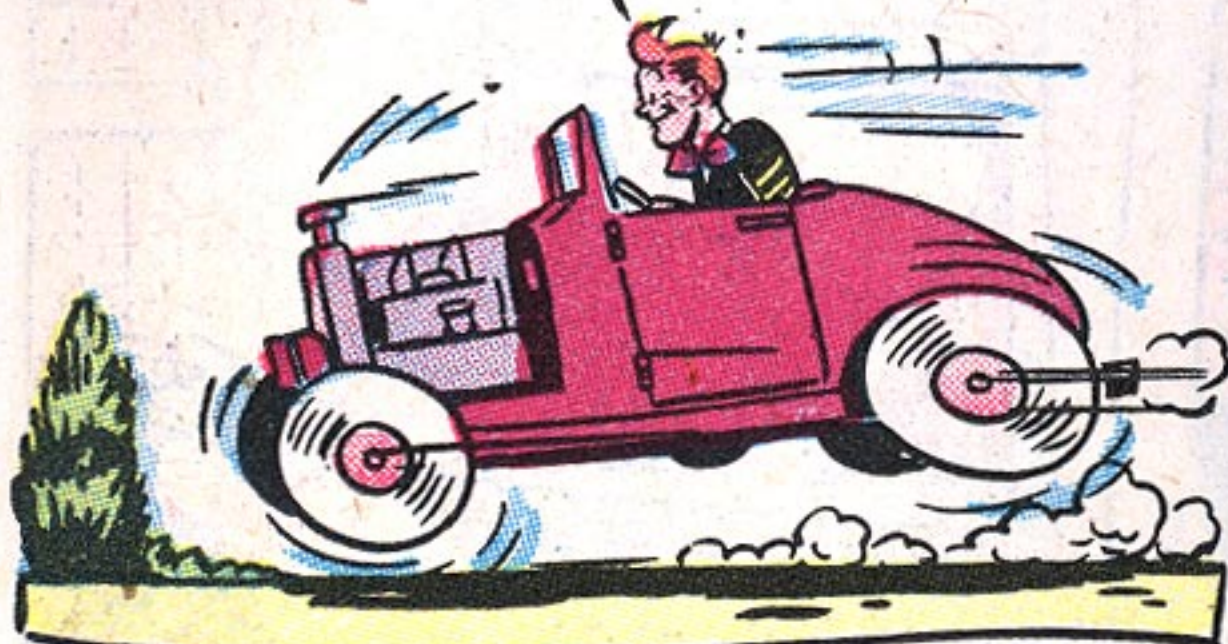
GUESS I BETTER
DROP IN AND
SEE MY OL'
PAL JACKSON!
I HAVEN'T DUG
THE CHARACTER
FOR TWO DAYS!







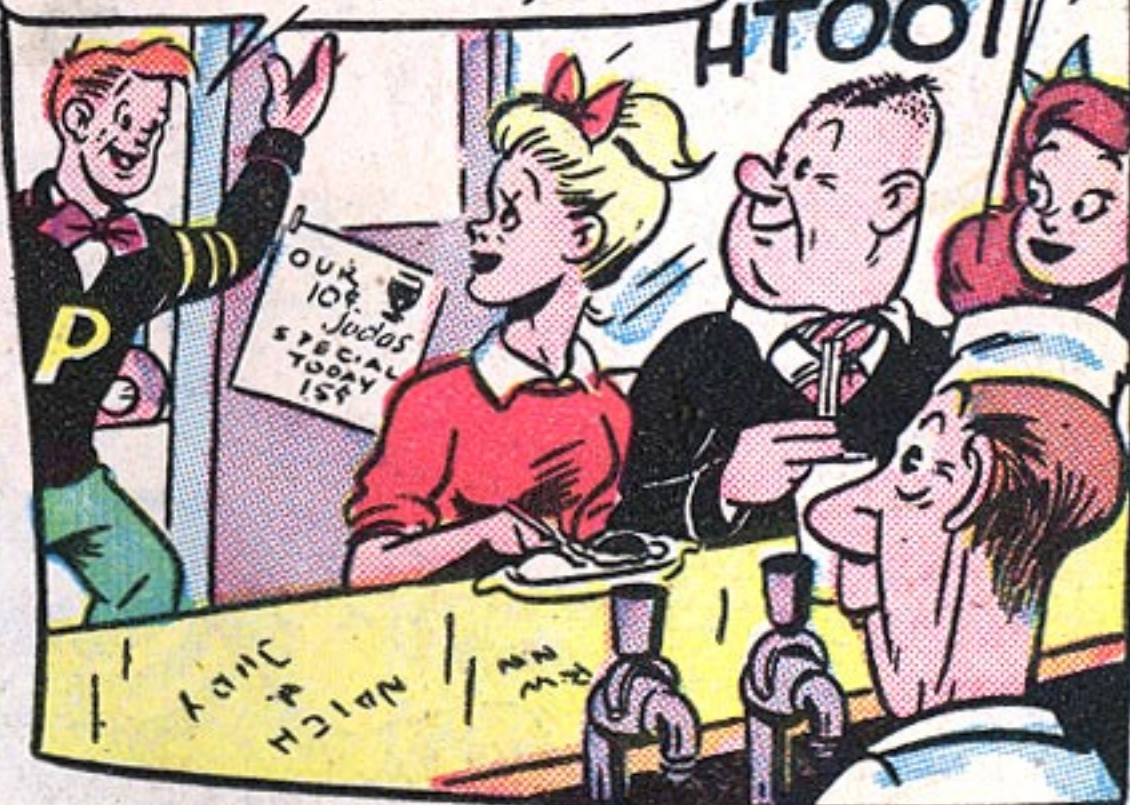
O.K., JALOPY!
HIPPIITY-HOP
TO THE MALTED
SHOP!!



HI, GANG! I GOT NEWS
FOR YA! JACKSON HAS
THE MUMPS, SO WE GOTTA
THROW HIM A BASH
SESSION OVER THE
TELEPHONE!... AND
MIX ME A MALT, SLIM!

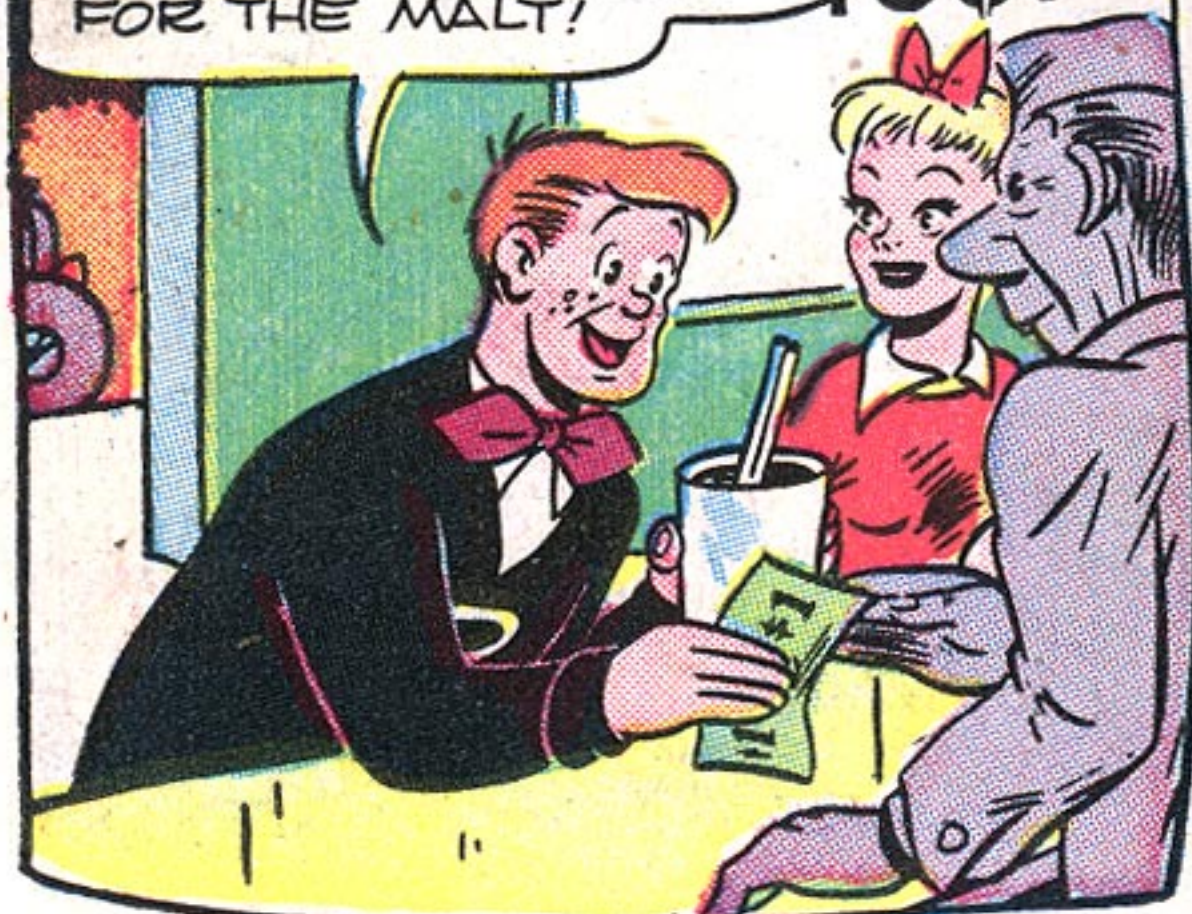
COMIN'
UP!

SWEET
HOTOOT

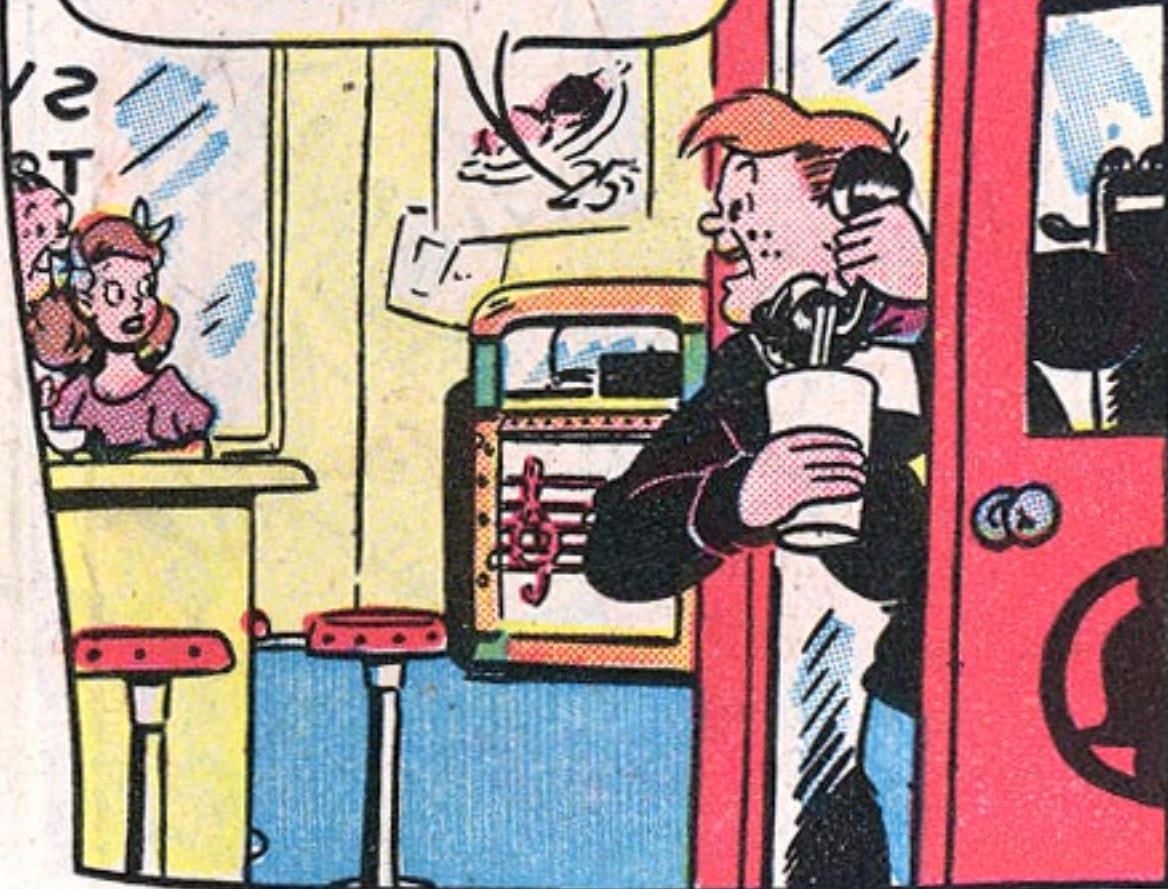


GIMME A DOLLAR'S WORTH
OF NICKS, SLIM... I WANNA
PURCHASE SOME RE-BOP
FOR OUR SICK CAT! OH
YES, AND TAKE OUT
FOR THE MALT!

SURE,
NATCH!

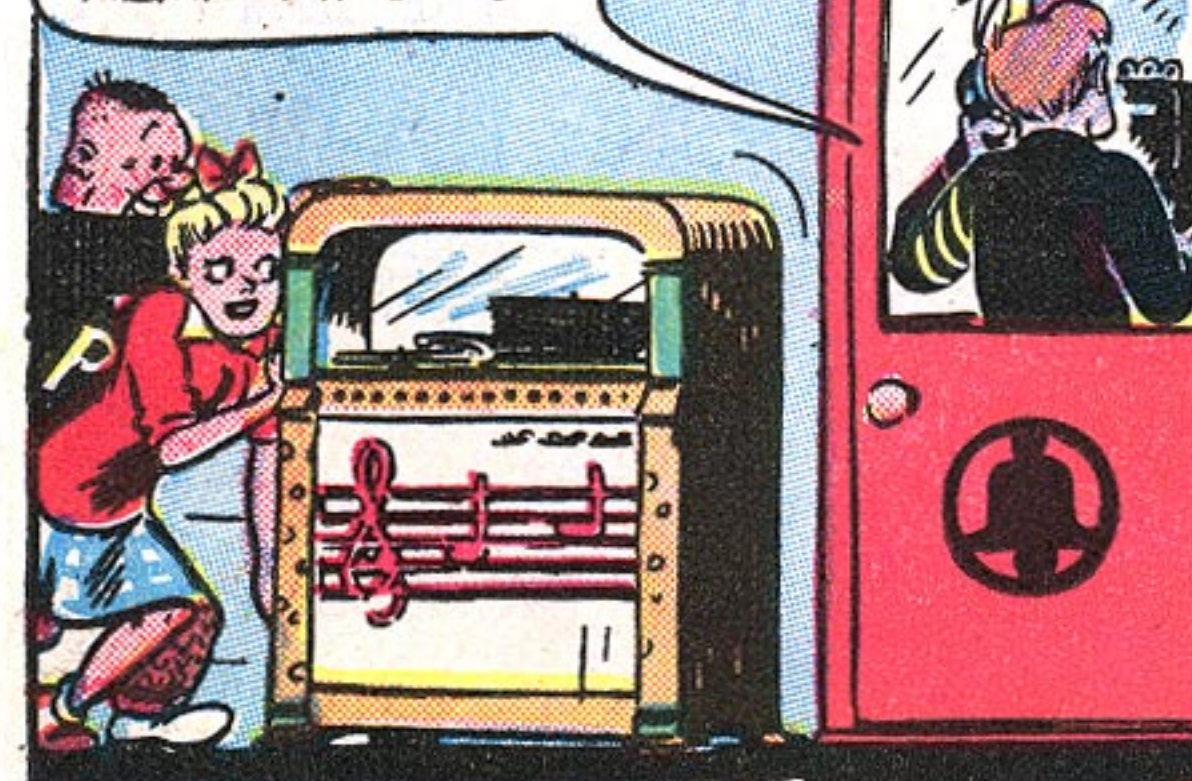


HEY, YOU KIDS!
PUSH THE JUKE BOX
OVER HERE TO THE
TELEPHONE WHILE
I CALL JACKSON!

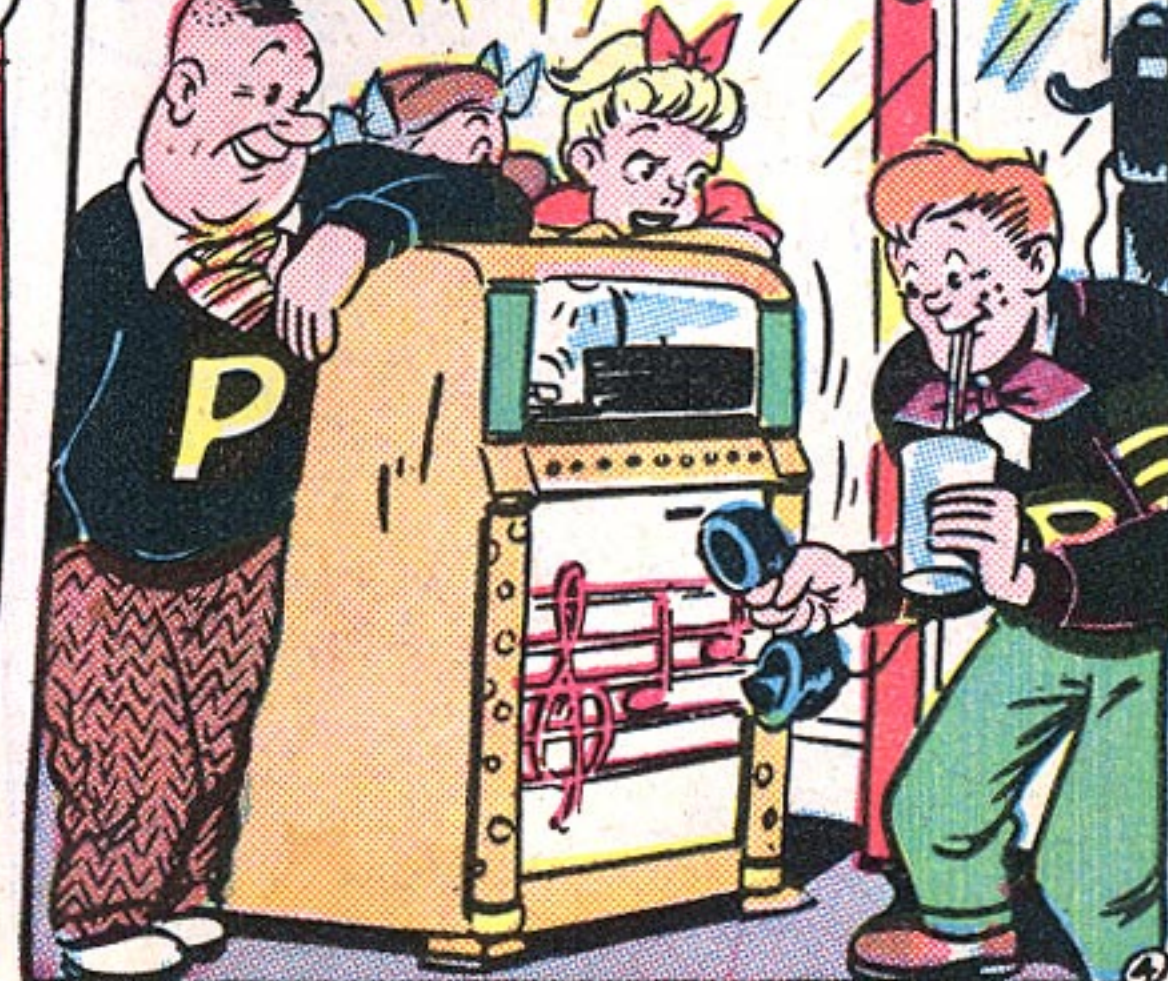


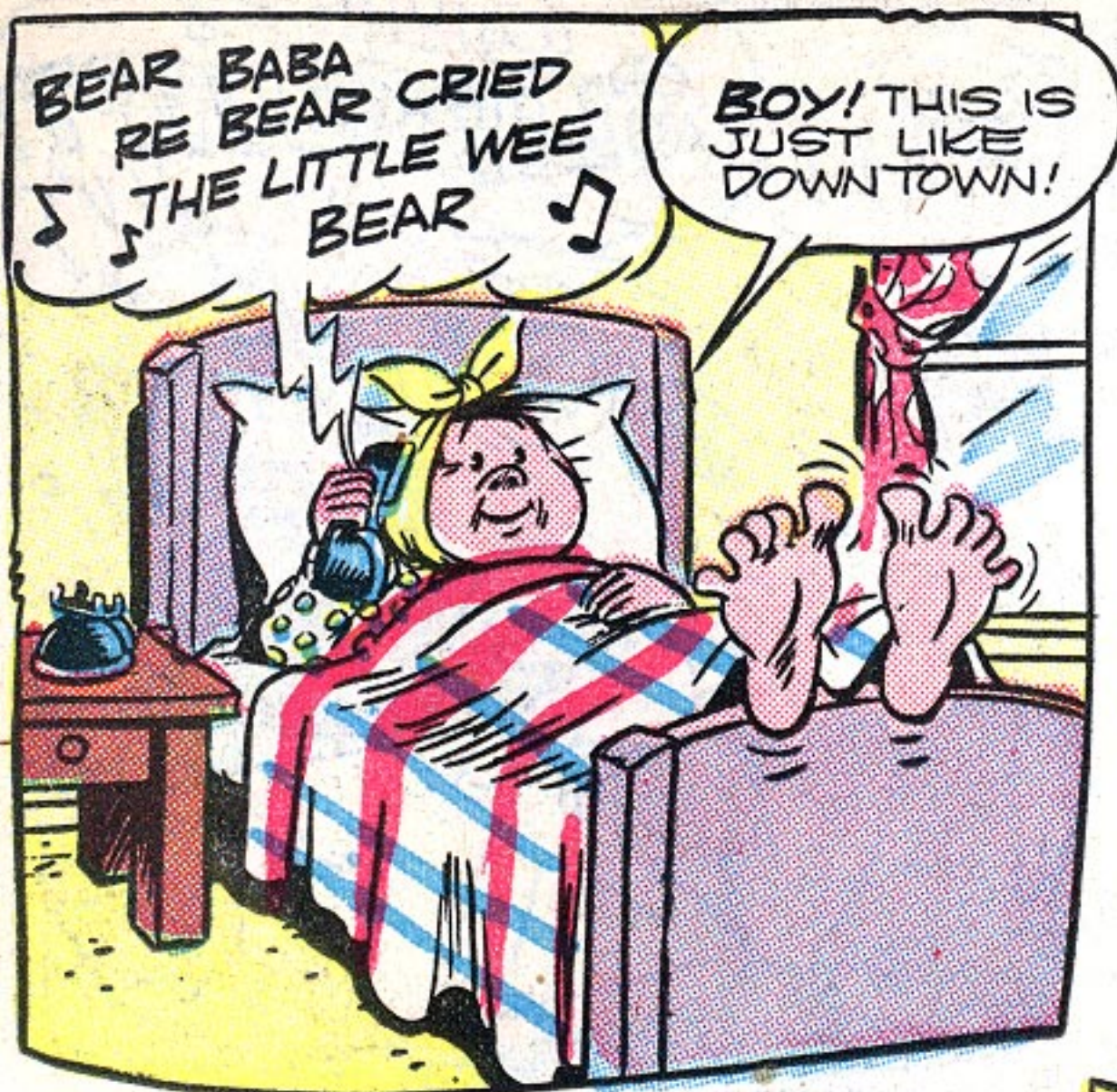
HELLO, JACKSON?
WELL, WE'RE
MOVIN' THE BAND-
STAND UP TO THE
AMECHE! WHAT
DO YA WANNA
HEAR FIRST?

PITCH ME SOME
OF THAT MELLOW
PAGE CAVANAUGH
TRIO!



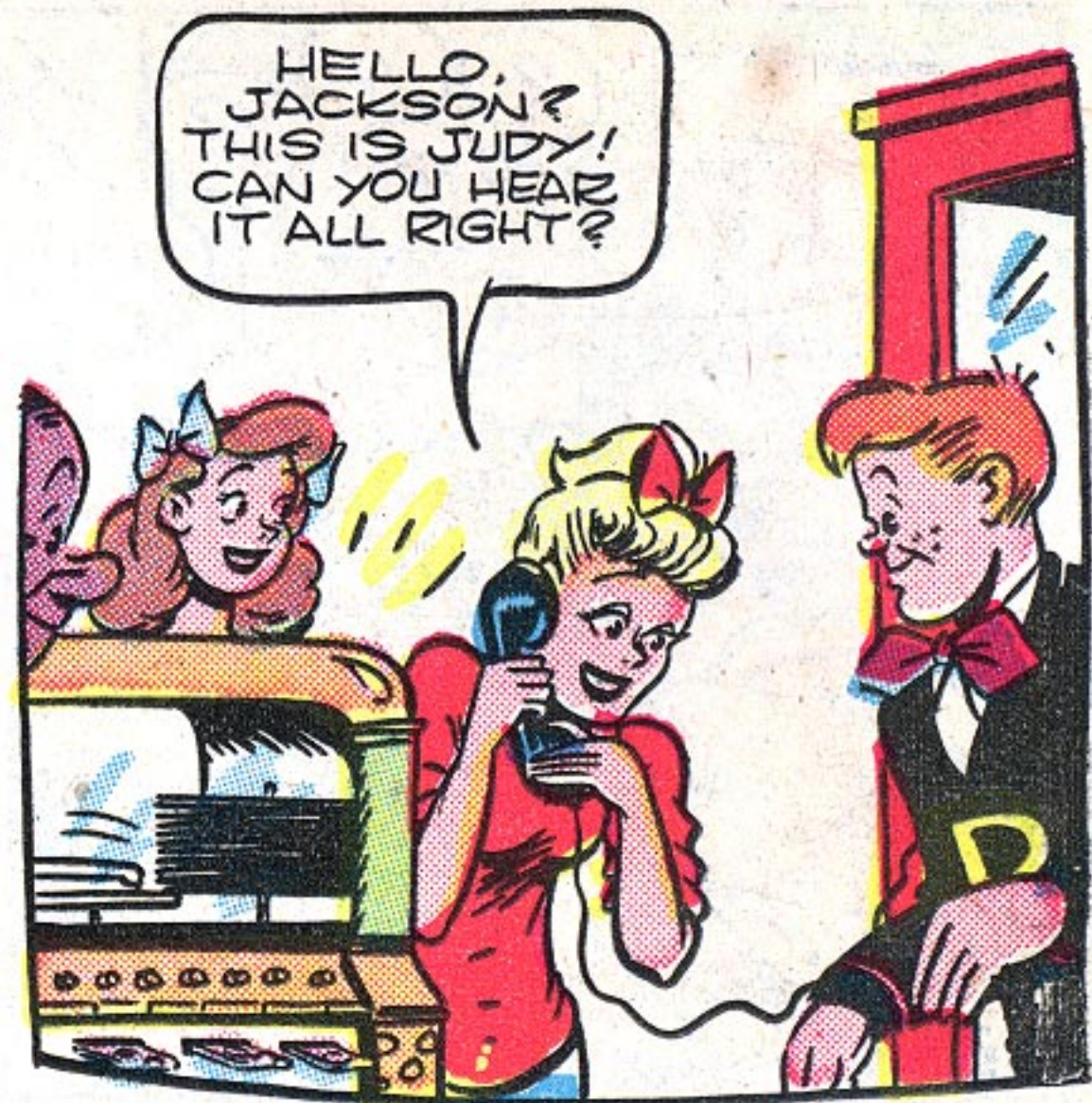
ONCE UPON A TIME IN
A WEE LITTLE
COTTAGE-



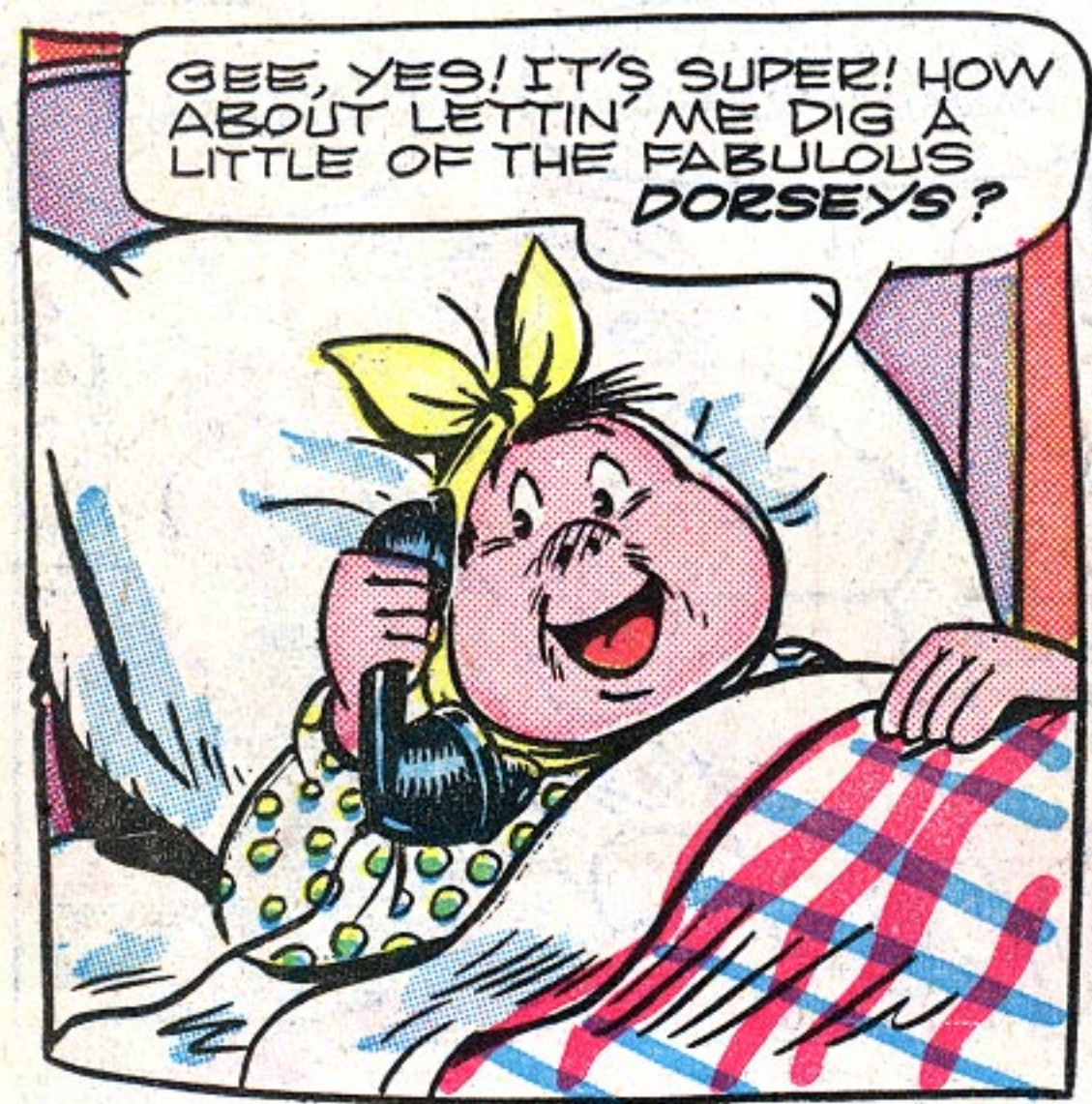


BEAR BABA
RE BEAR CRIED
THE LITTLE WEE
BEAR

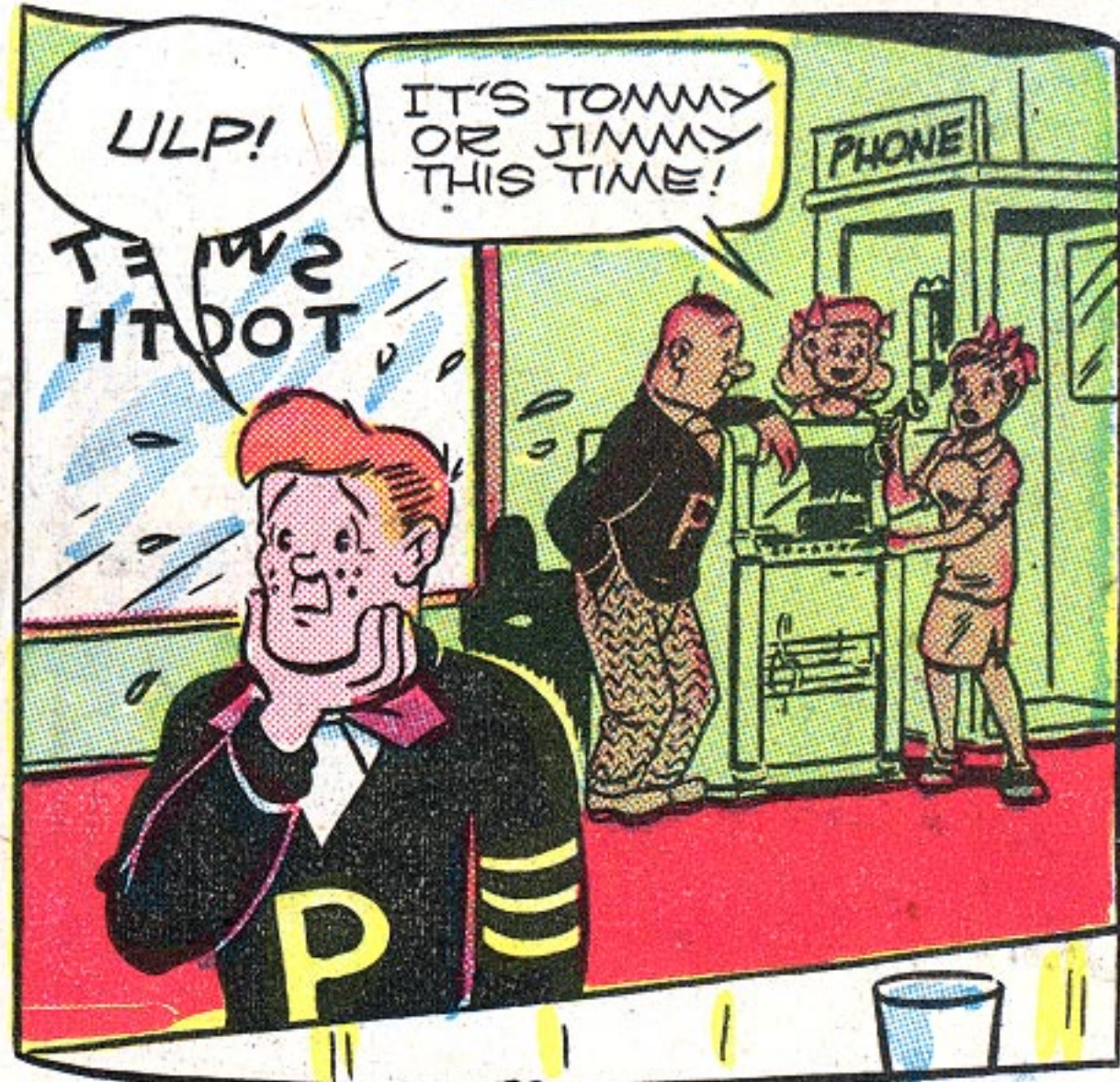
BOY! THIS IS
JUST LIKE
DOWNTOWN!



HELLO,
JACKSON?
THIS IS JUDY!
CAN YOU HEAR
IT ALL RIGHT?



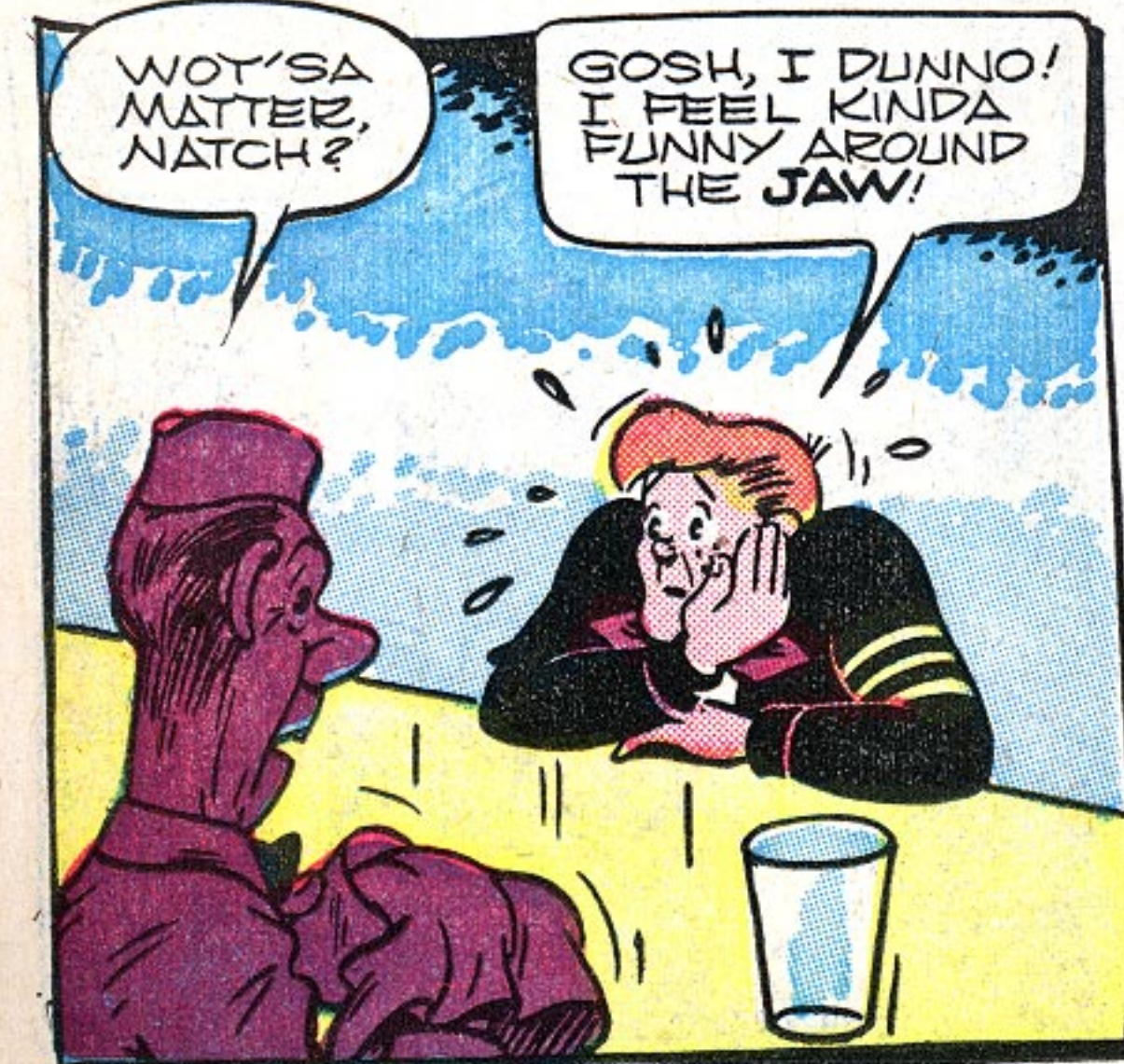
GEE, YES! IT'S SUPER! HOW
ABOUT LETTIN' ME DIG A
LITTLE OF THE FABULOUS
DORSEYS?



ULP!

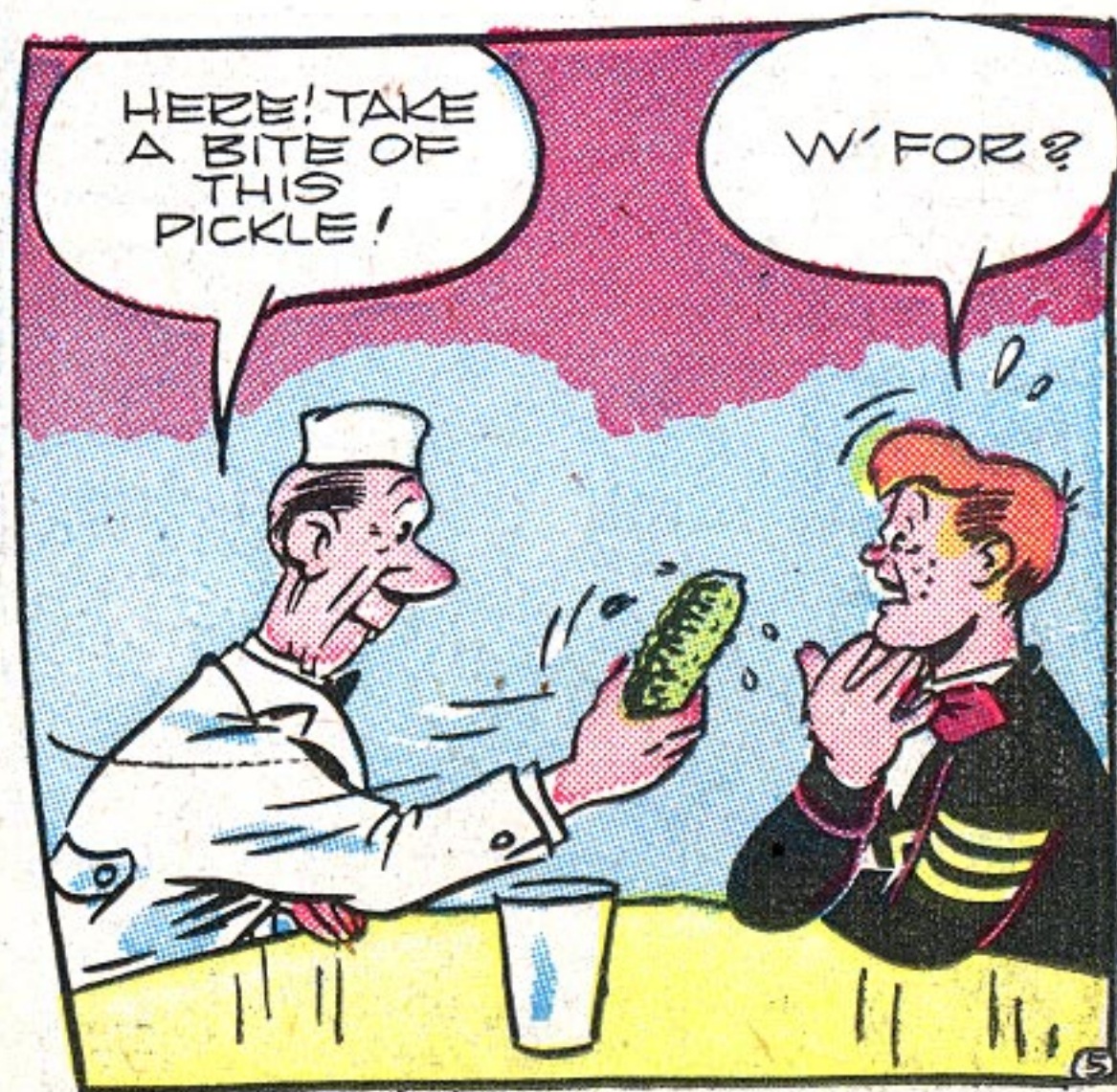
IT'S TOMMY
OR JIMMY
THIS TIME!

TEW2
HTDOT



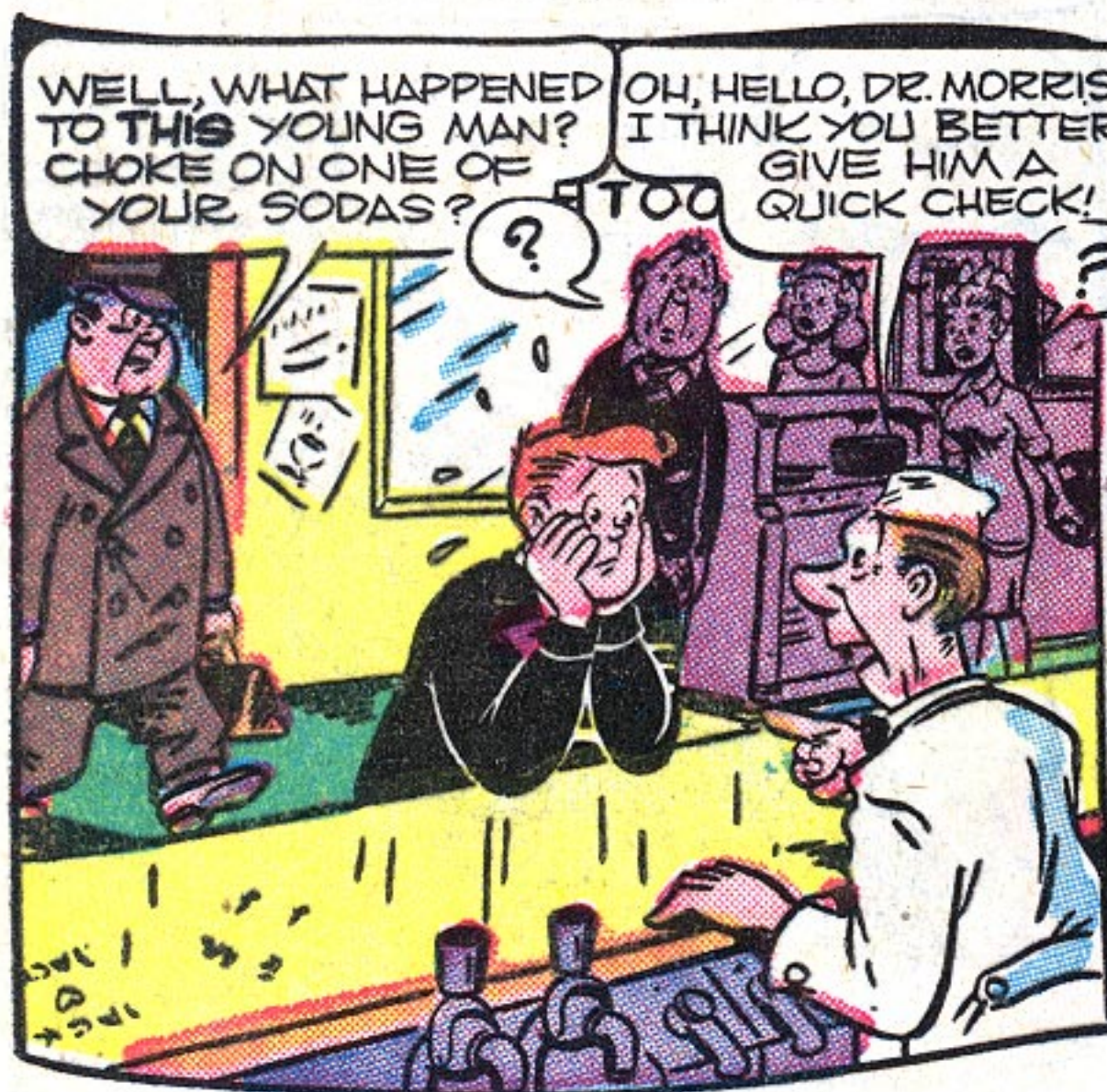
WOY'SA
MATTER,
NATCH?

GOSH, I DUNNO!
I FEEL KINDA
FUNNY AROUND
THE JAW!



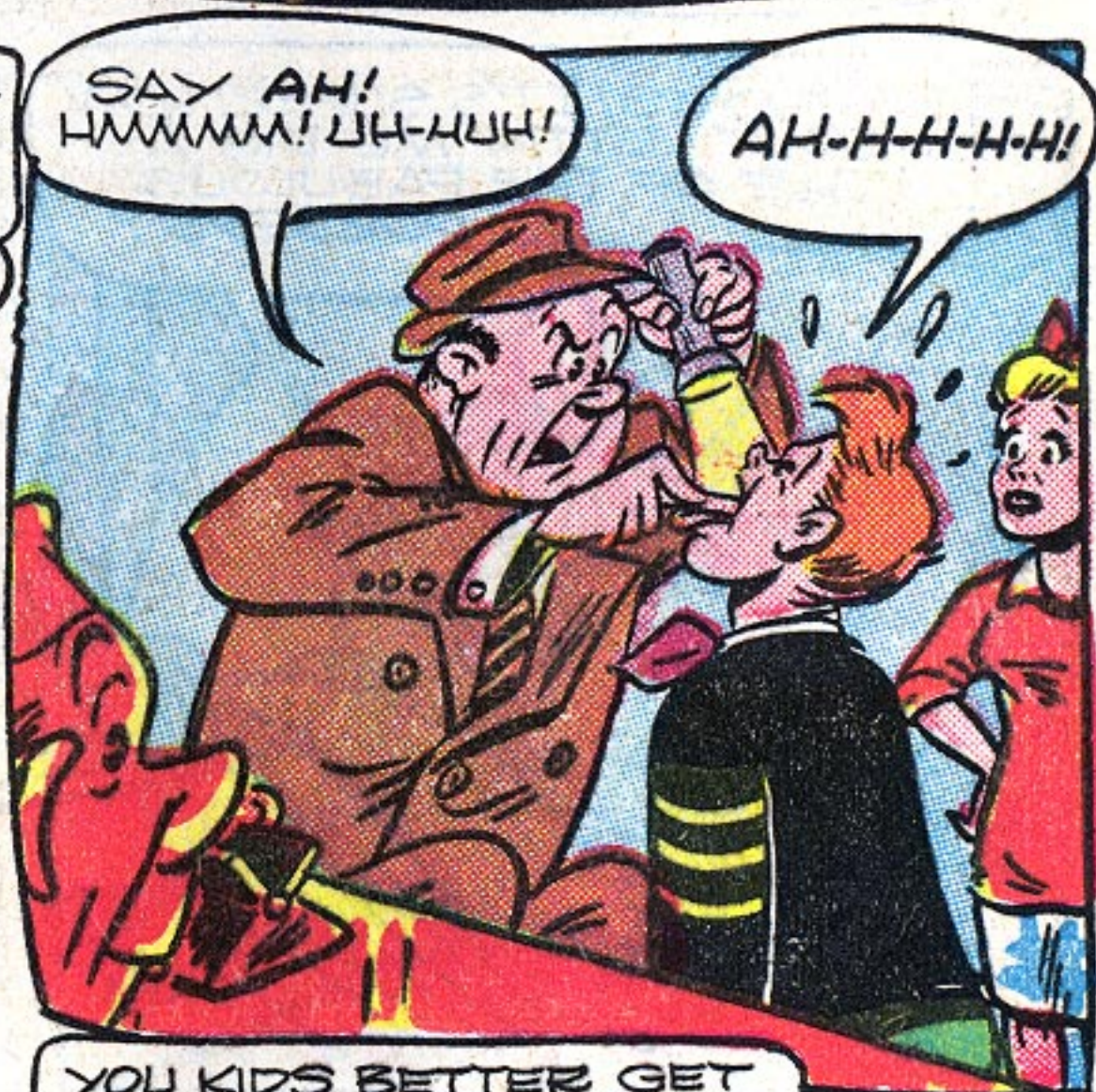
HERE! TAKE
A BITE OF
THIS
PICKLE!

W'FOR?



WELL, WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS YOUNG MAN? CHOKED ON ONE OF YOUR SODAS?

OH, HELLO, DR. MORRIS. I THINK YOU BETTER GIVE HIM A QUICK CHECK!



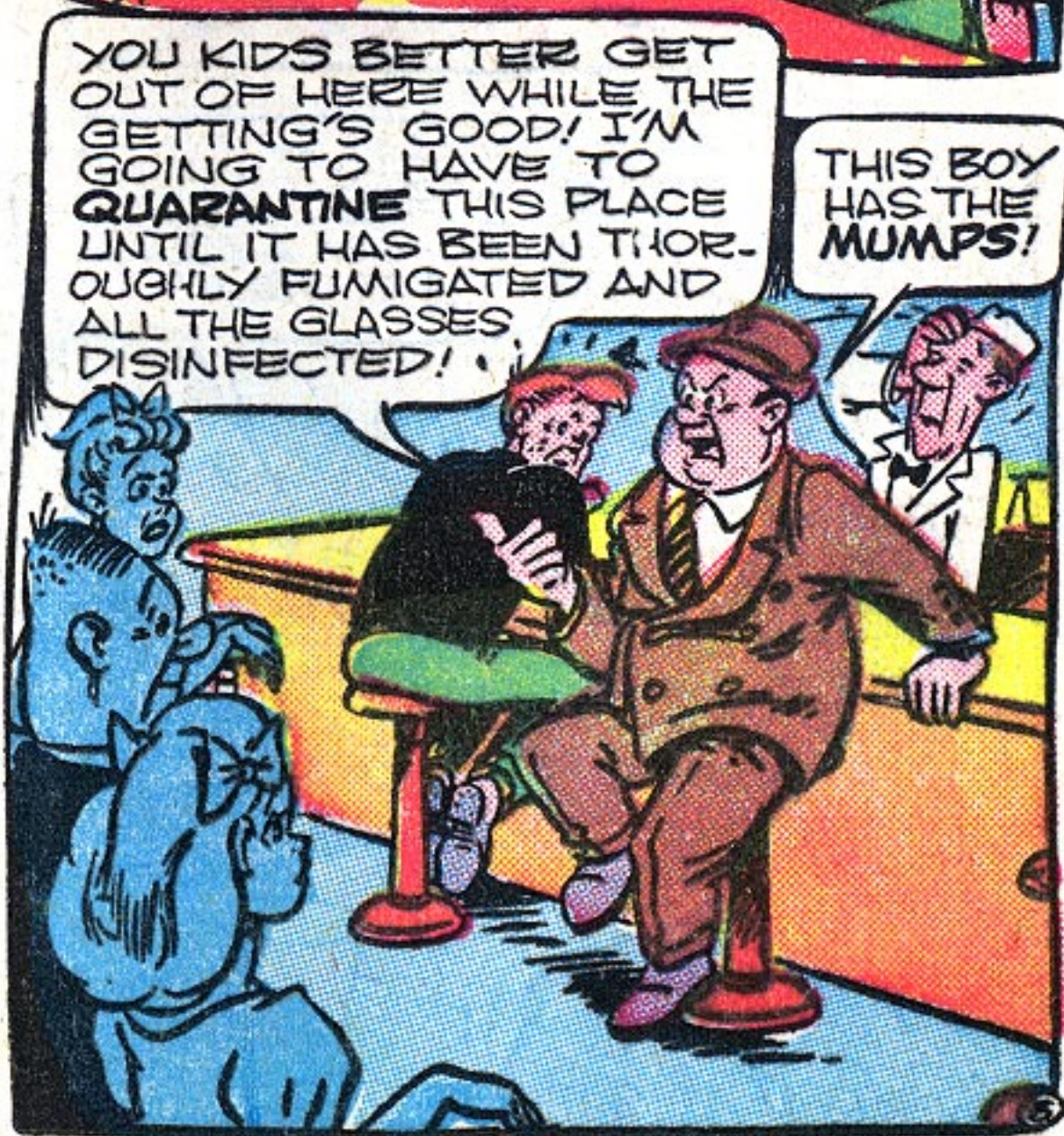
SAY AH! HMMMM! UH-HUH!

AH-H-H-H-H!



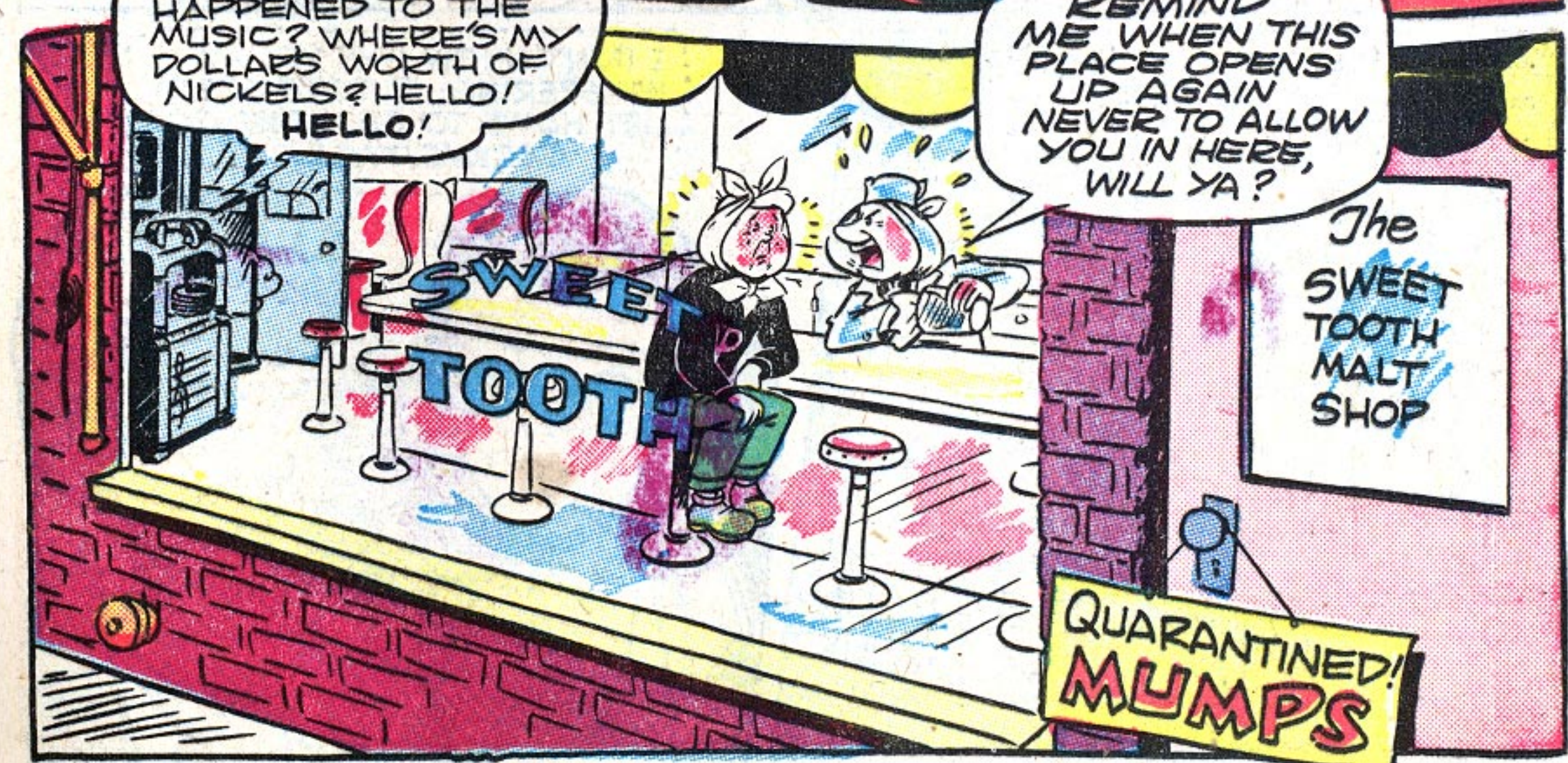
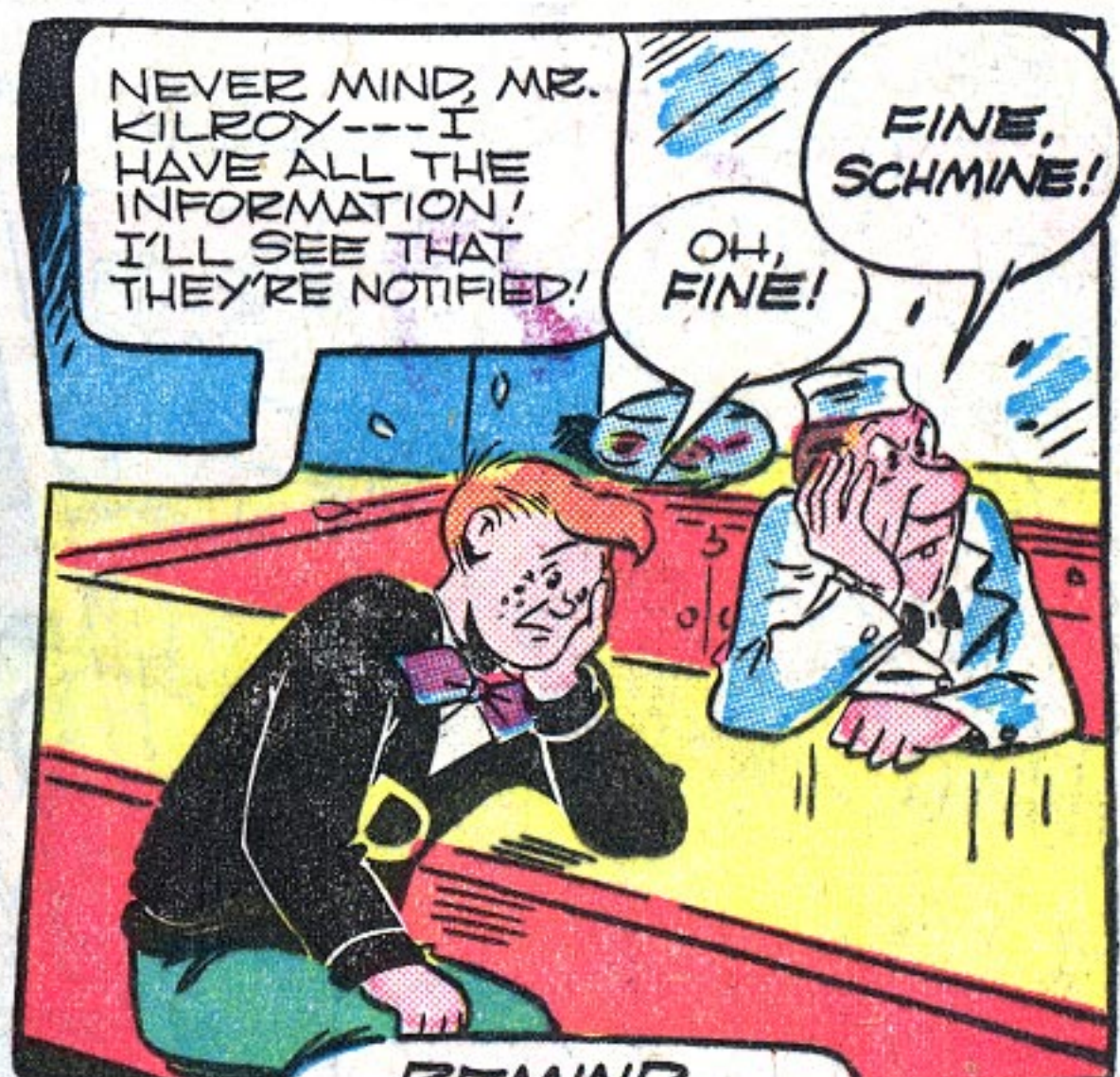
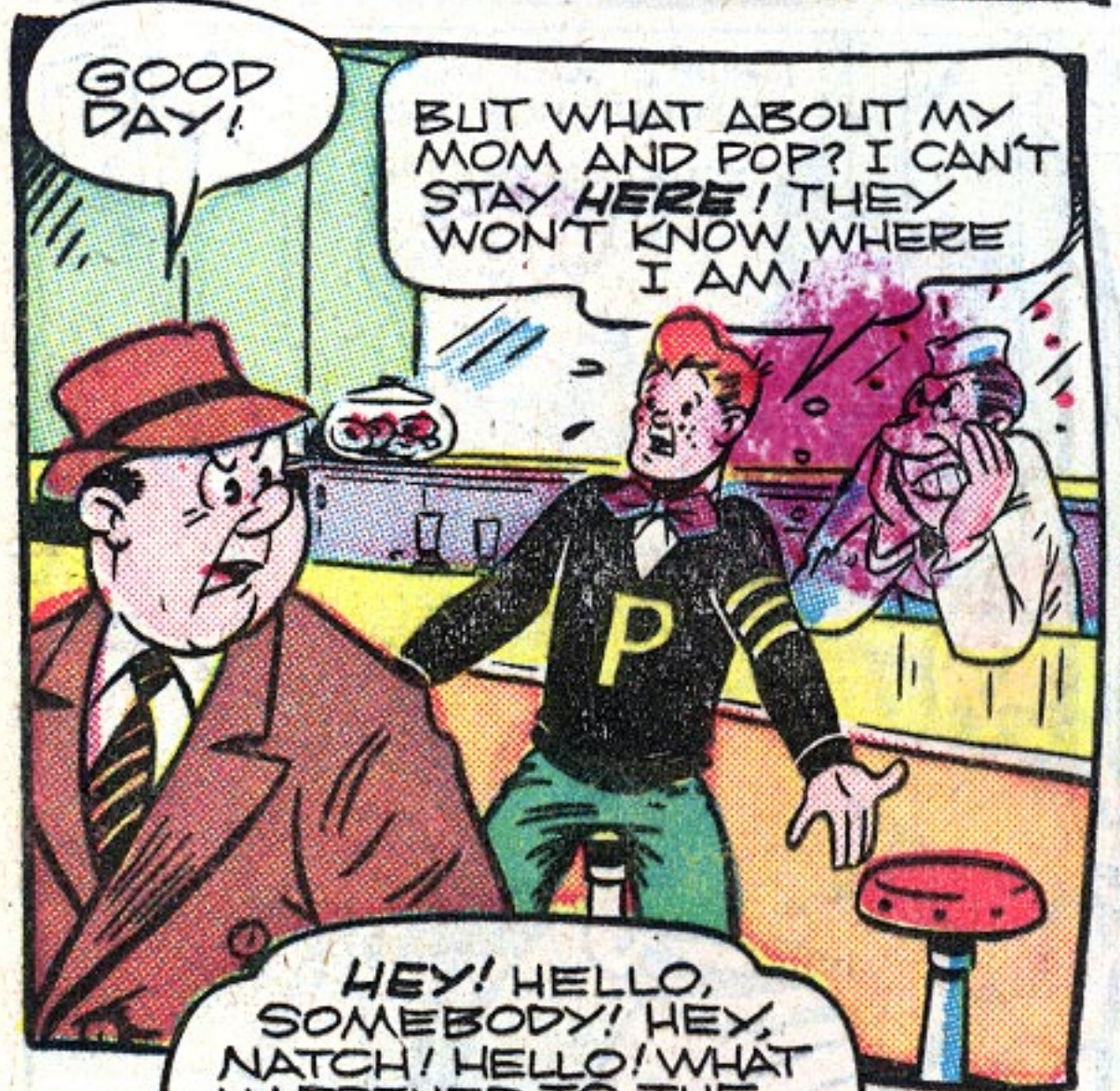
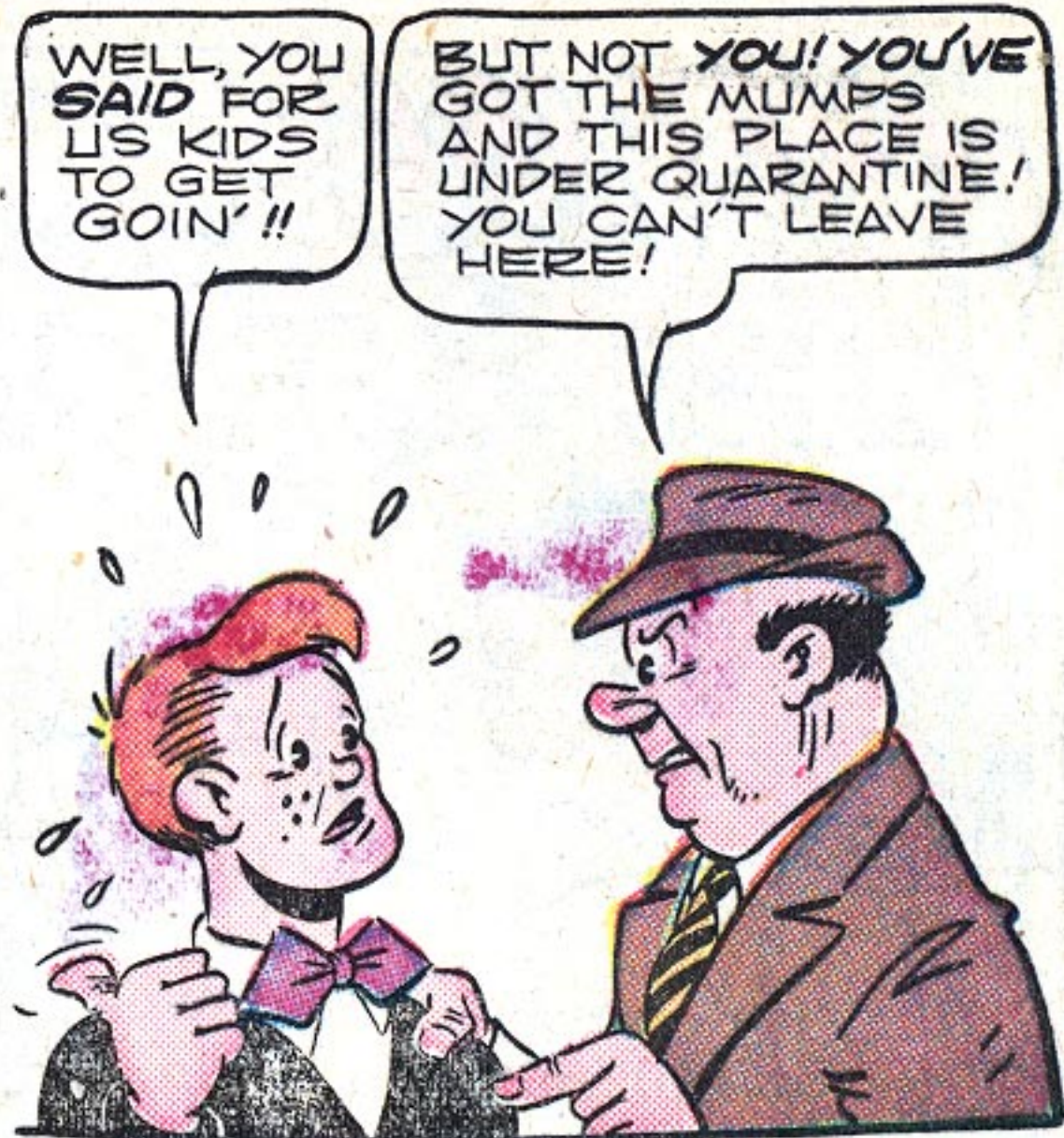
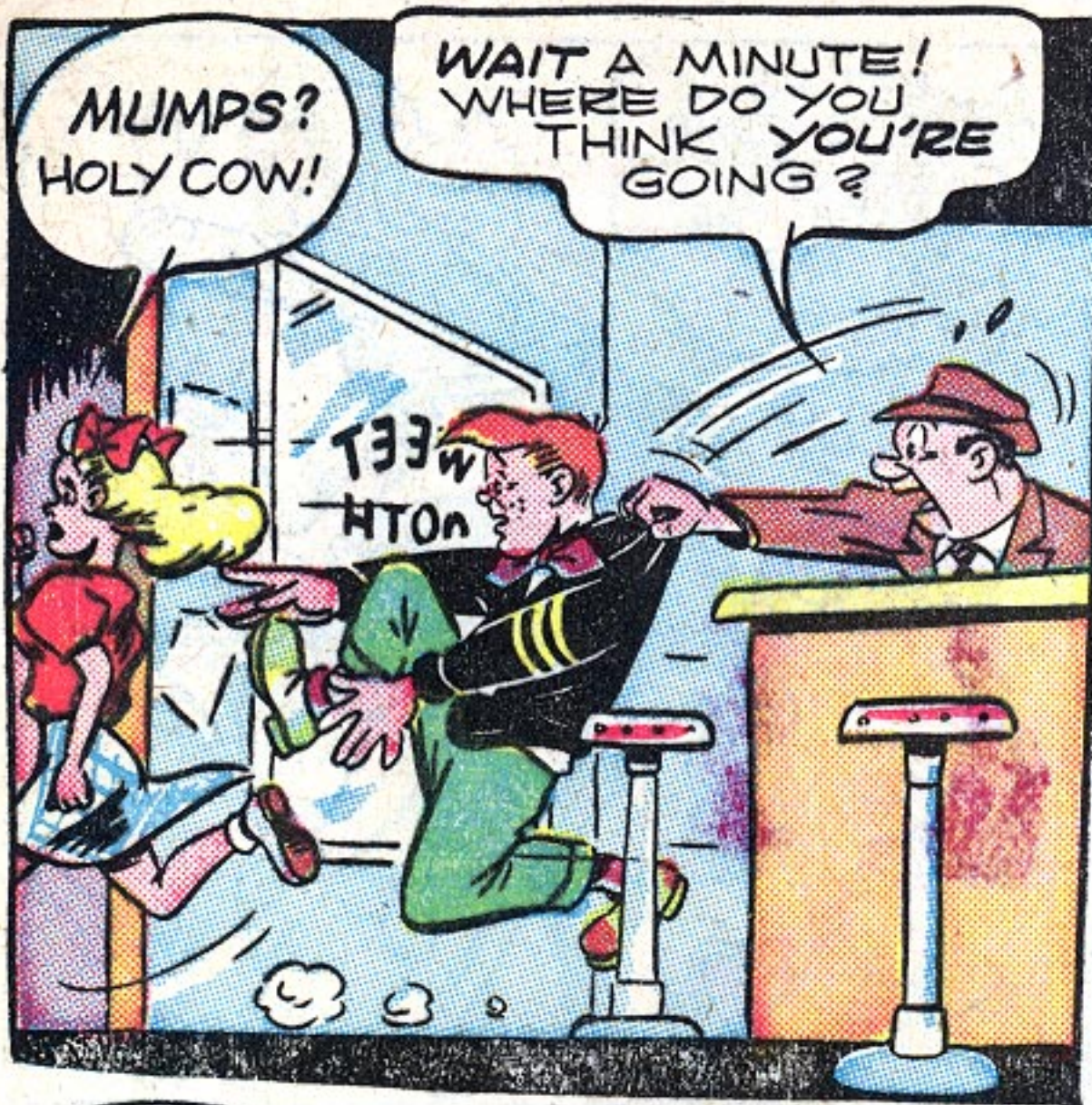
HAS THIS BOY BEEN DRINKING OUT OF ANY OF THE GLASSES HERE?

WHY YES! HE HAD A MALTED MILK A FEW MINUTES AGO!



YOU KIDS BETTER GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO QUARANTINE THIS PLACE UNTIL IT HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY FUMIGATED AND ALL THE GLASSES DISINFECTED!

THIS BOY HAS THE MUMPS!



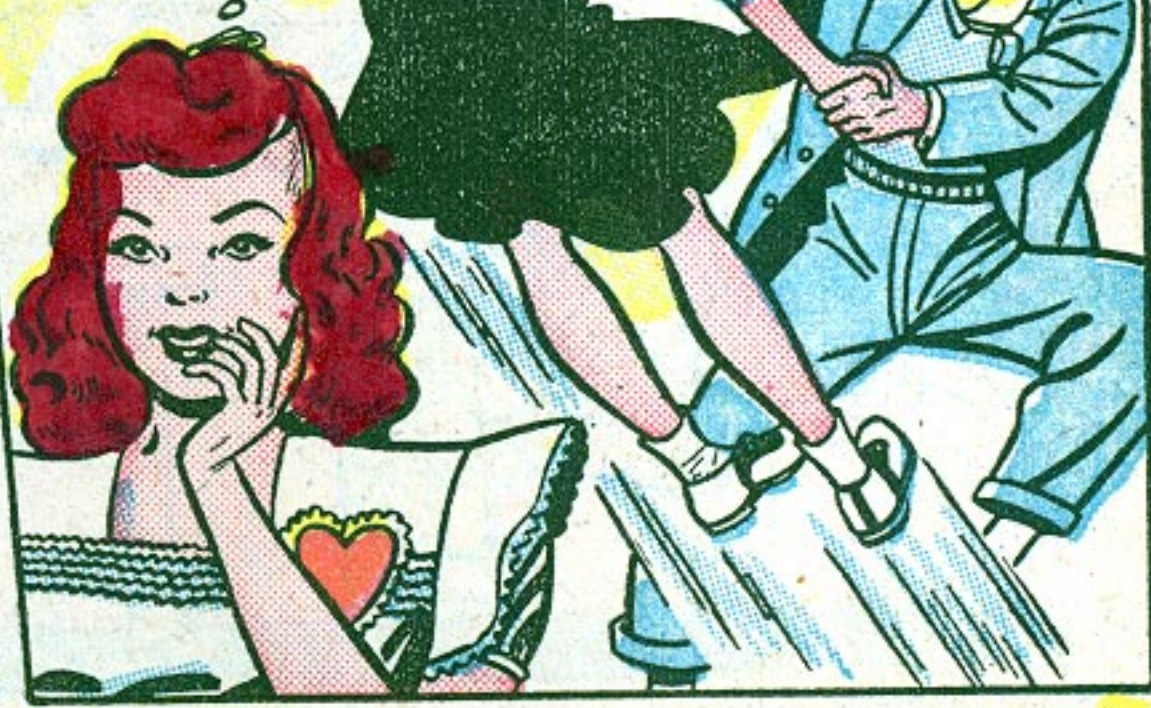
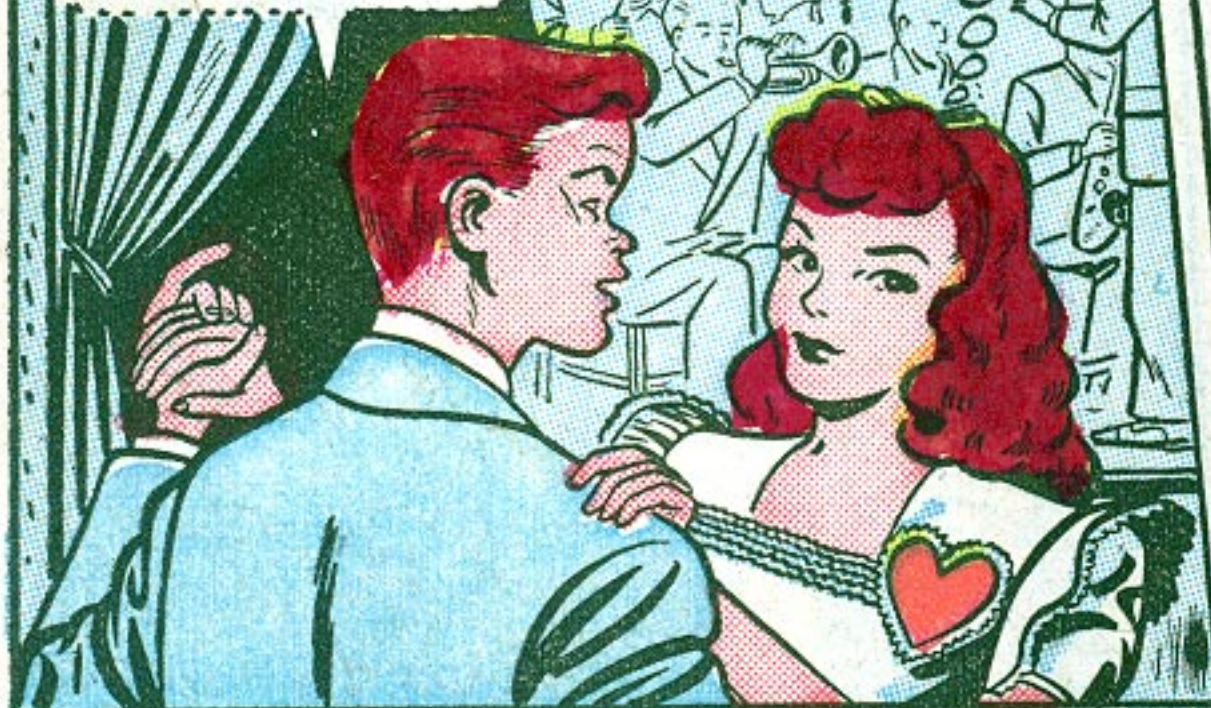
ICKEY IKE

OKAY BY ME, LOVER!

DO YA MIND IF WE LEAVE THE DANCE EARLY, GROOVE GAL?

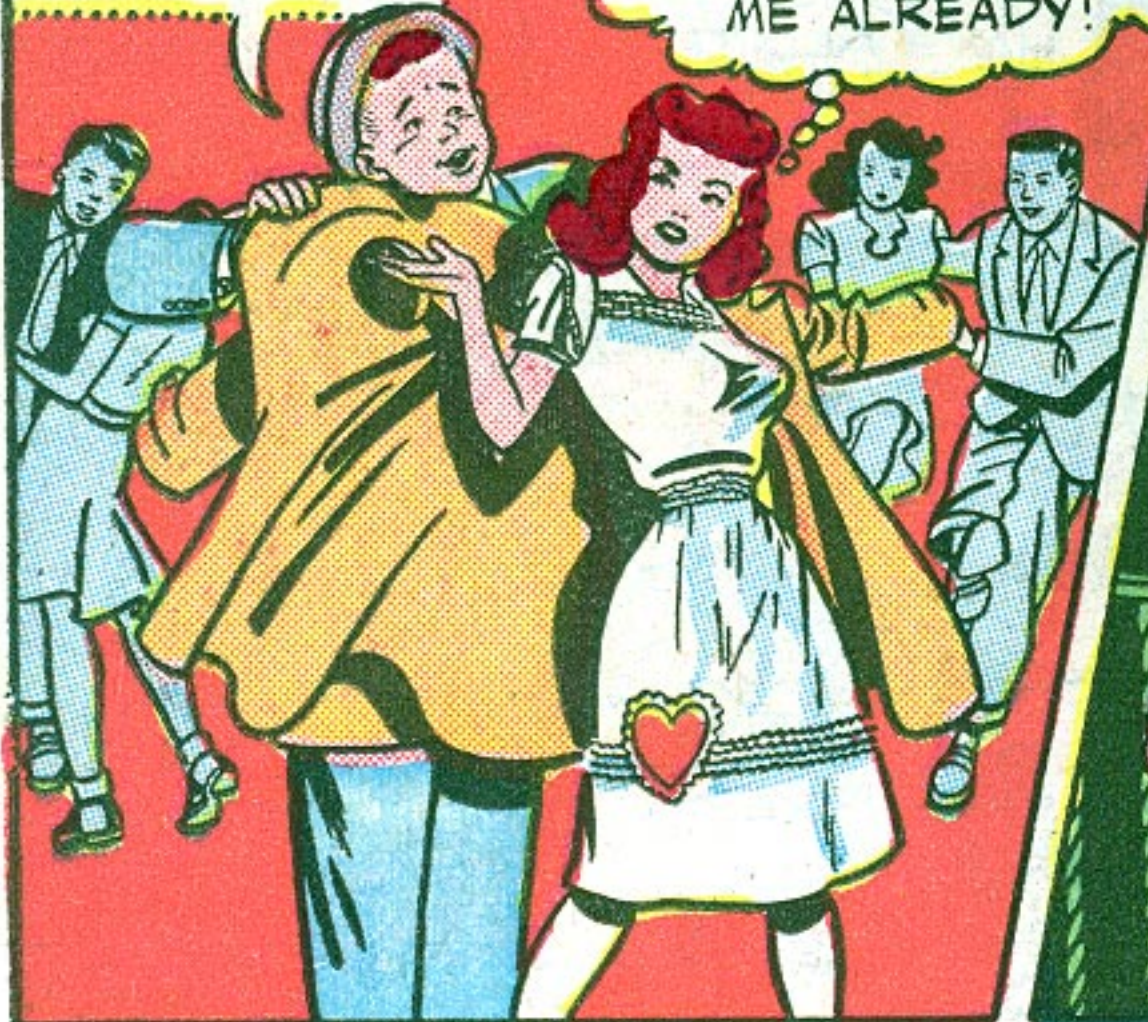
HE WANTS TO BE ALONE WITH ME!

I'LL BET HE'LL DRIVE TO SOME LONELY SPOT BENEATH THE MOON AND STARS...



HERE'S YOUR COAT... LET'S HURRY!

I CAN FEEL THOSE LOVIN' ARMS AROUND ME ALREADY!



I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND LEAVIN' LIKE THIS...?



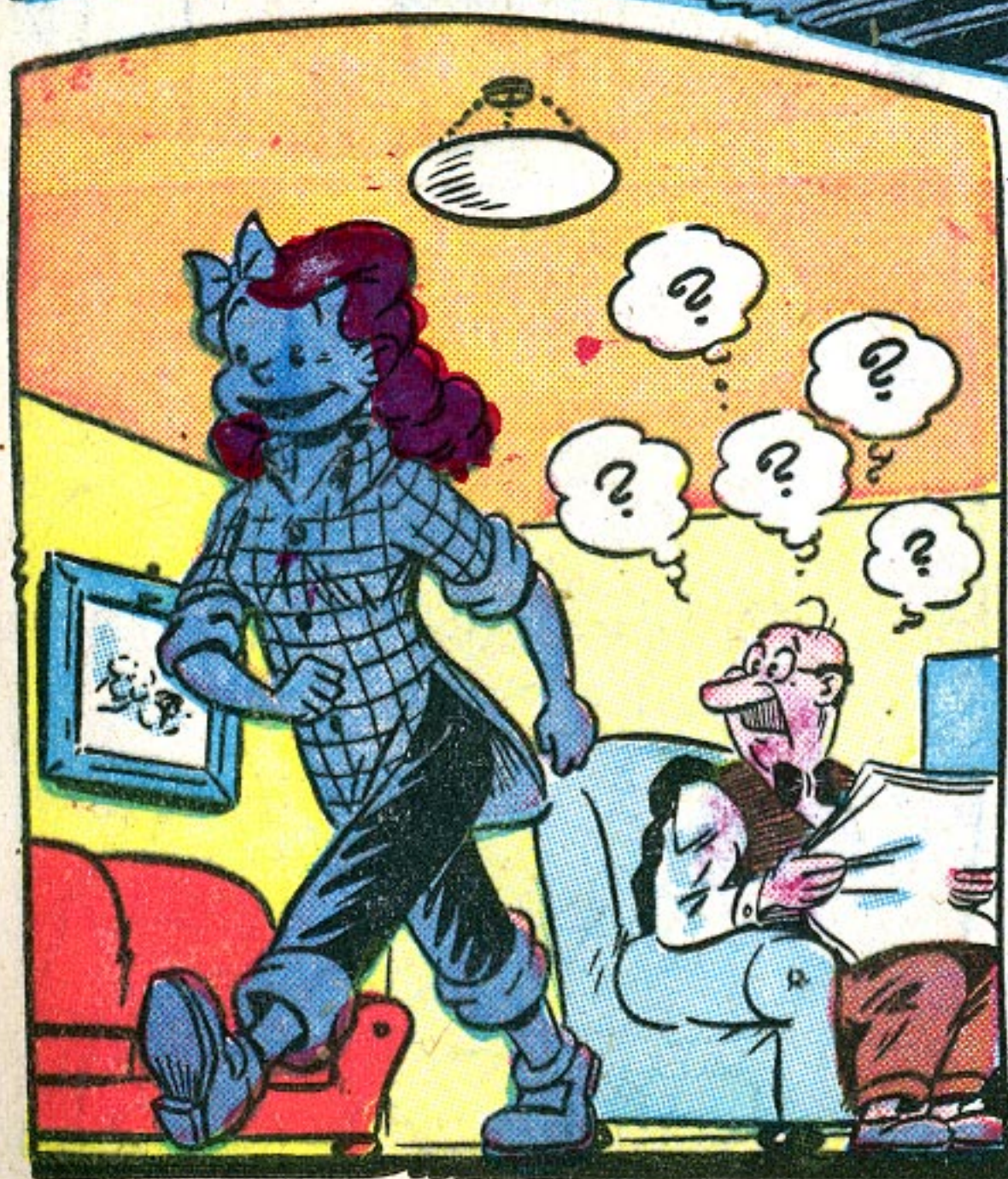
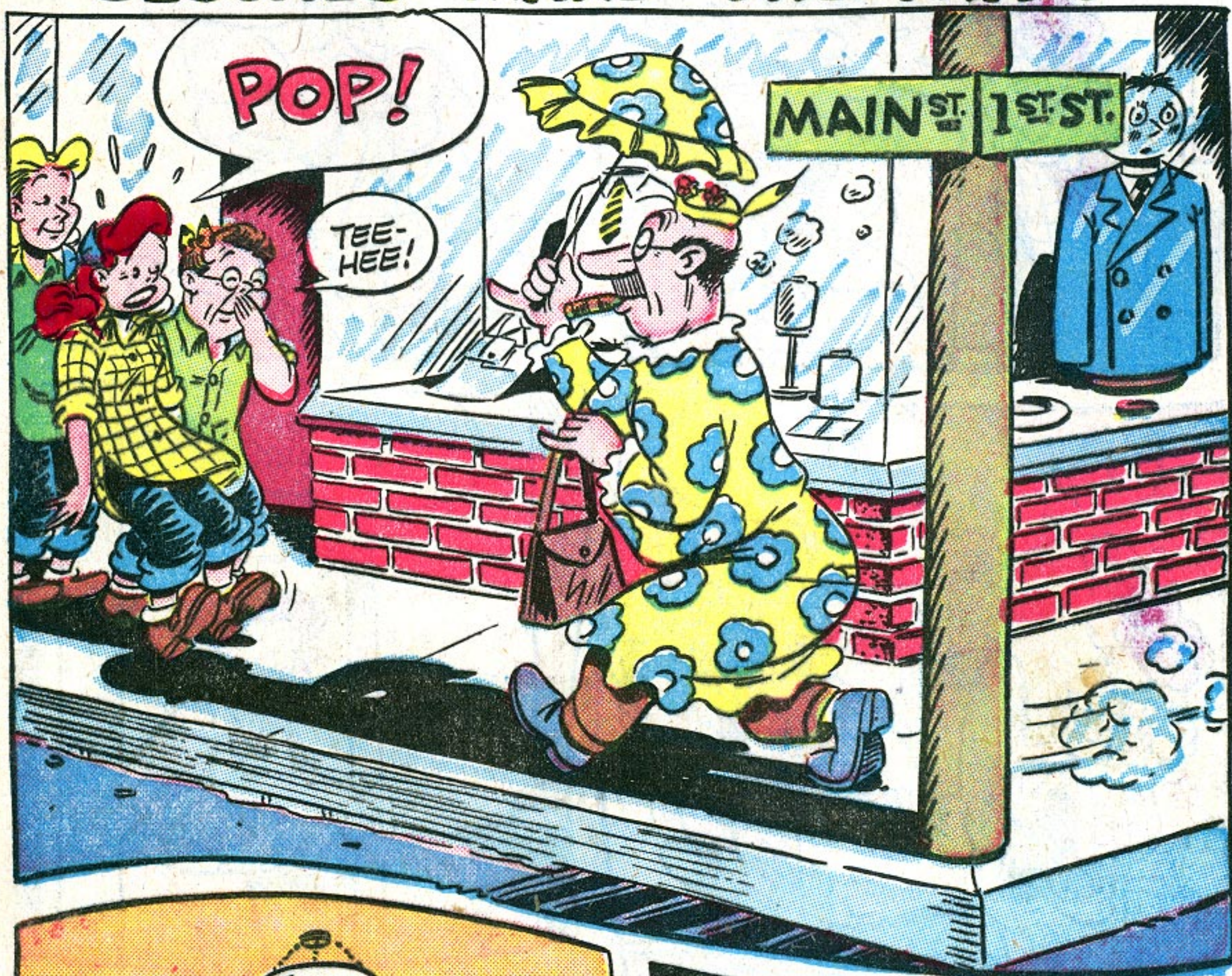
NOT AT ALL, BUT WHY WHISPER ANY LONGER? WE'RE ALONE, AND NO ONE SAW US LEAVE!

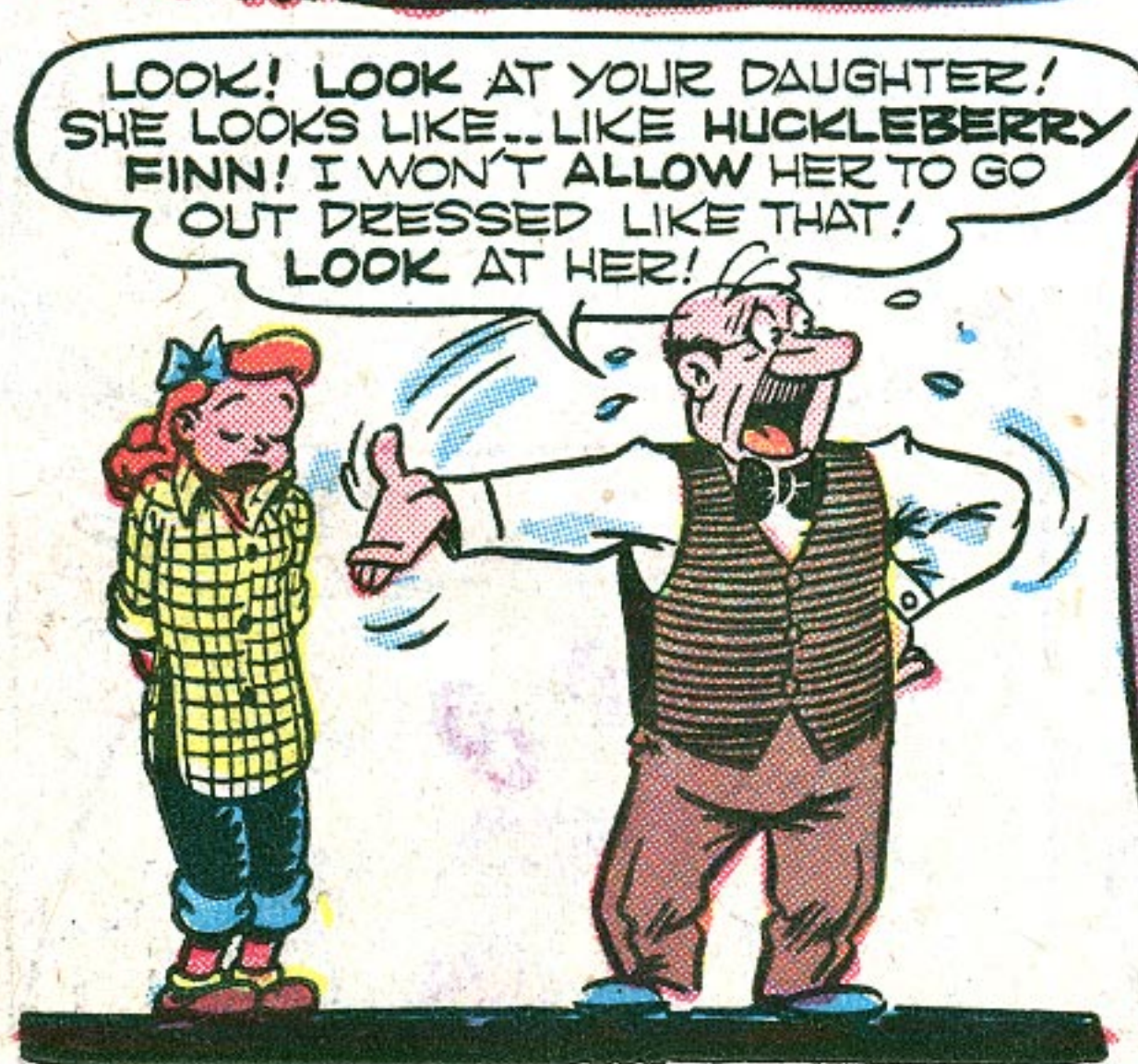
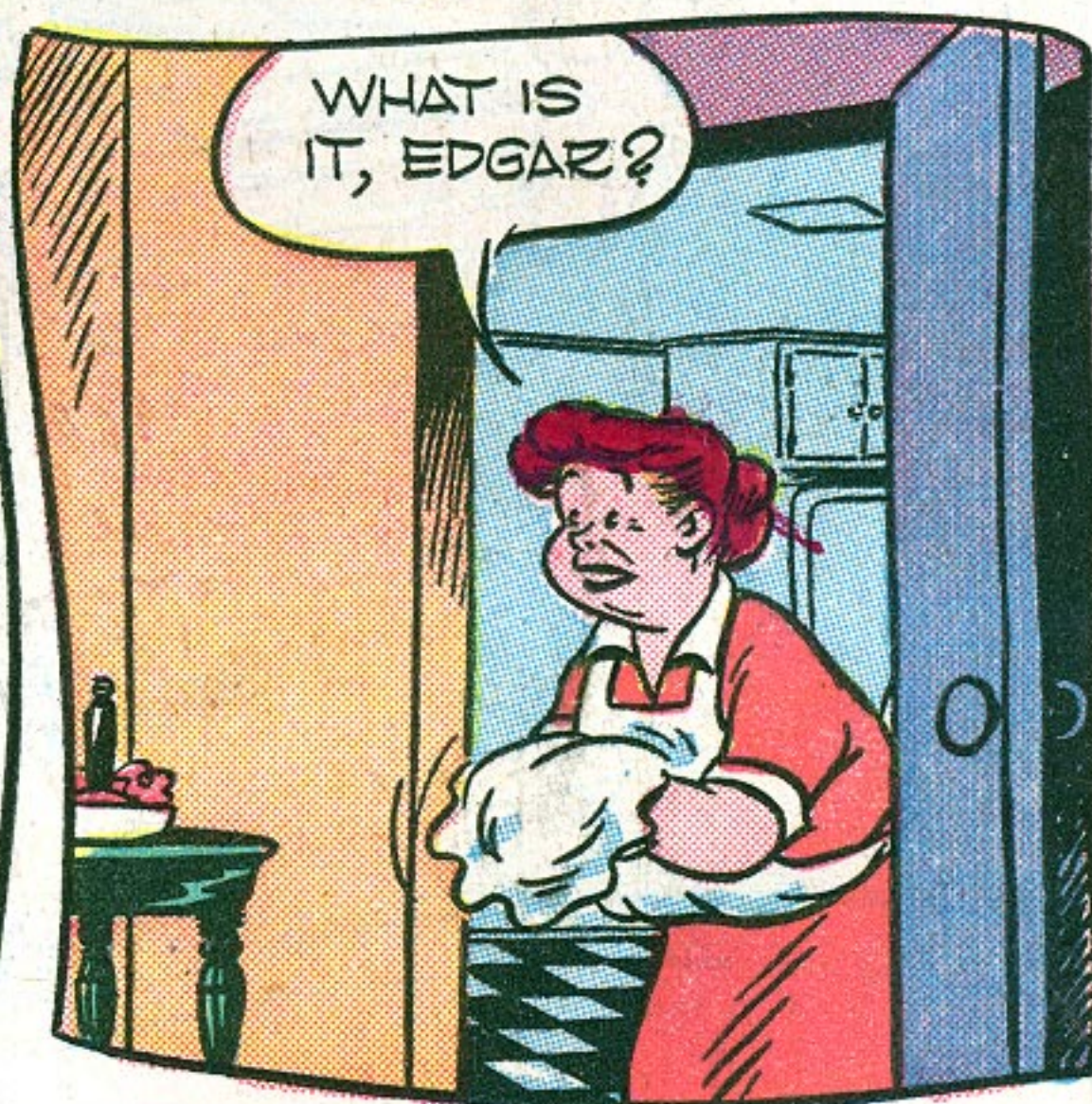
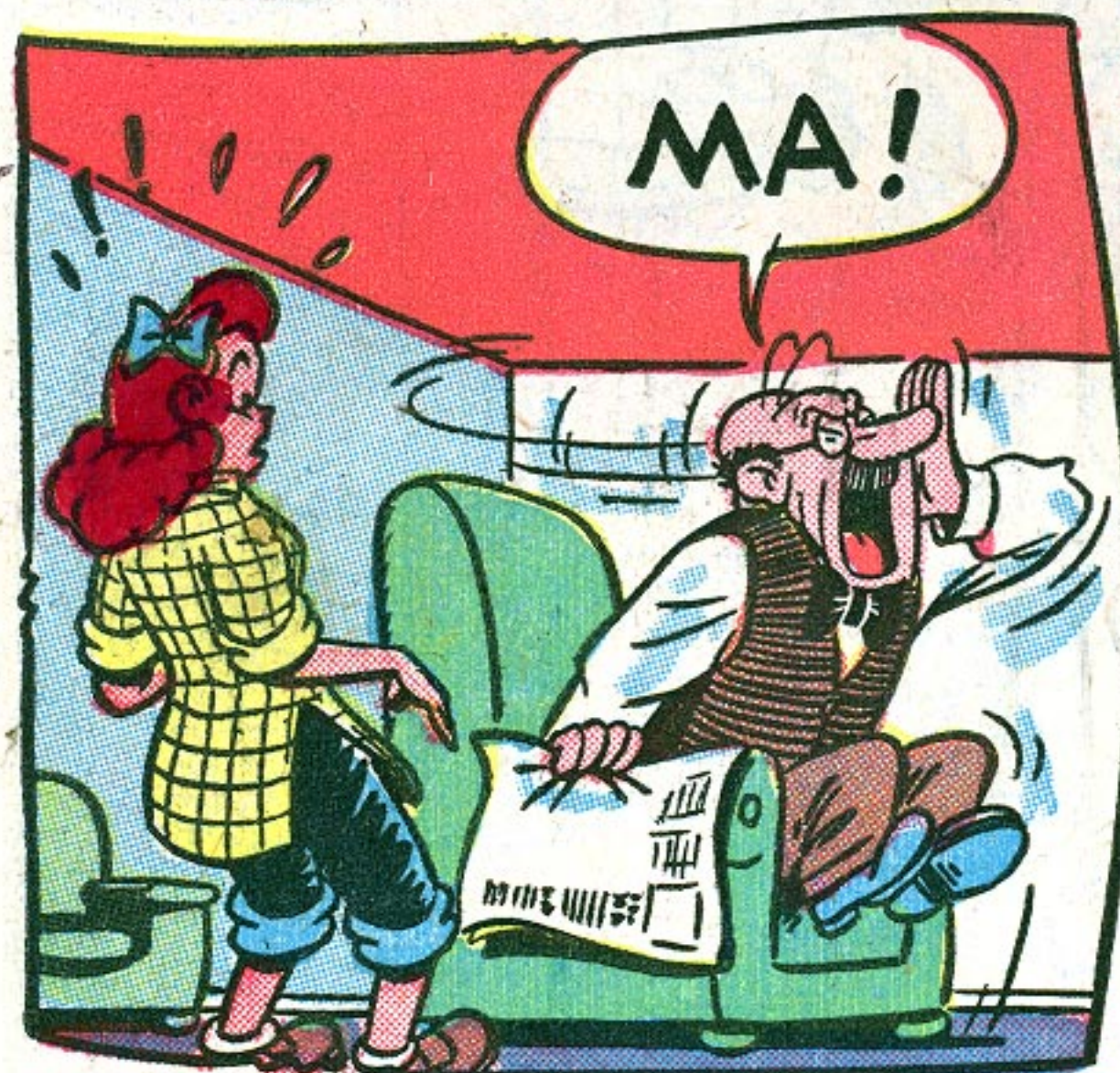
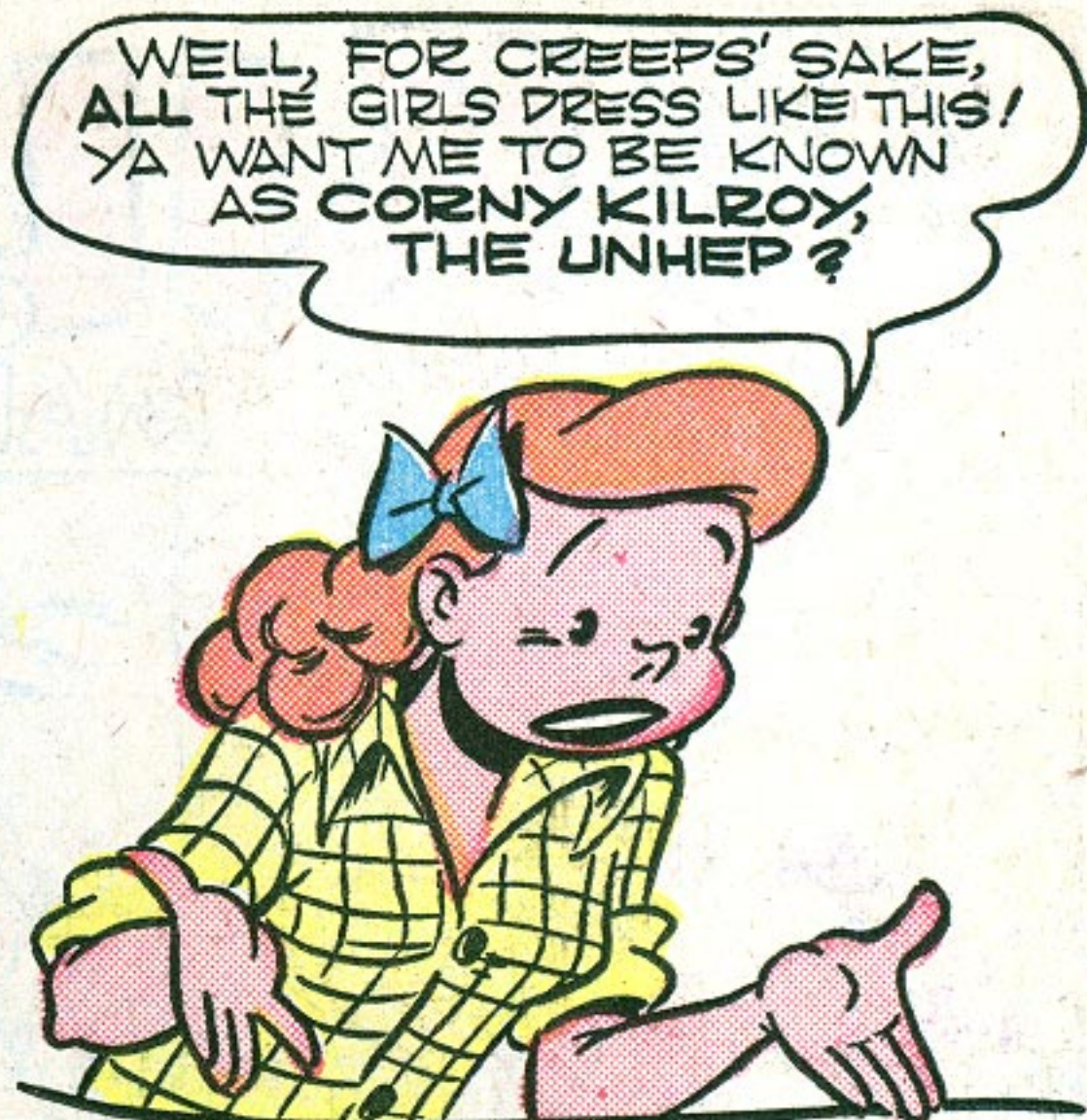
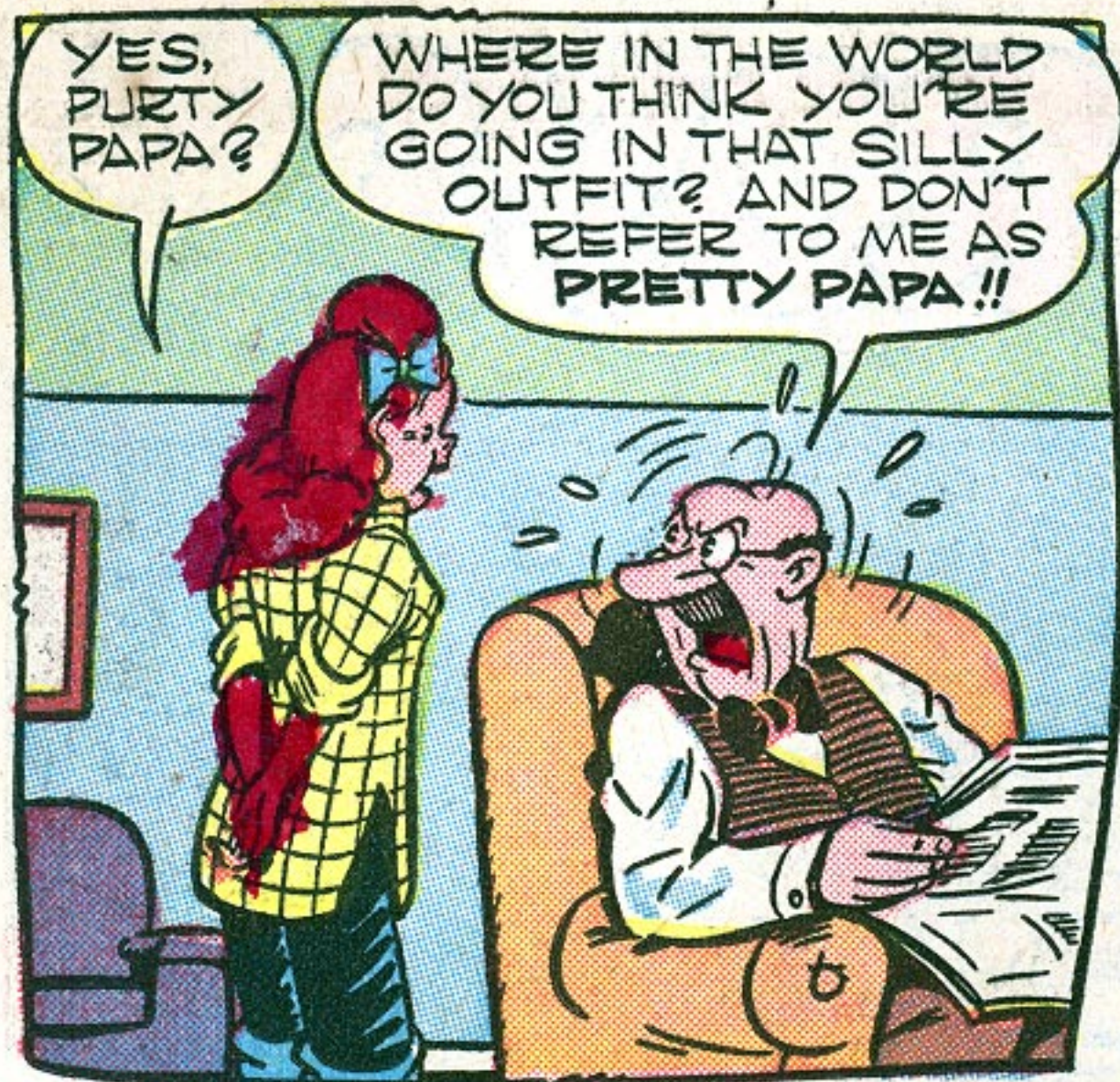


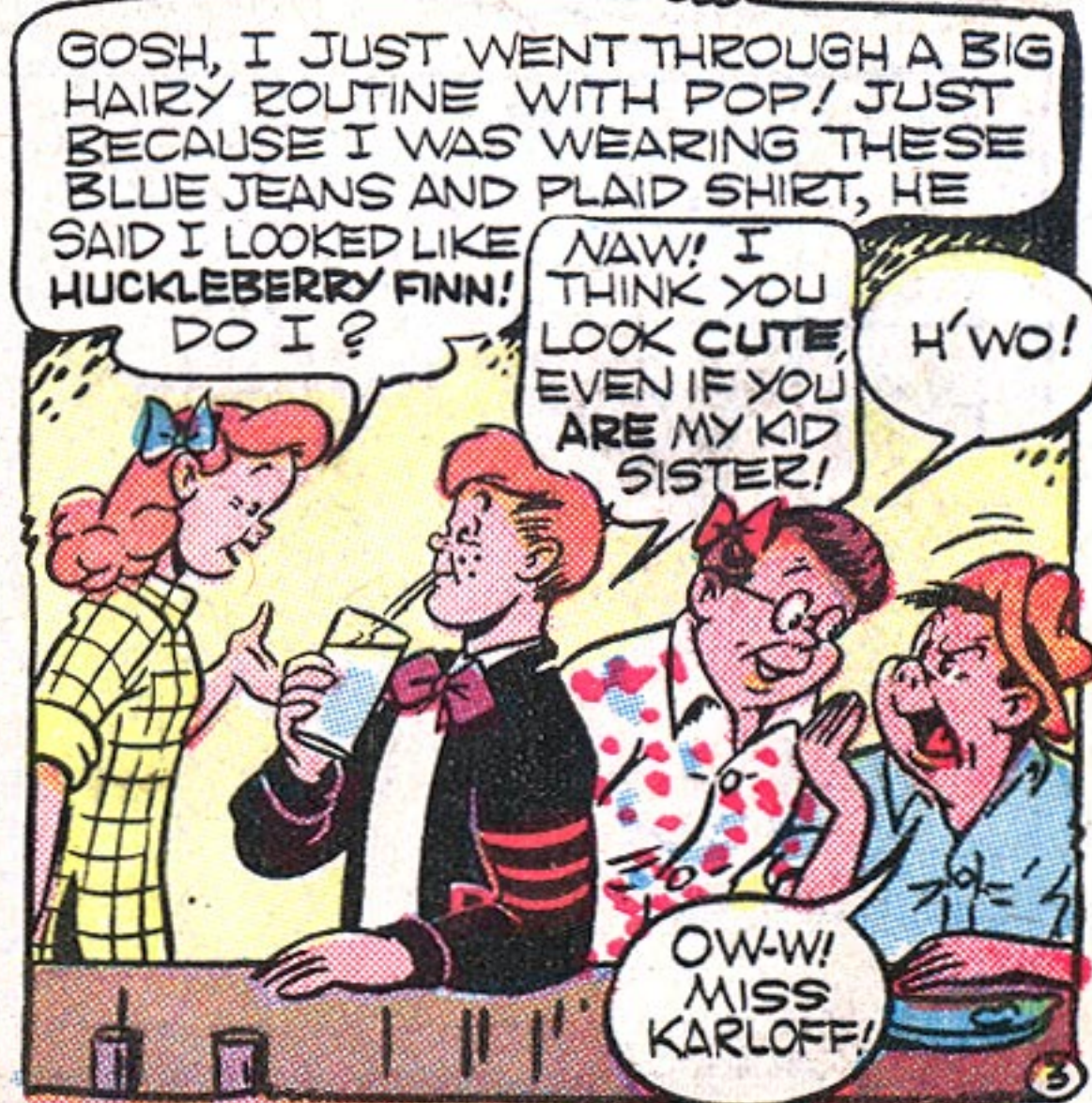
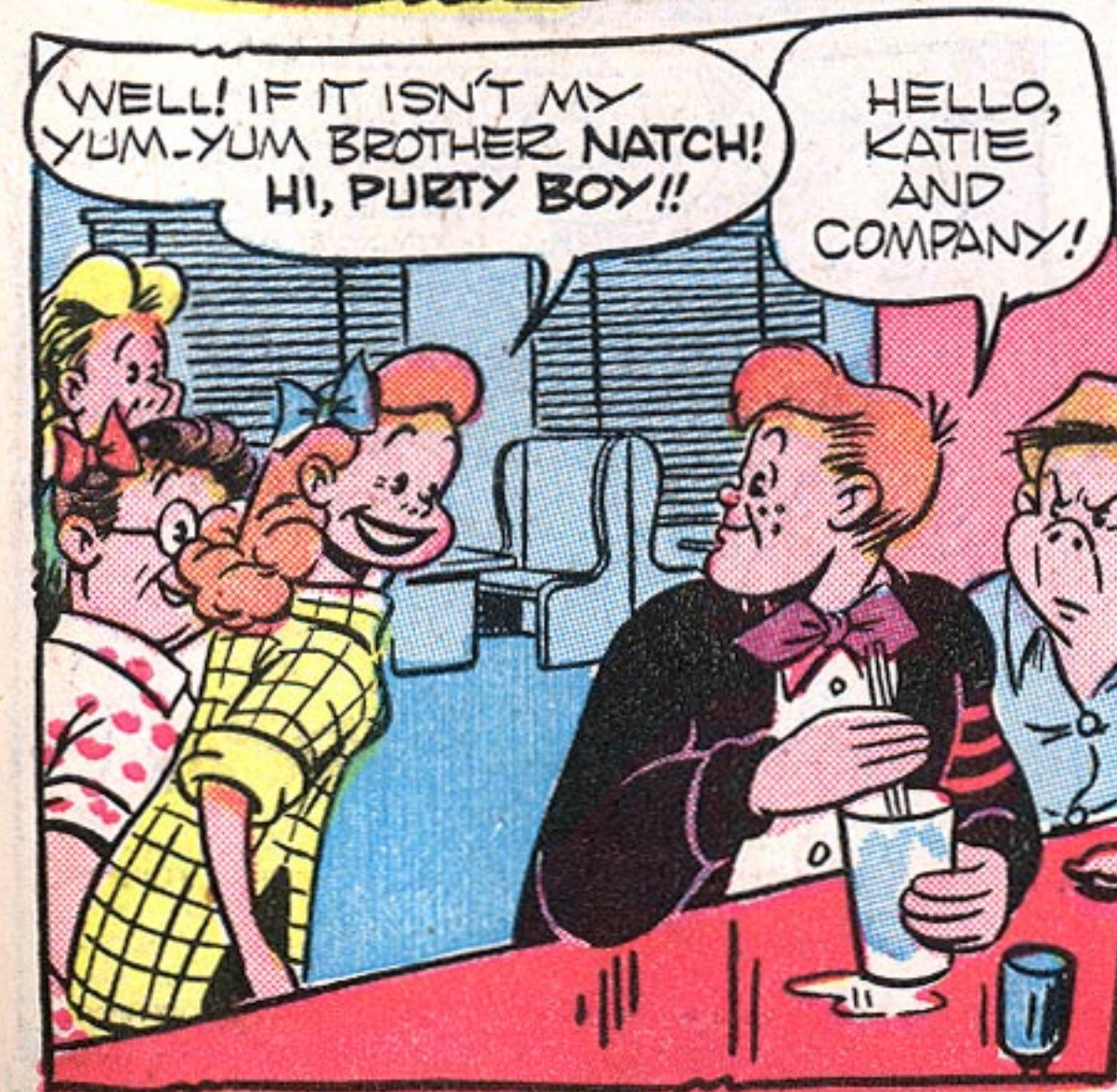
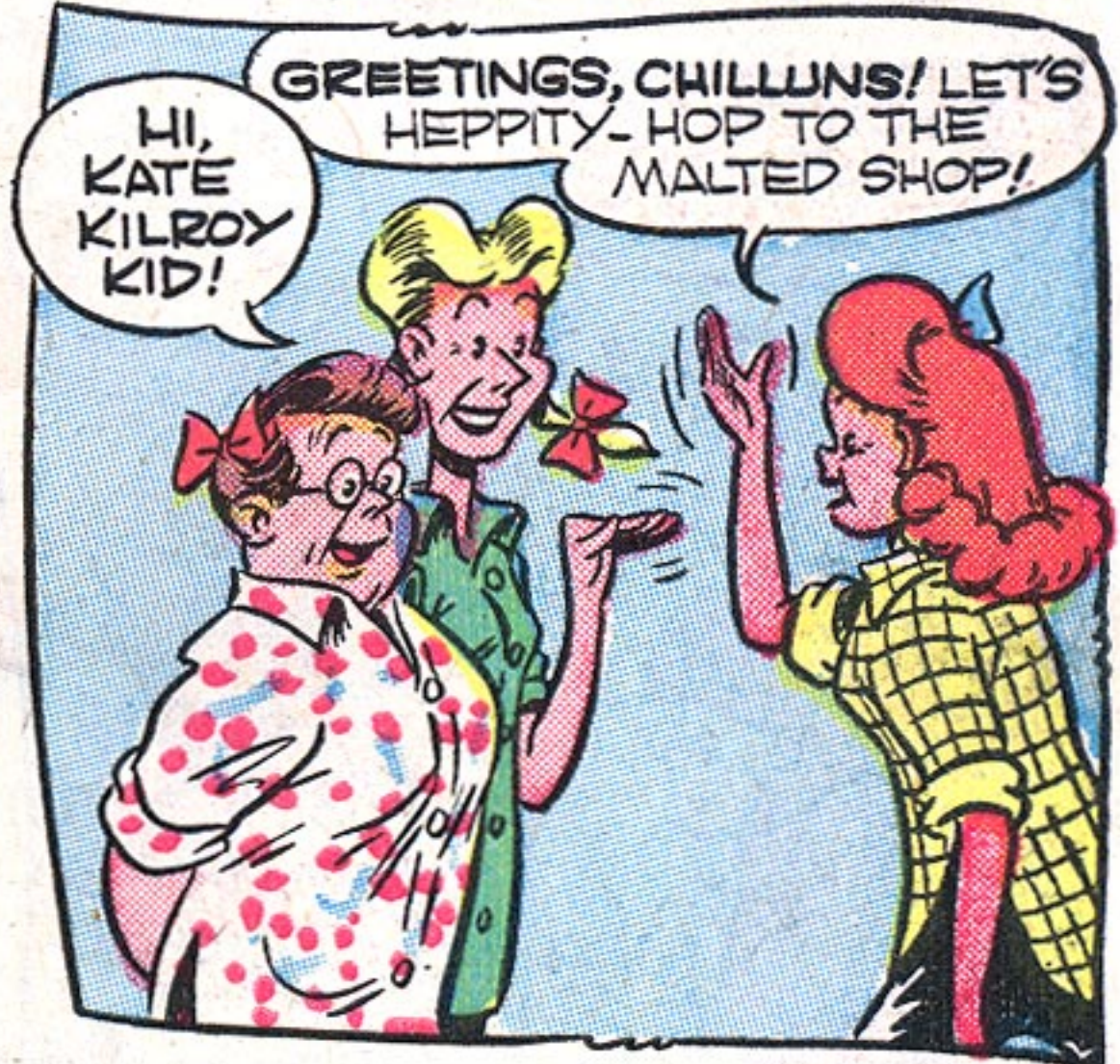
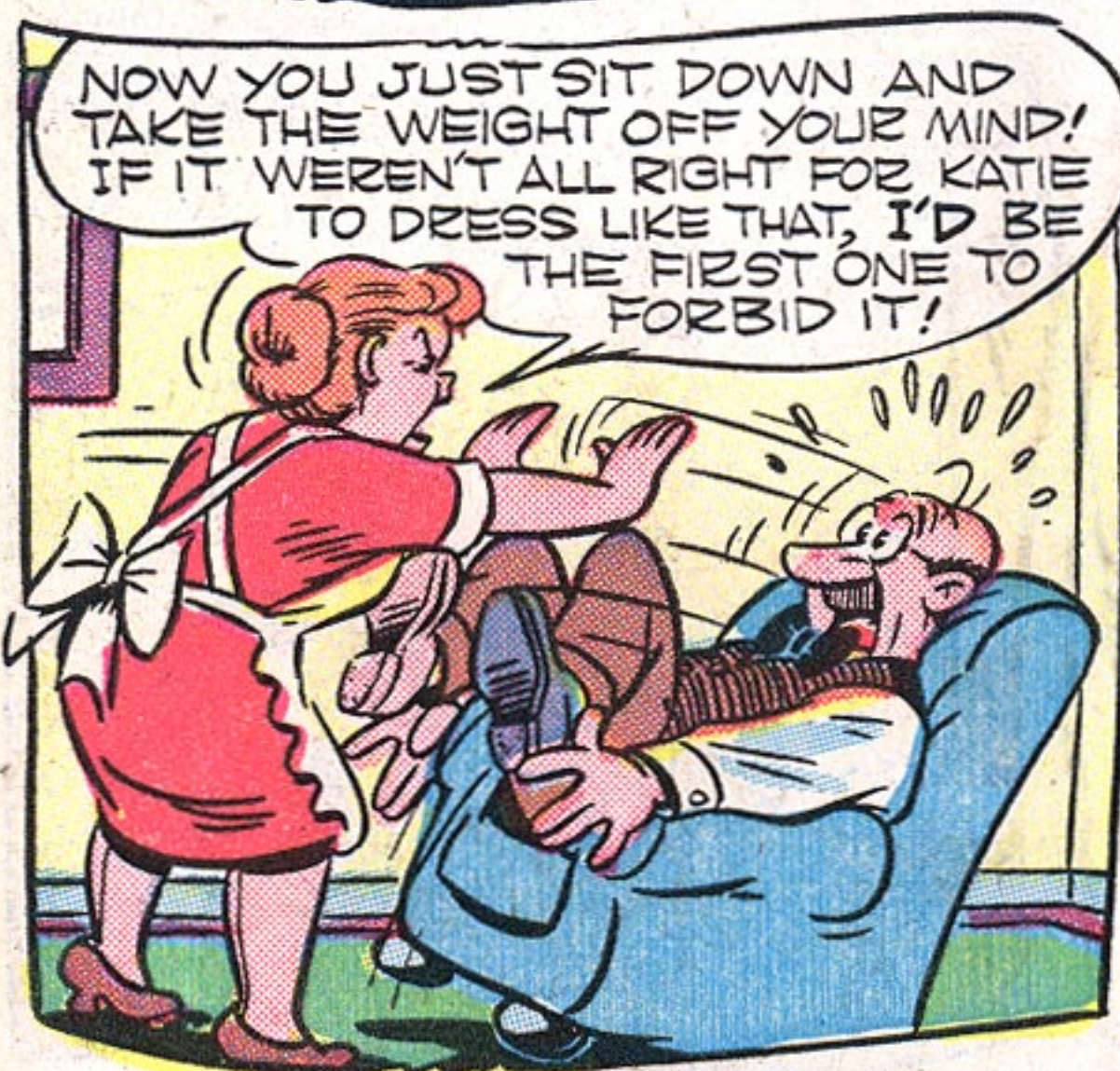
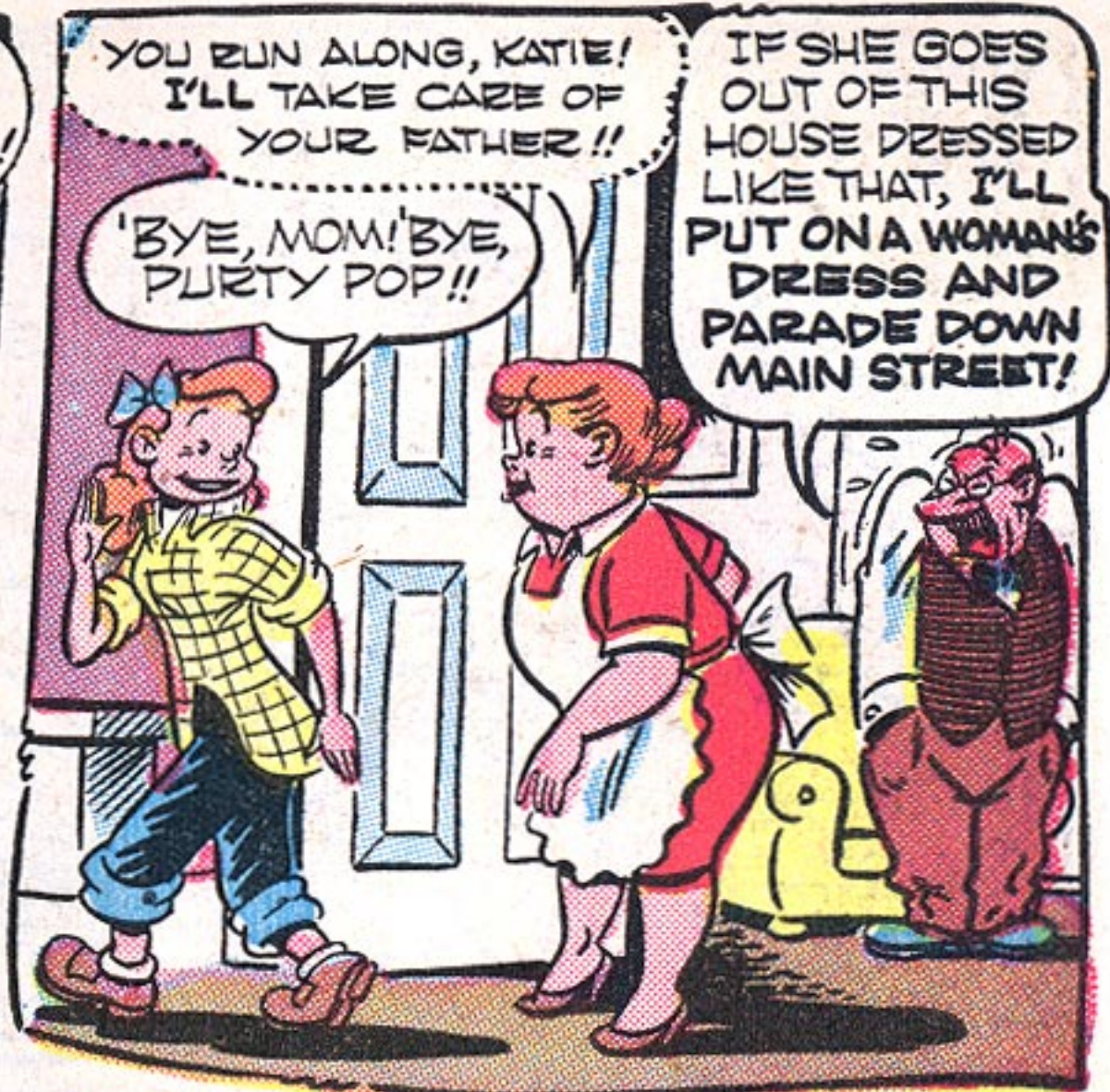
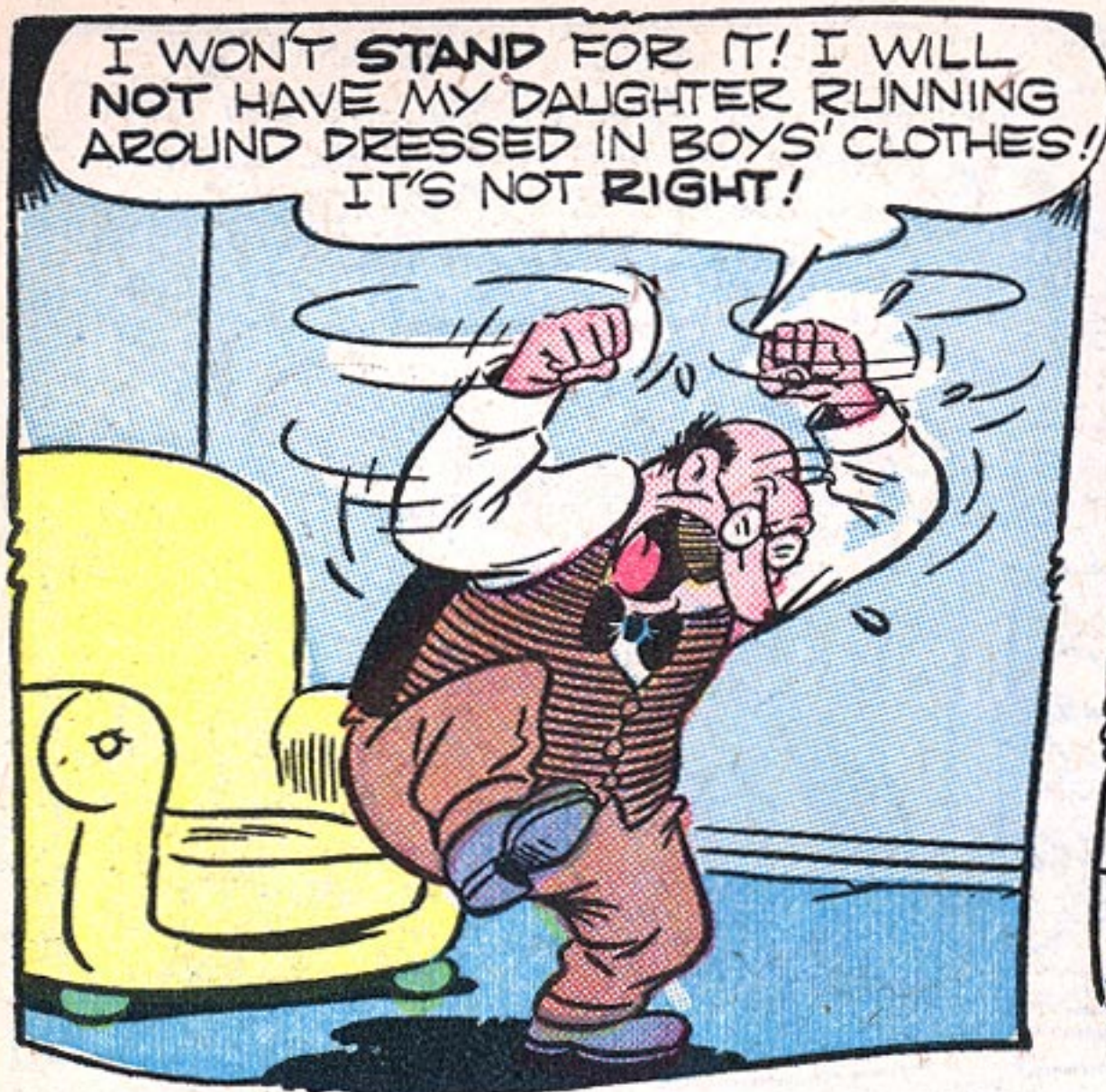
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE WHISPERING... BUT I'VE GOTTA GET HOME TO BED! I'VE GOT LARYNGITIS!

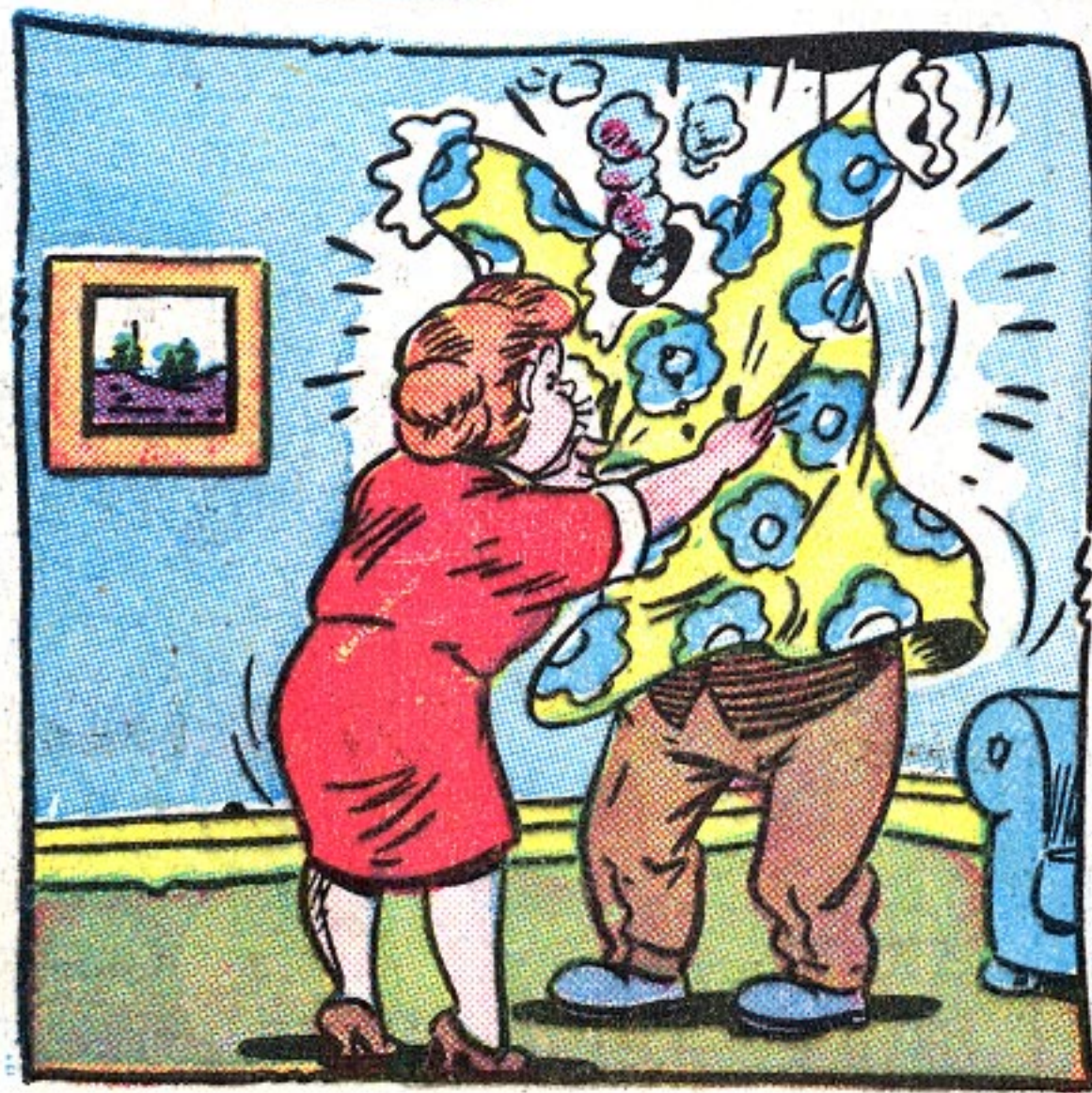
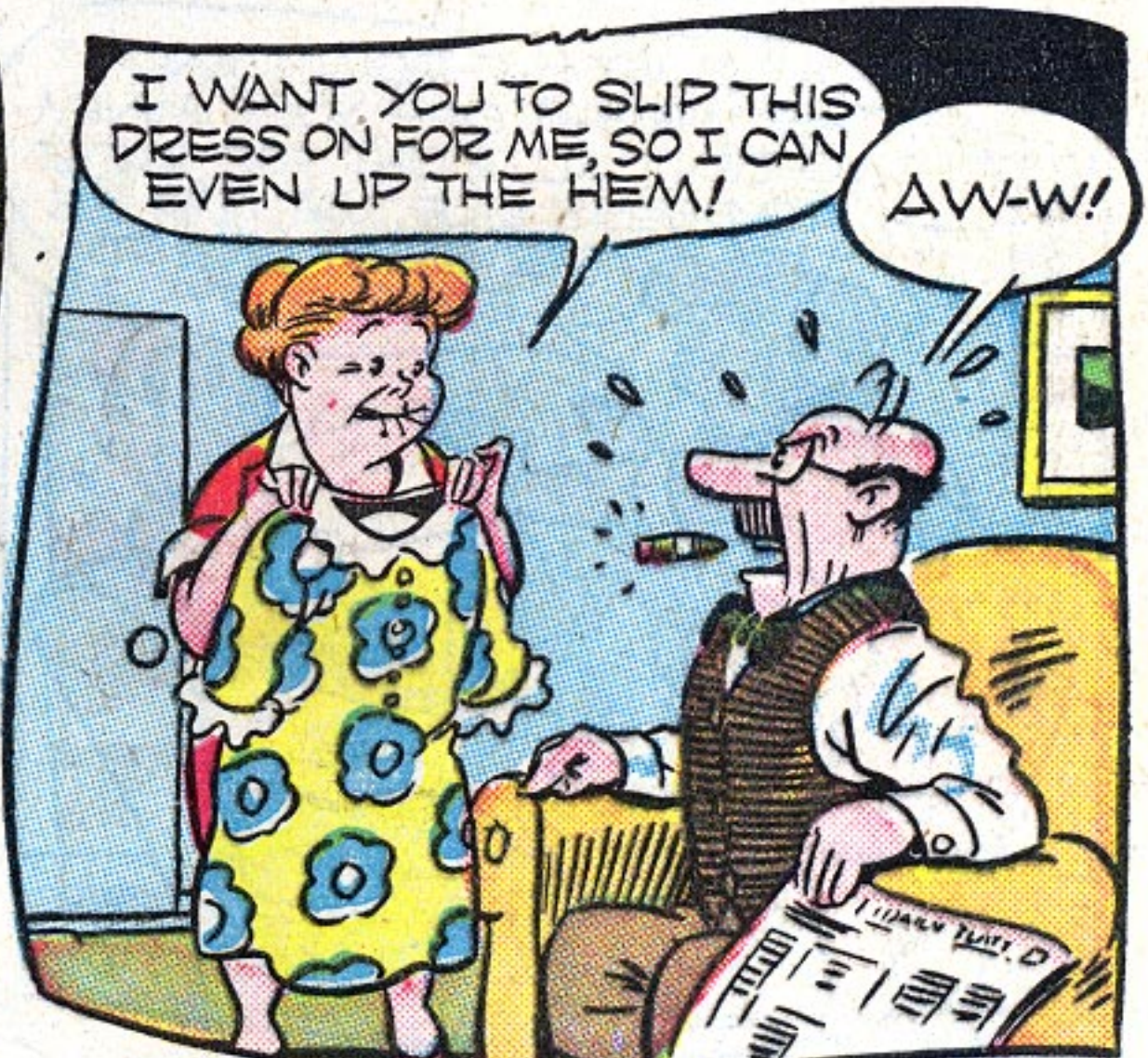
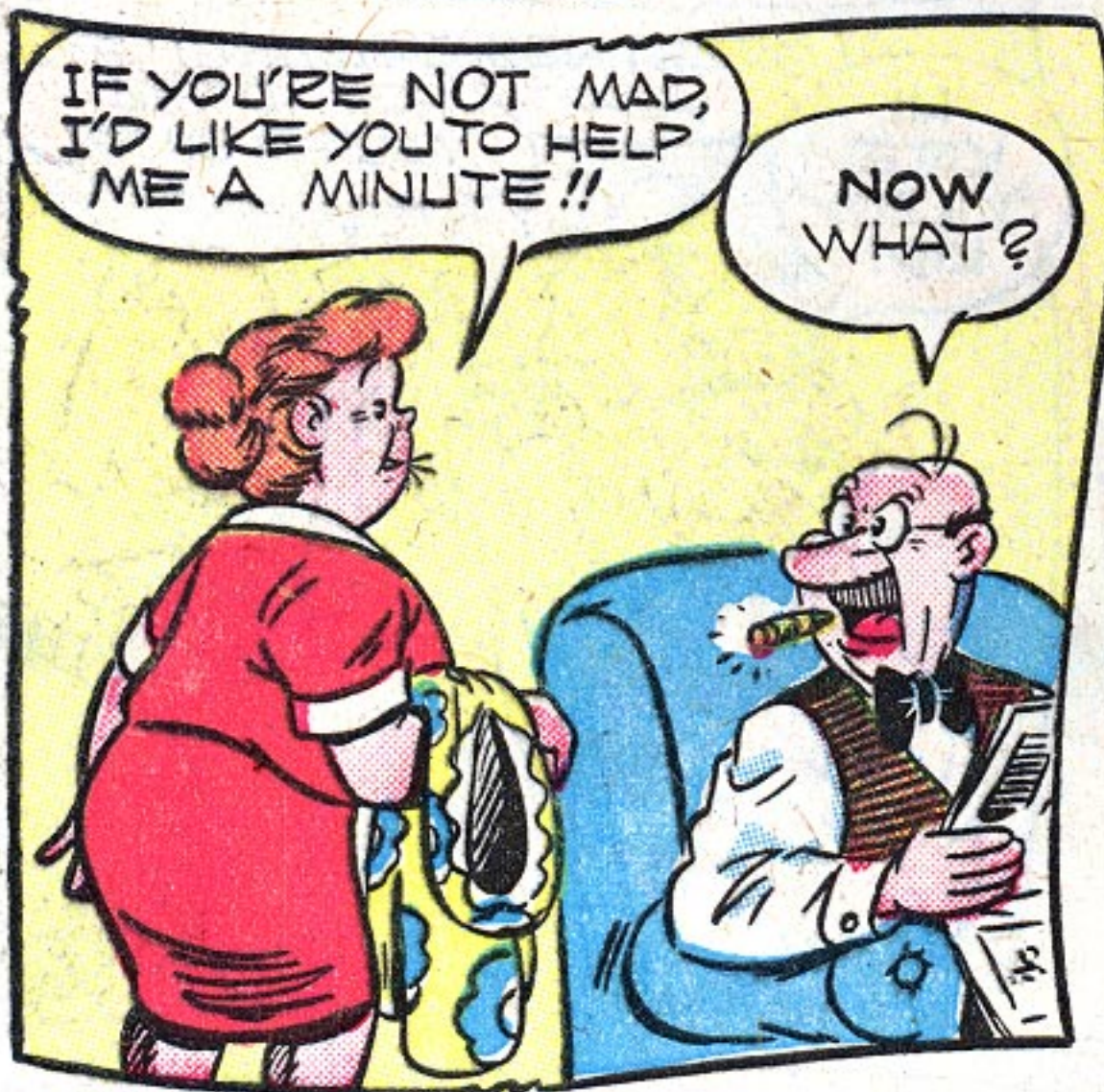
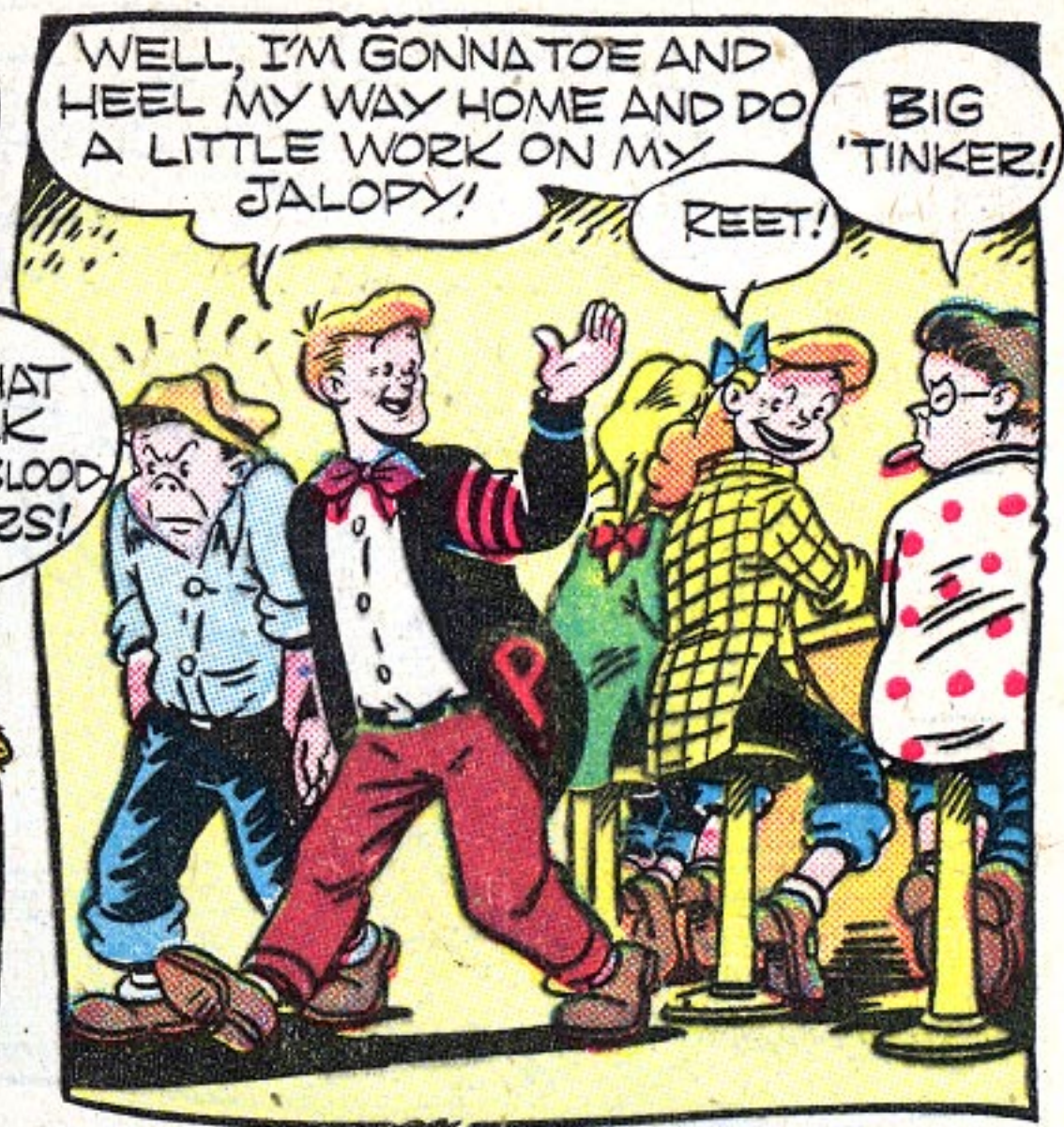
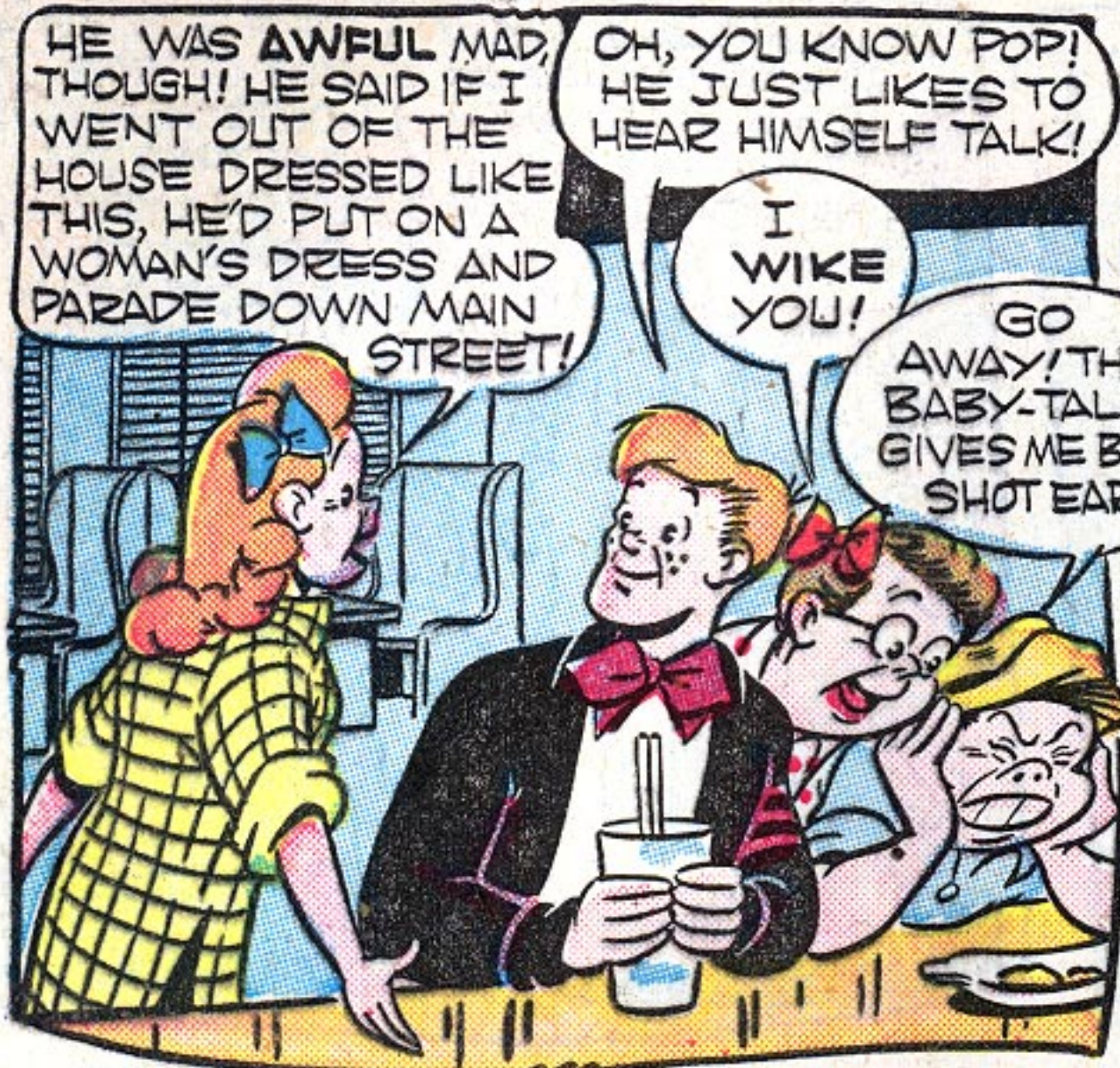


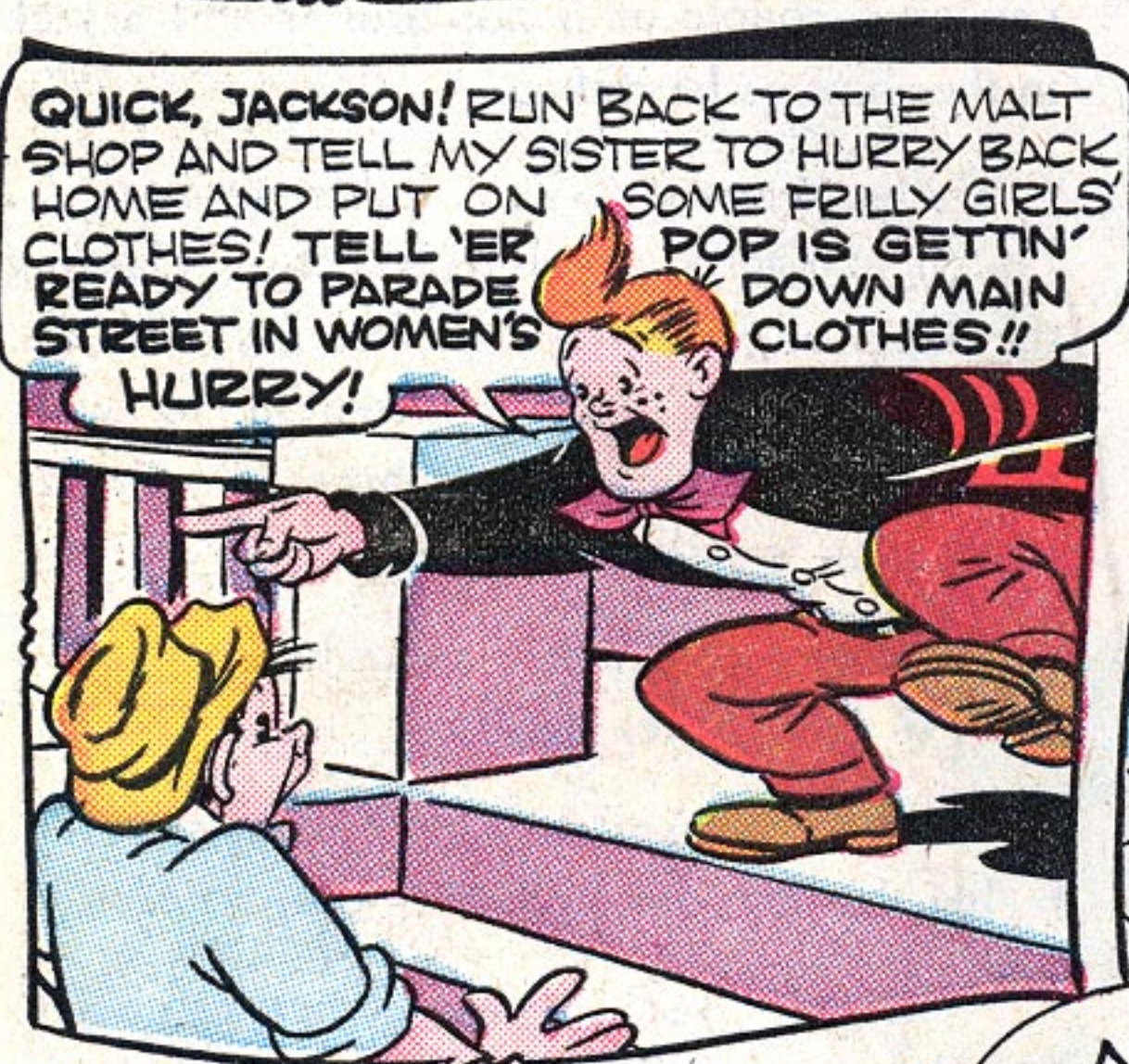
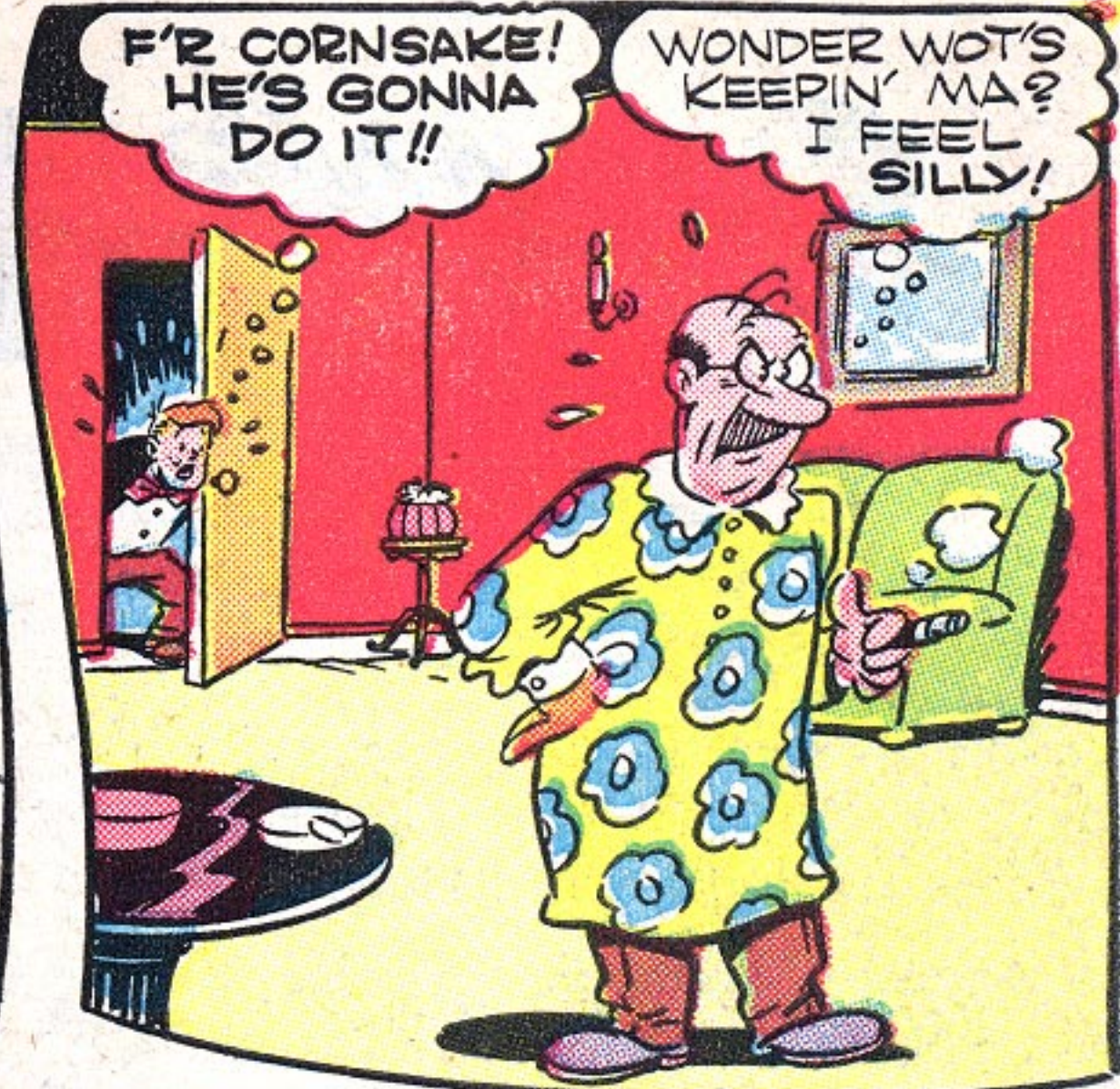
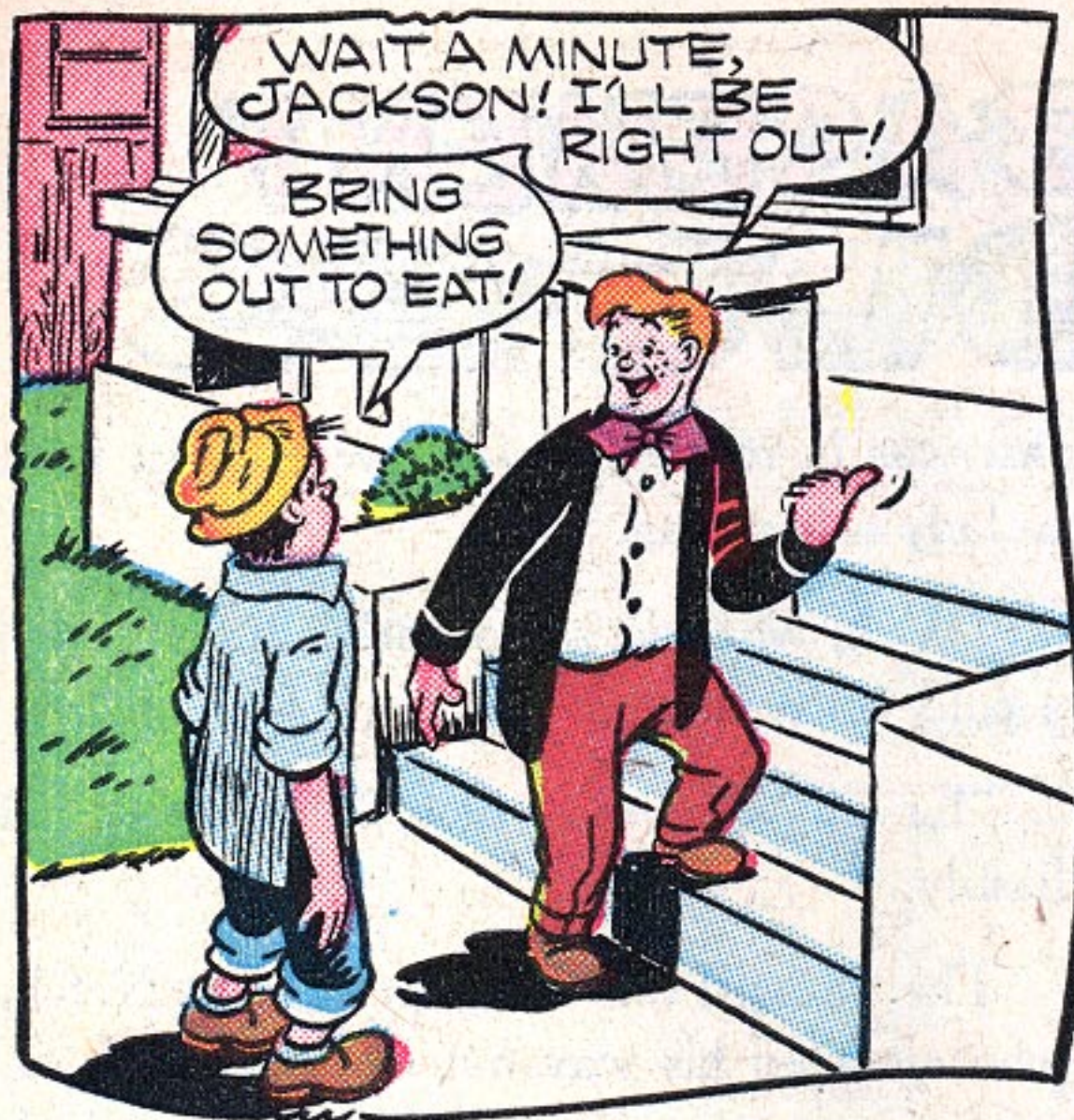
The **KILROYS** ⁱⁿ "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN"











Bargain BASEMENT BLUES

RRRRING! went the phone.

"H'lo," said Natch, draping himself across an easy chair. "This is Natch Kilroy, the pride of the town!"

"Stop clowning, Natch, and listen," Judy's voice was urgent. "You've simply got to do me a sensational favor . . . please!"

"Anything, dream dust, anything!" answered Natch gallantly. "What gives?"

"The Bon-Ton Shop's having a special sale in the basement and Snuggly-Wugglies are three for a dollar! I've got to have some, but I can't leave the house now. So will you . . . ?"

"I'm practically there now, pigeon," shouted Natch. "S'long!"

A few minutes later, when Natch walked down the steps into the Bon-Ton basement, he was caught up in a whirl of frenzied, shrieking womanhood. He tried to get to the Snuggly-Wuggly counter, but it was like bucking a football line—but worse; "Women!" he exclaimed in wonderment. "The fair, gentle sex. Who'd a thought it? Ouch!" This

ast was in reference to a severe thrust from a lady's handbag.

"Well, what do you want?" Natch heard a cold voice inquire.

"Er . . . three o' those!" he answered hastily.

The salesgirl thrust a paper bag at Natch, who elbowed his way out of the crowd, receiving a couple of minor bruises and a kick in the shins as he did so.

Battered and weary . . . but triumphant . . . Natch staggered to Judy's house, clasping the paper bag as a hard-won trophy of battle. He had barely enough strength to walk through the door and collapse in a living room chair.

"Oh, you got them!" sang Judy. "That's super of you, Natch, really . . . why, Natch!"

"What's the matter, Judy?" asked Natch, feeling his legs for broken bones.

"Matter!" Judy repeated tempestuously. "Nothing . . . nothing at all. You just brought the wrong size and the wrong color, that's what's the matter. *Goon!*"

"But, Judy, baby . . ." Natch started to protest.

"Let's not talk this over," Judy interrupted. "There's only *one thing* for you to do!"

"No! No!" cried Natch.

"Yes! Yes!" insisted Judy. "March right down to the Bon-Ton and bring 'em back!"

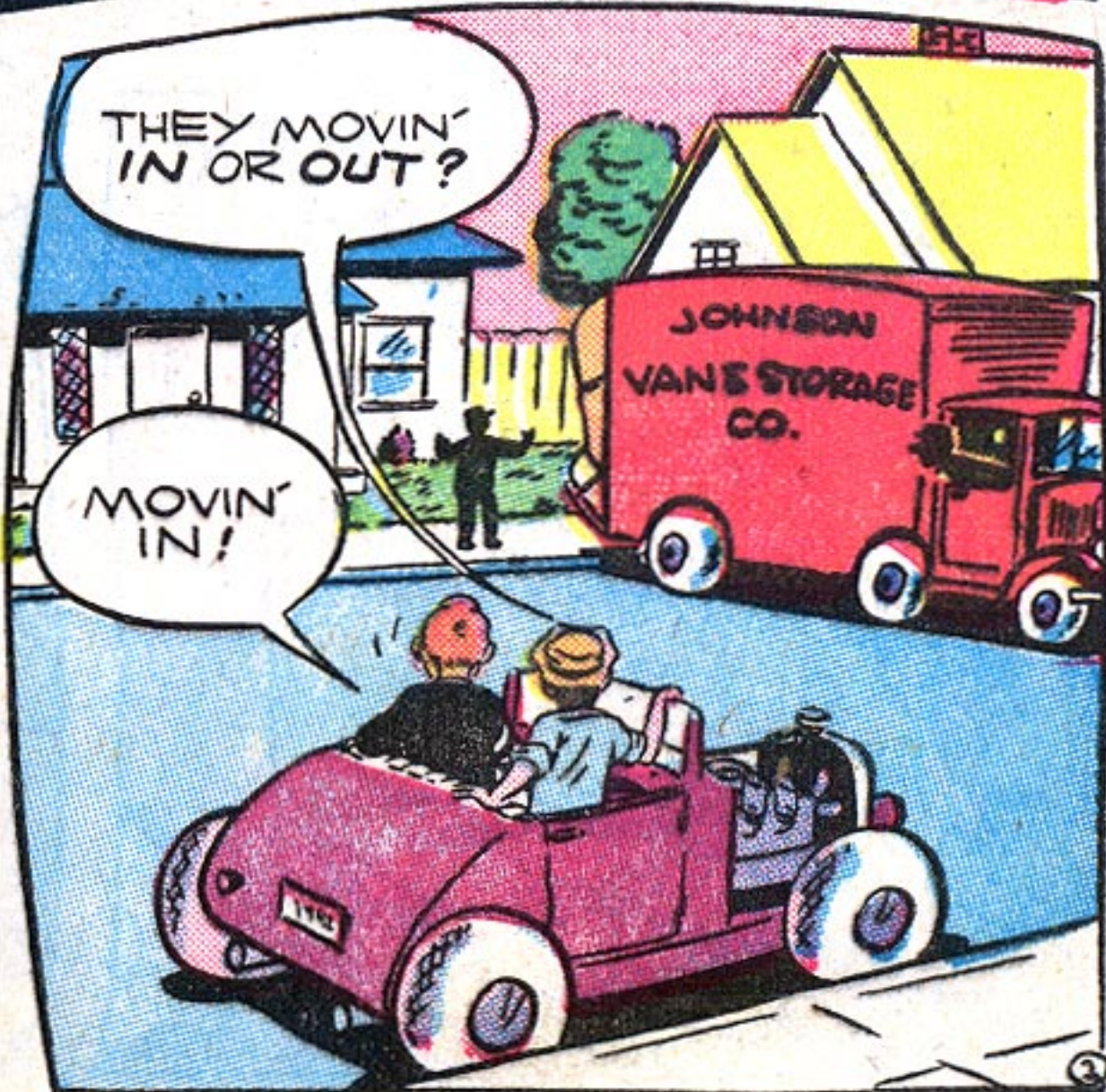
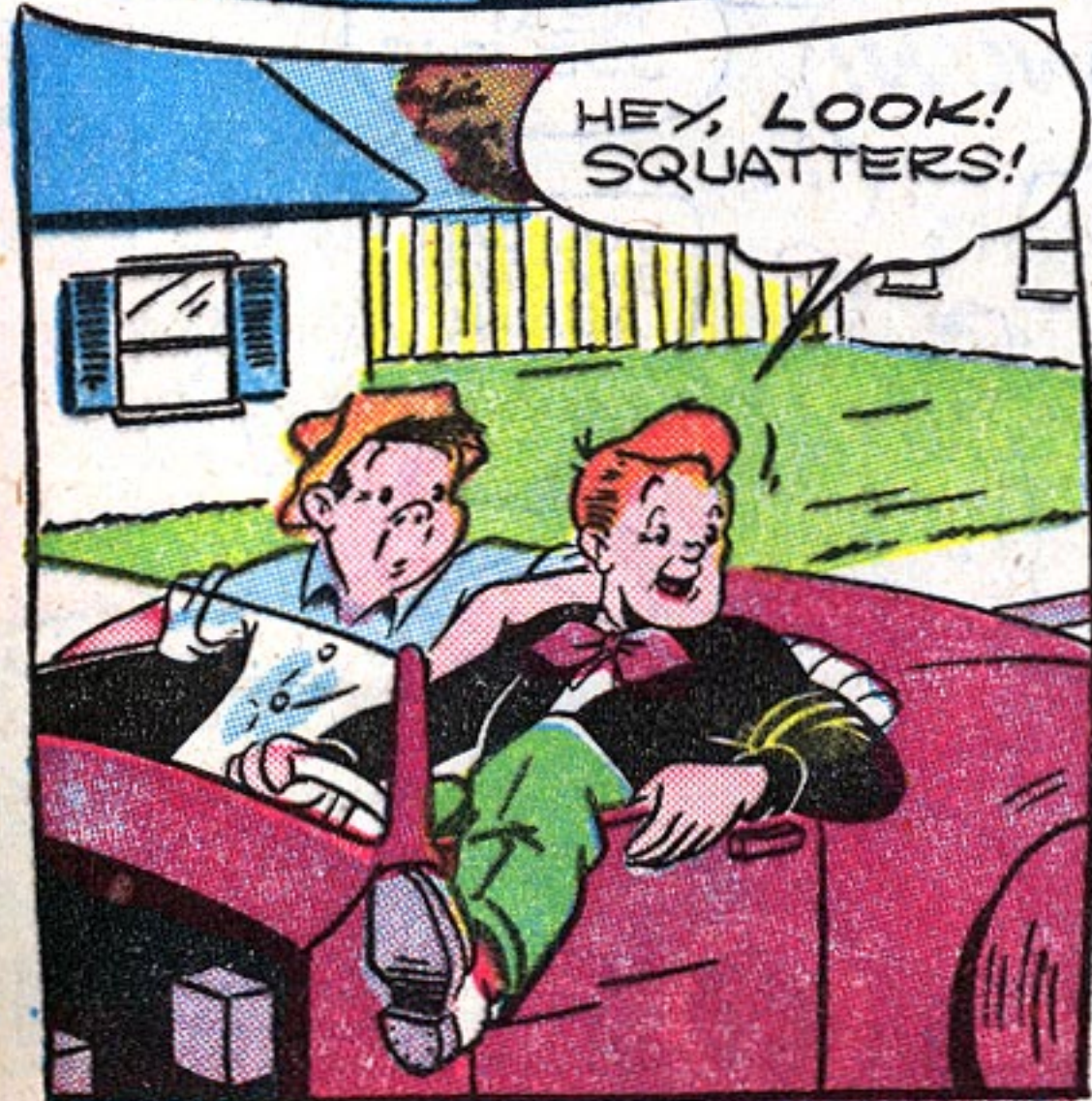
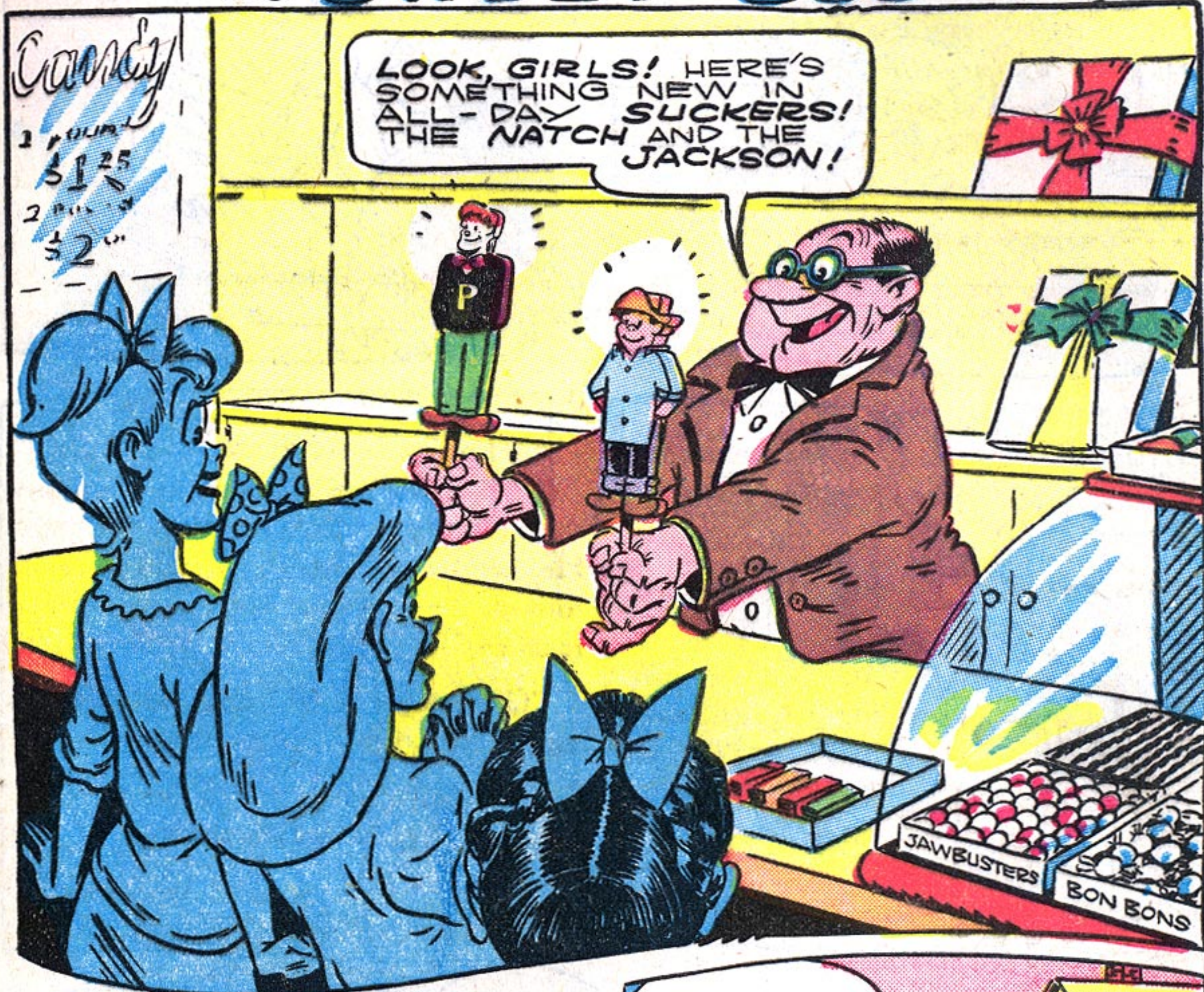
"I may bring 'em back," gasped Natch, struggling to his feet, "but it won't be *alive!*"

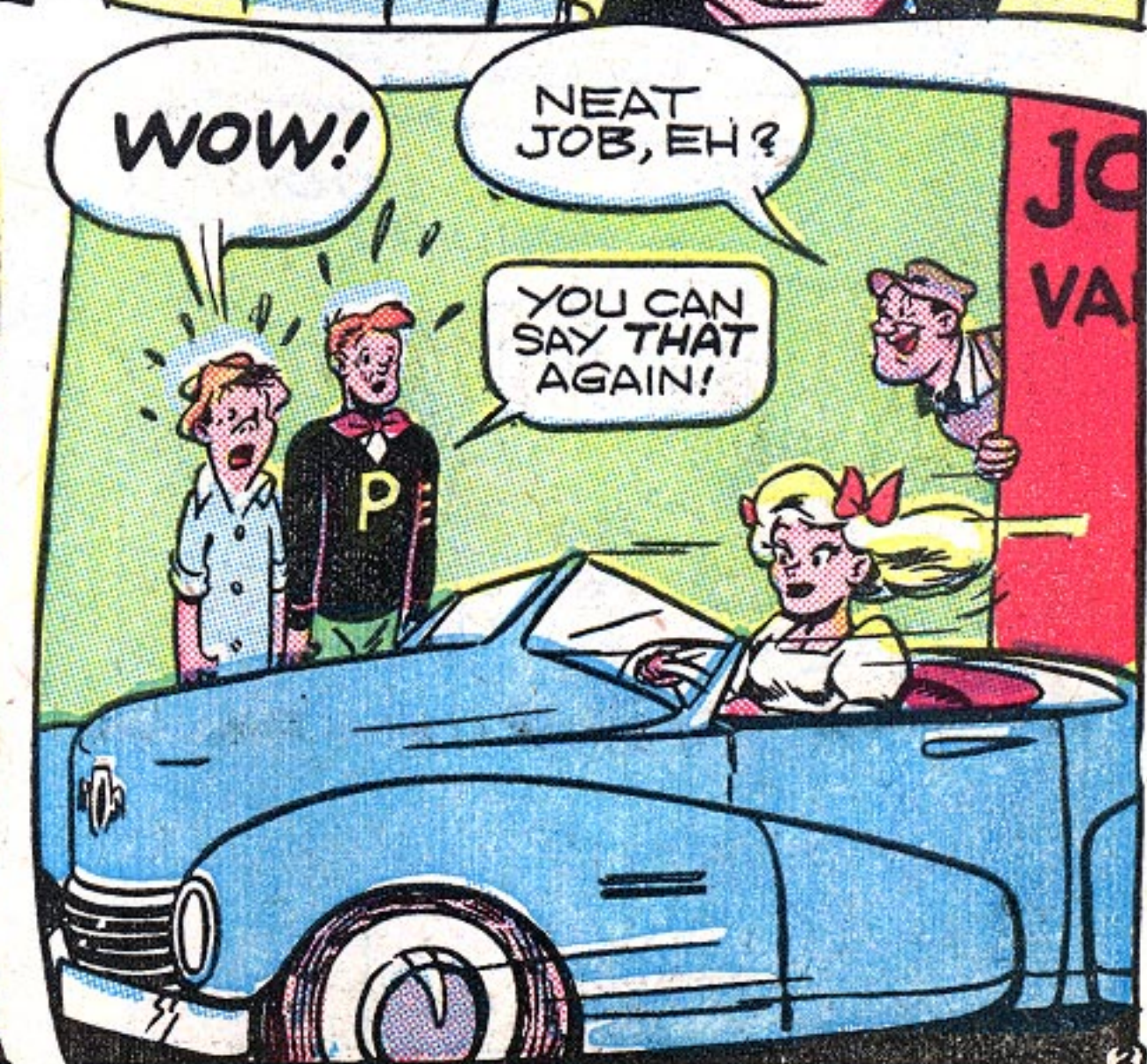
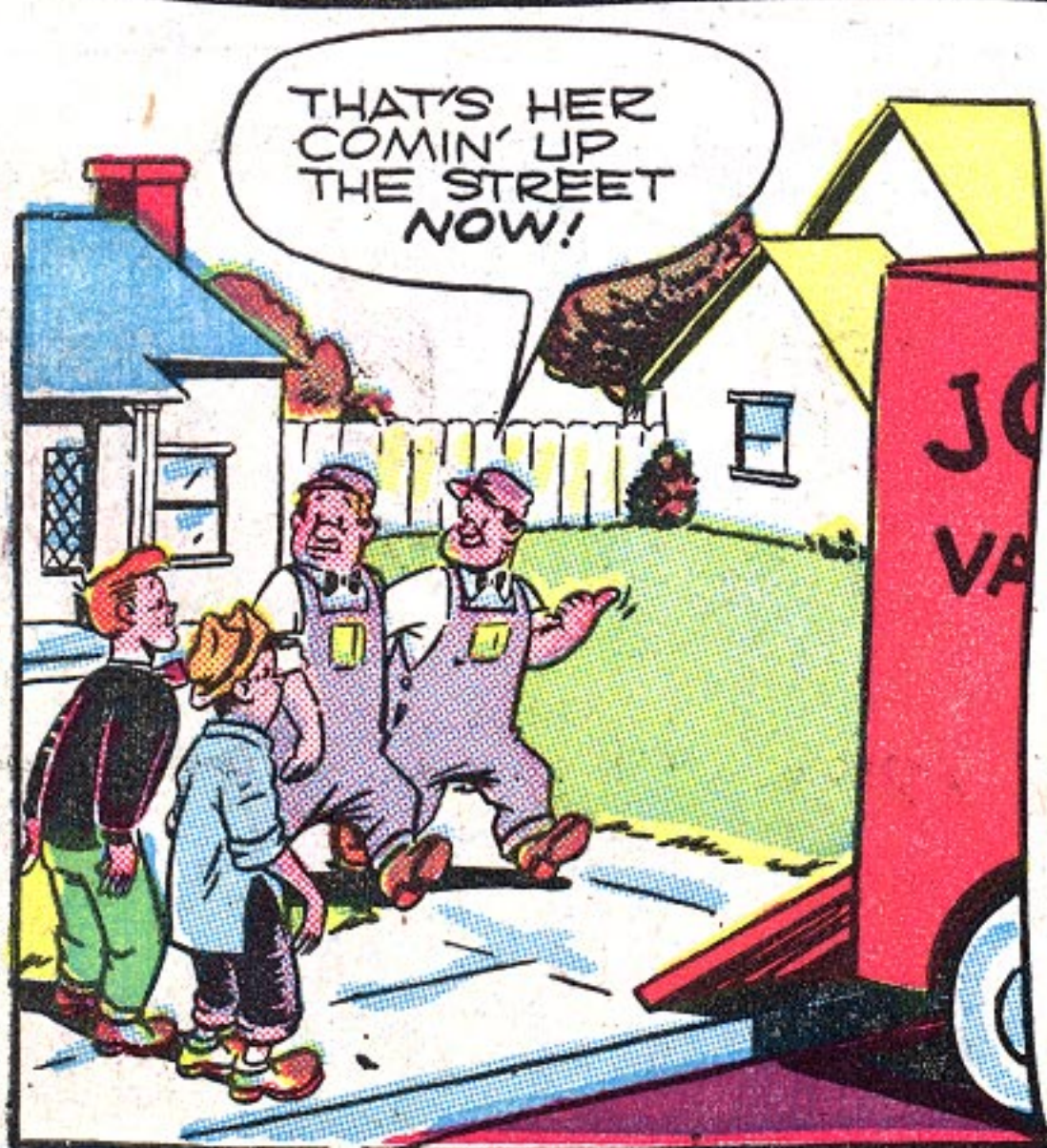
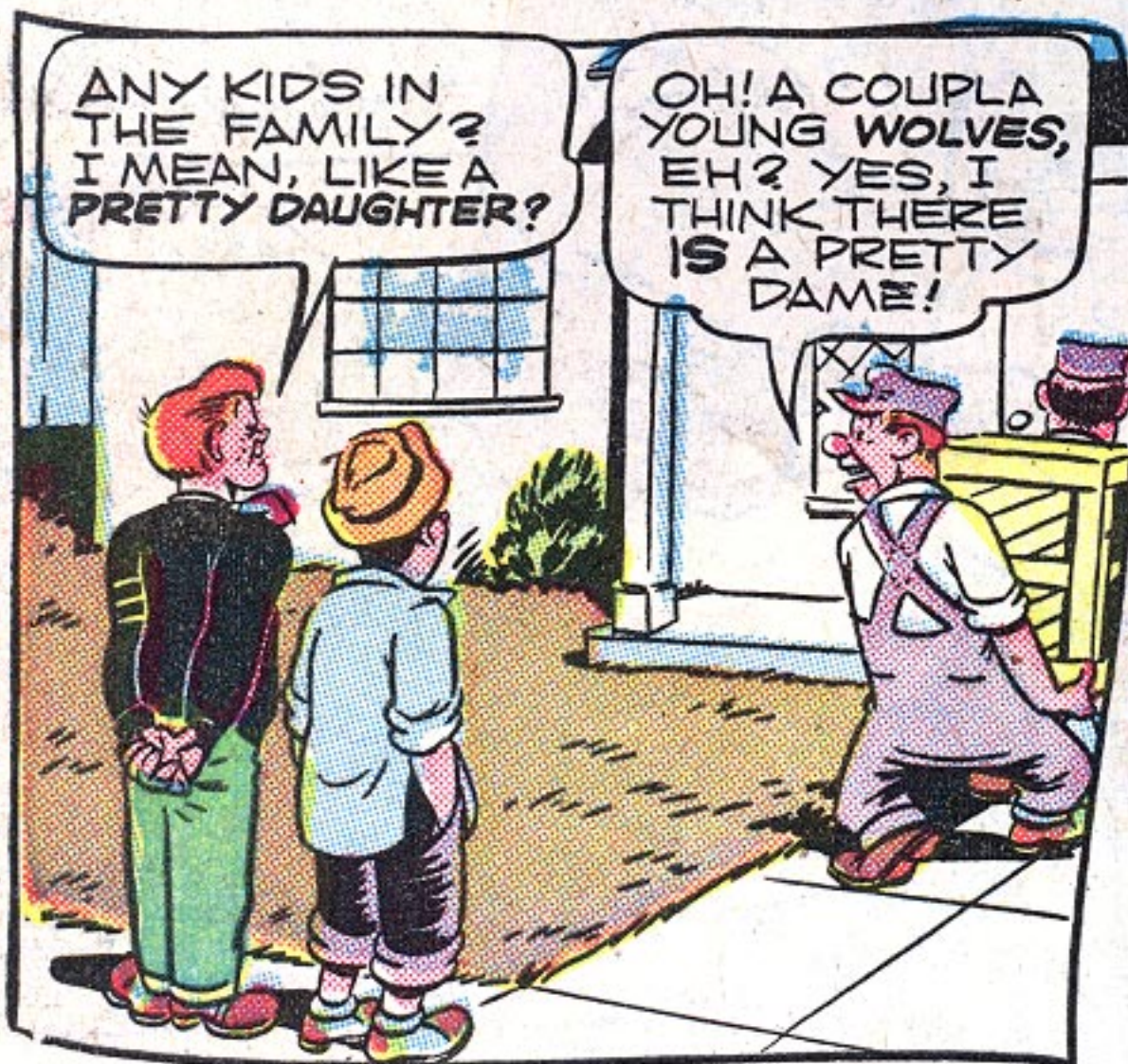
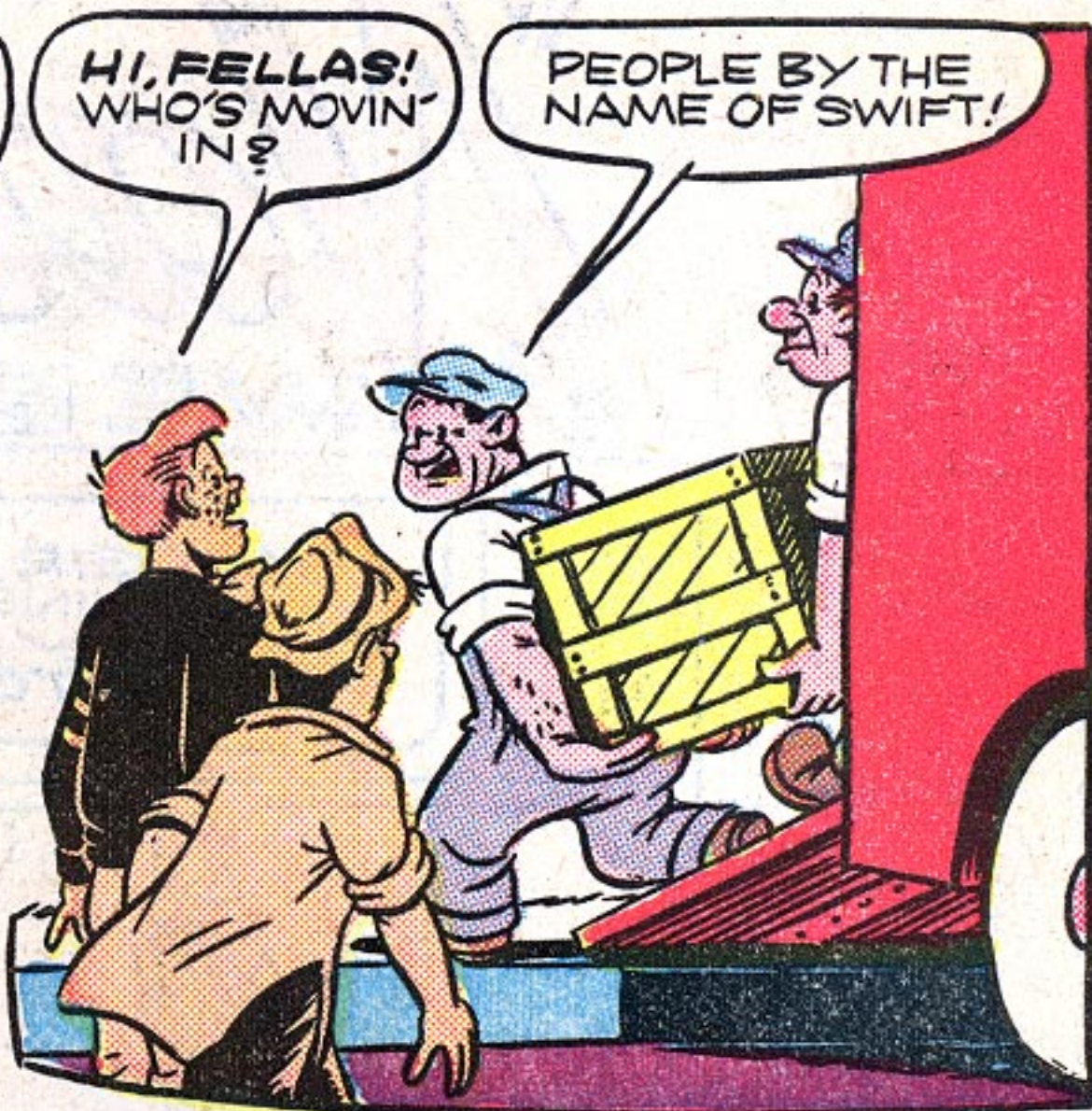
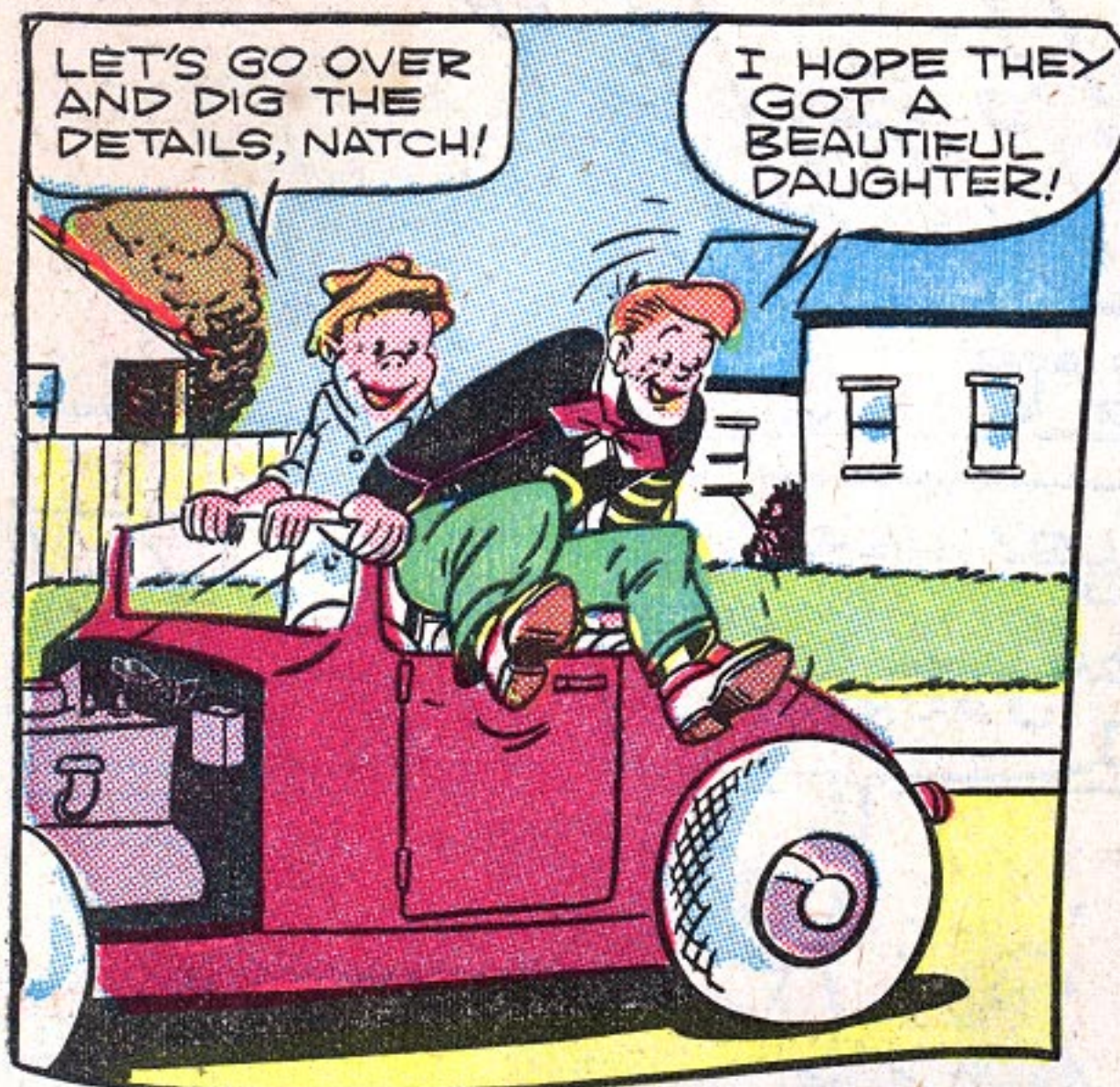
As he walked down the front steps, he murmured once more, scornfully, "*Women!*"

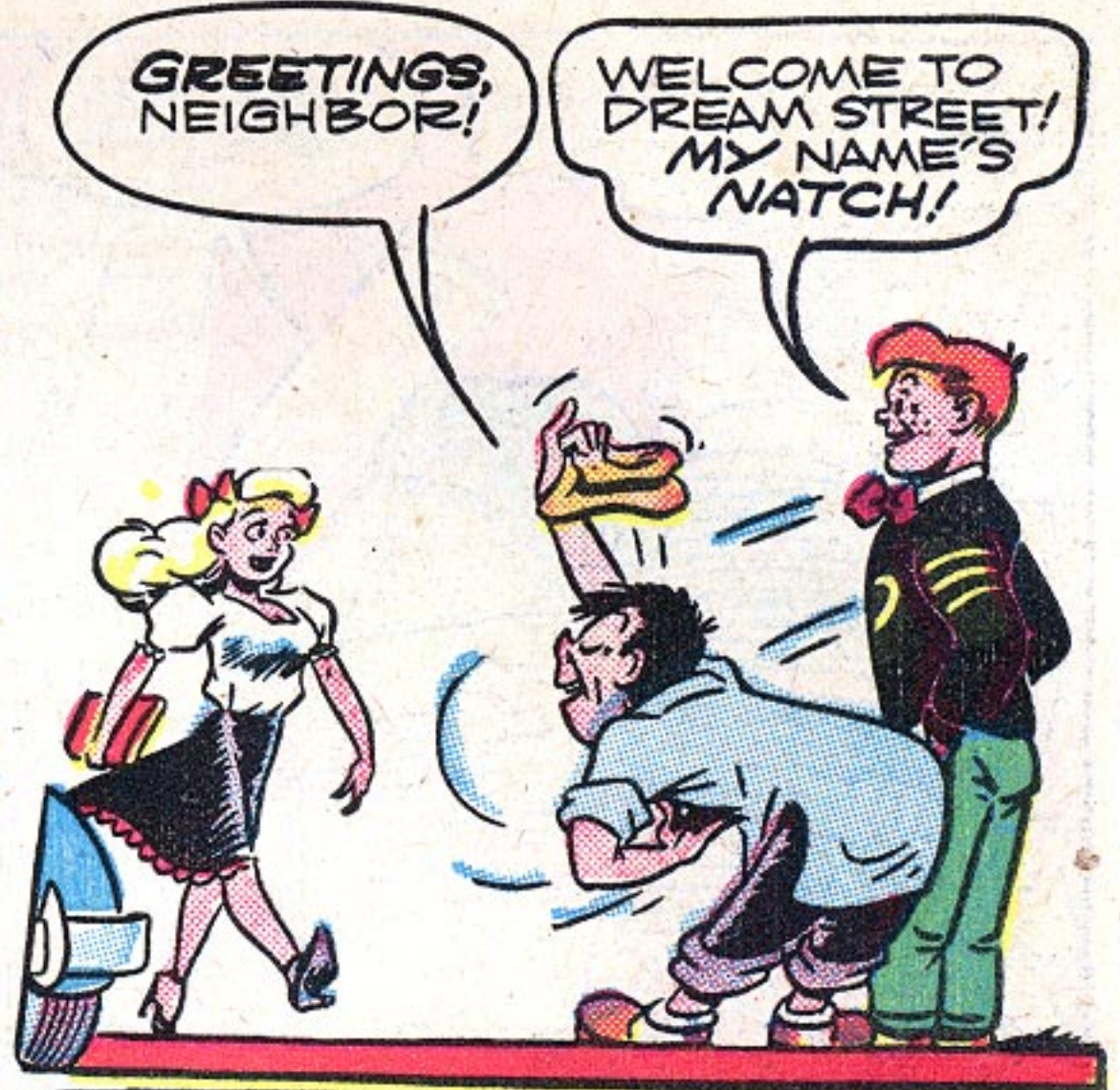
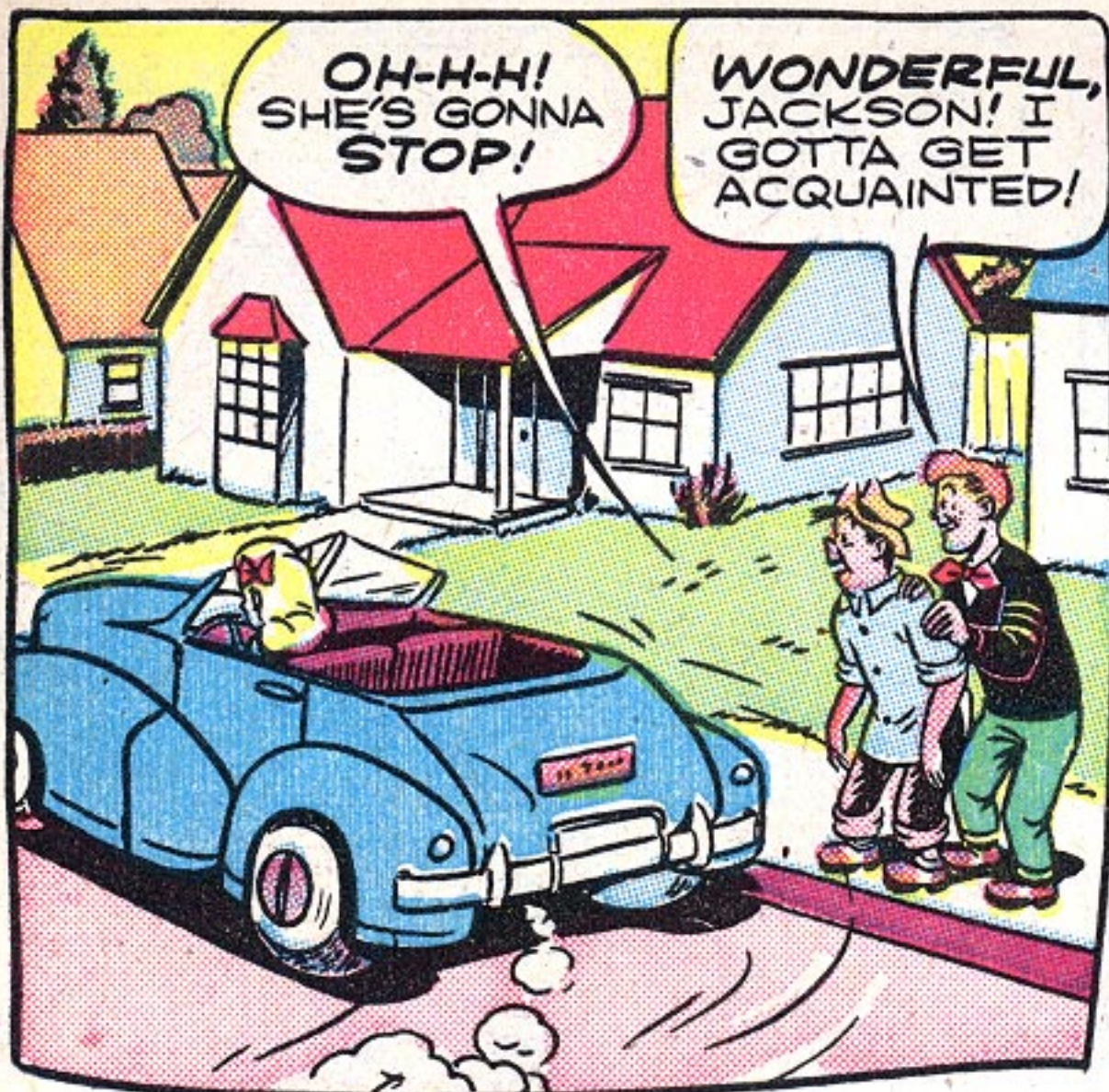


"Natch"

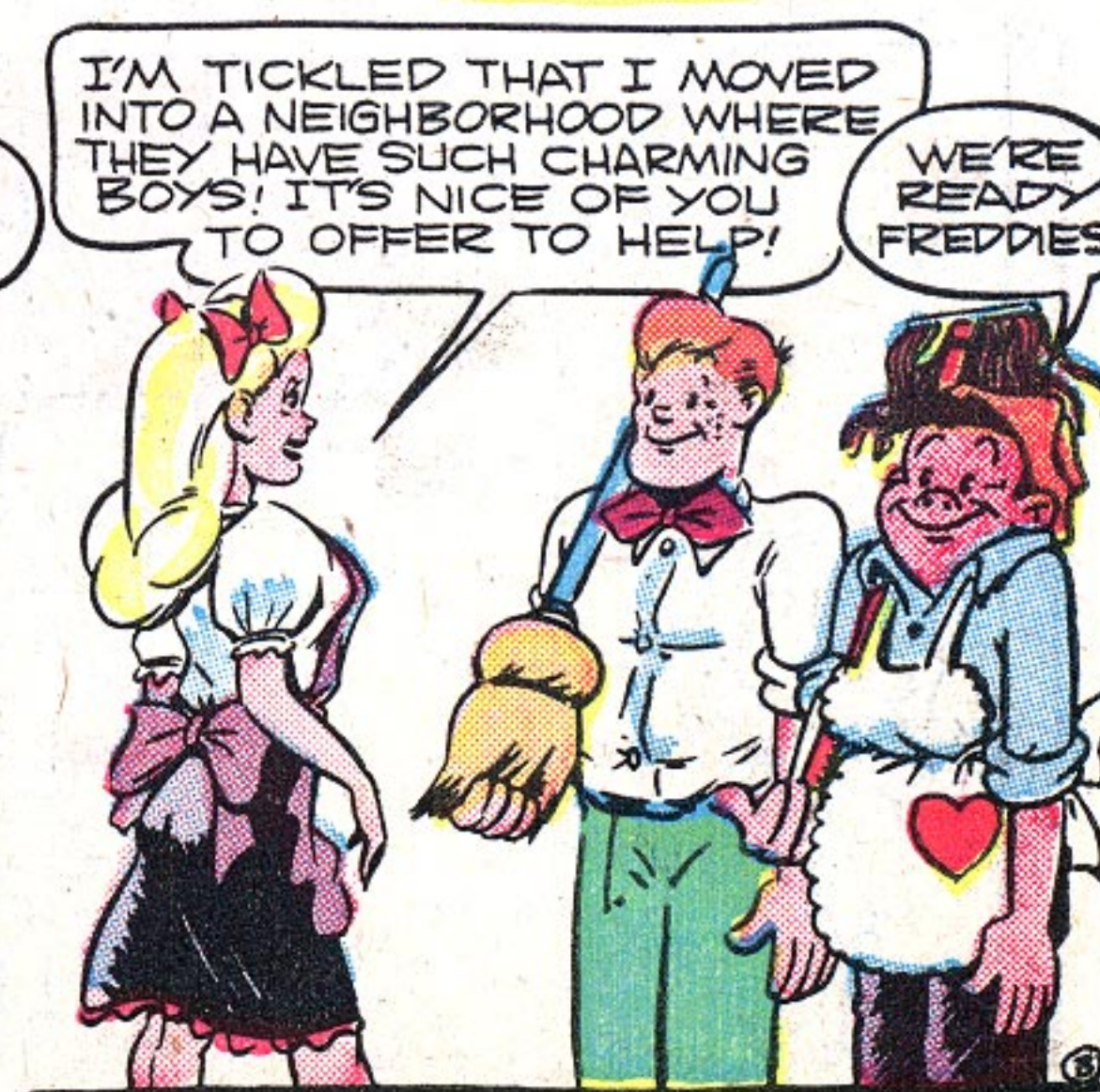
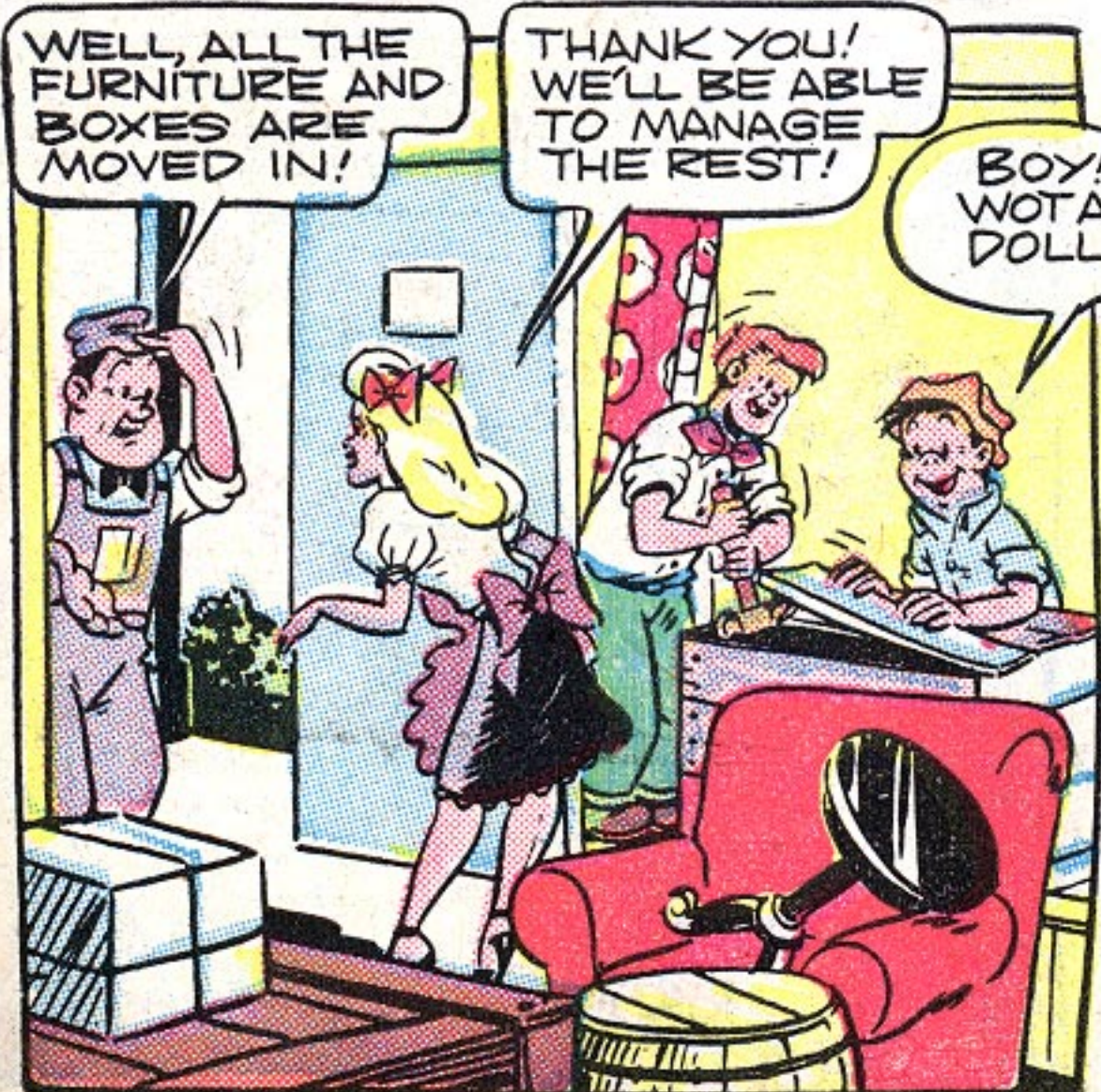
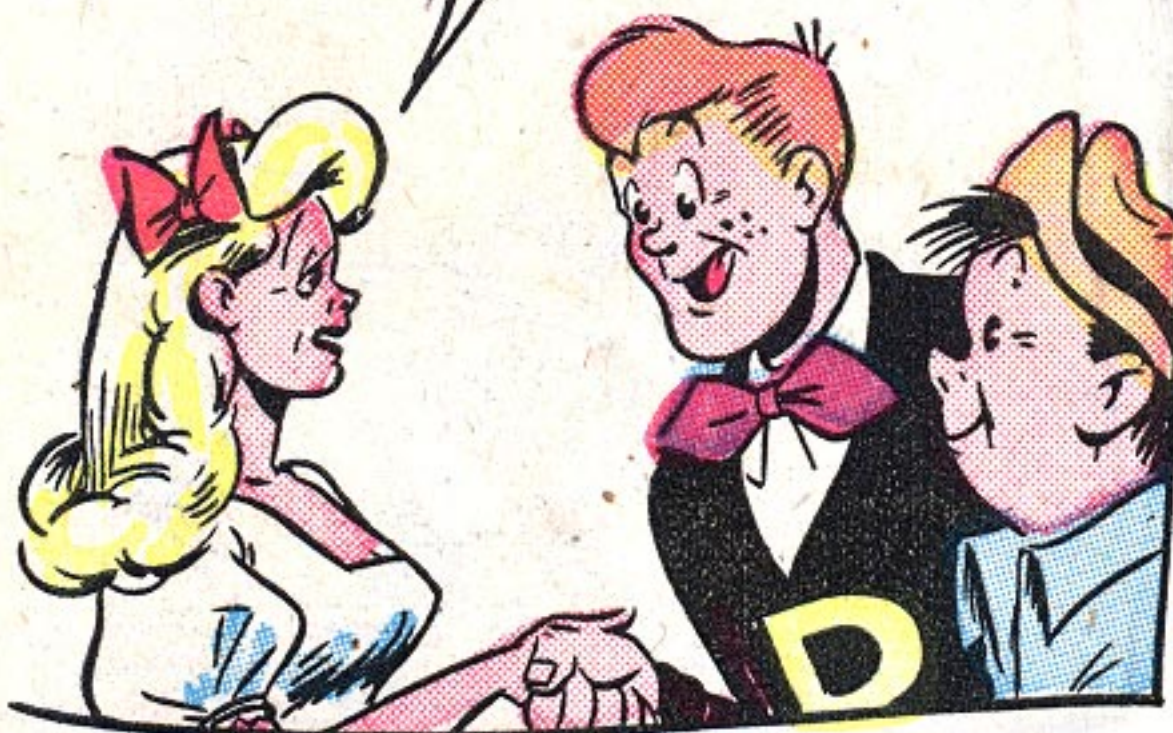
in "SWEET SUE"

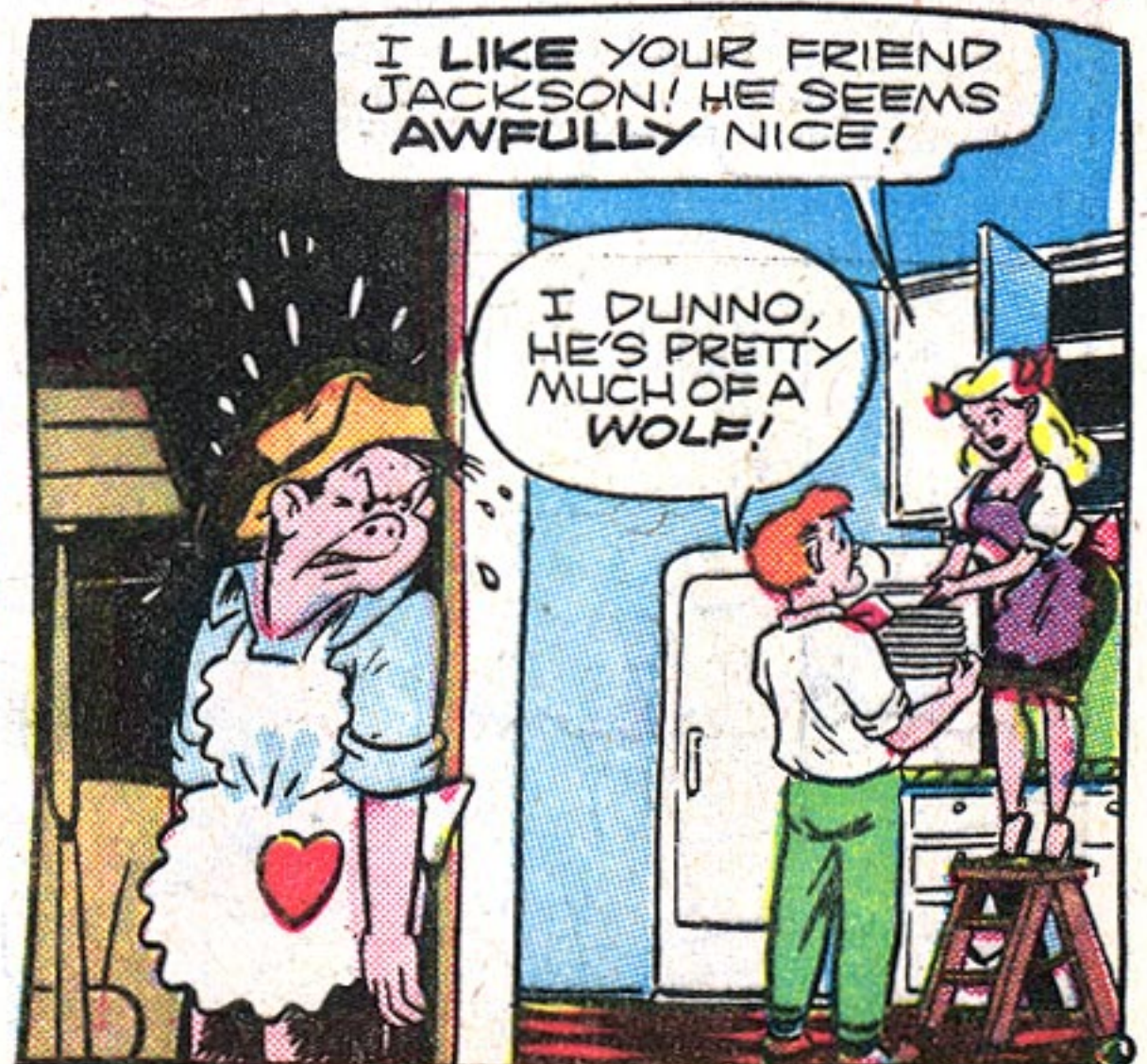
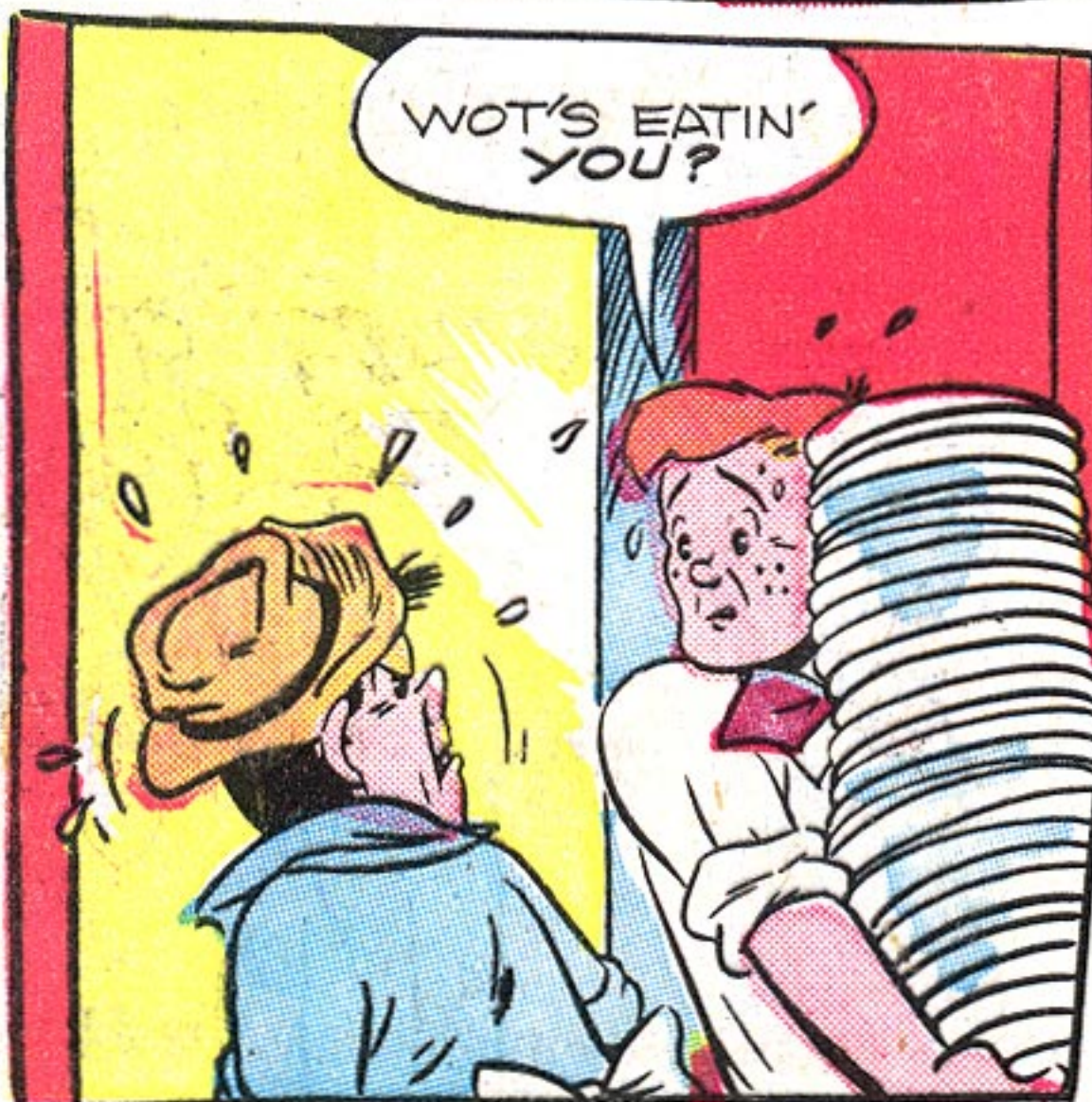
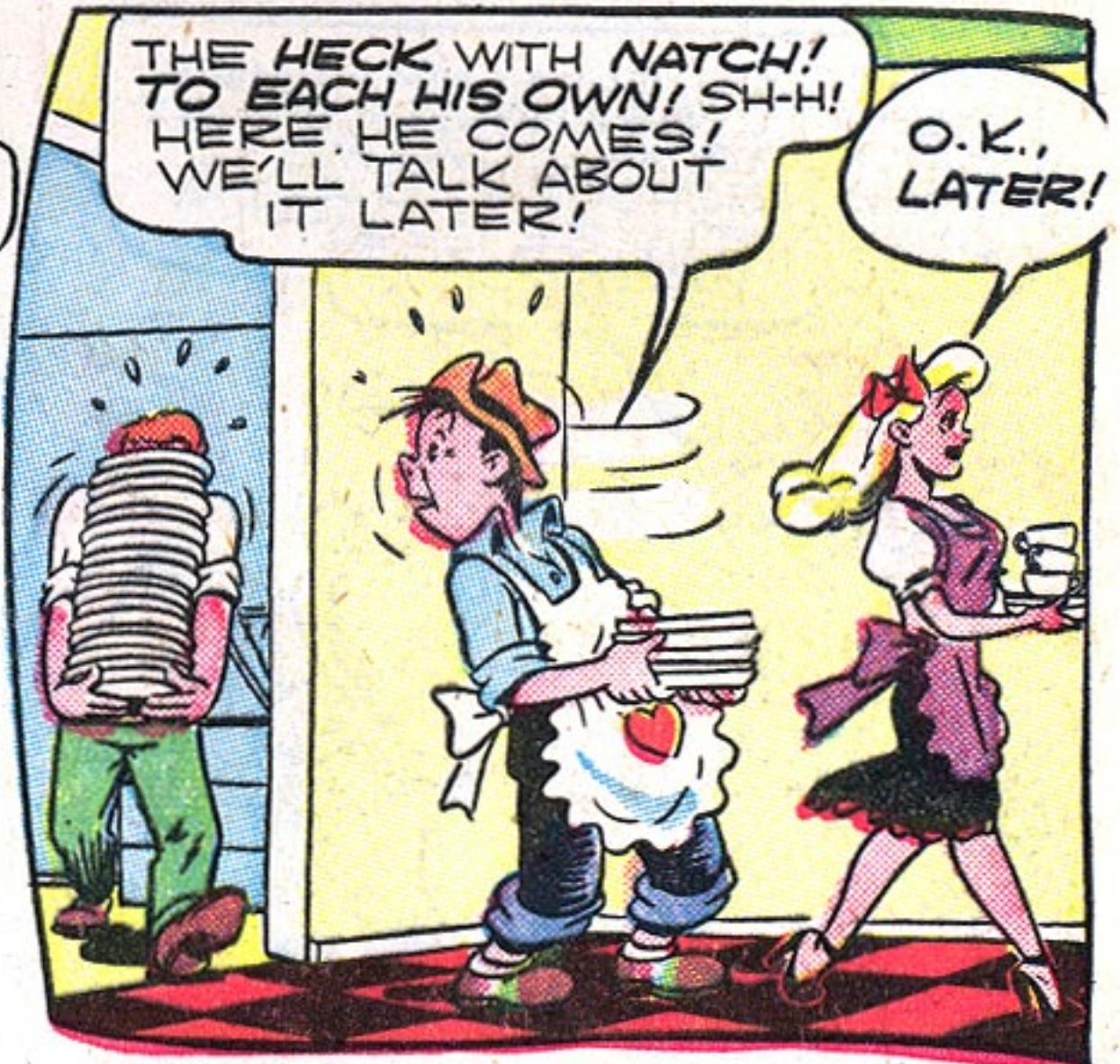
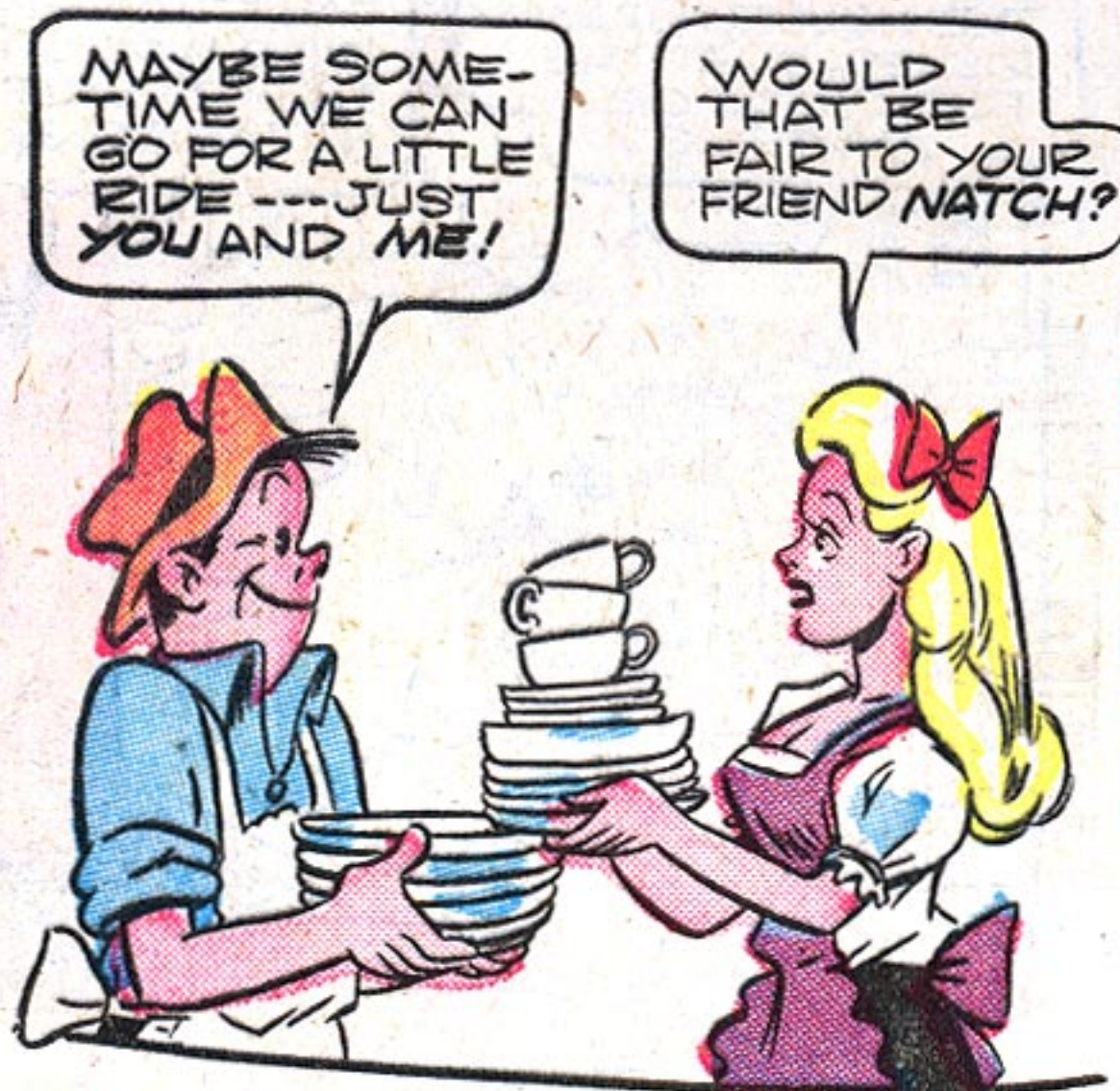
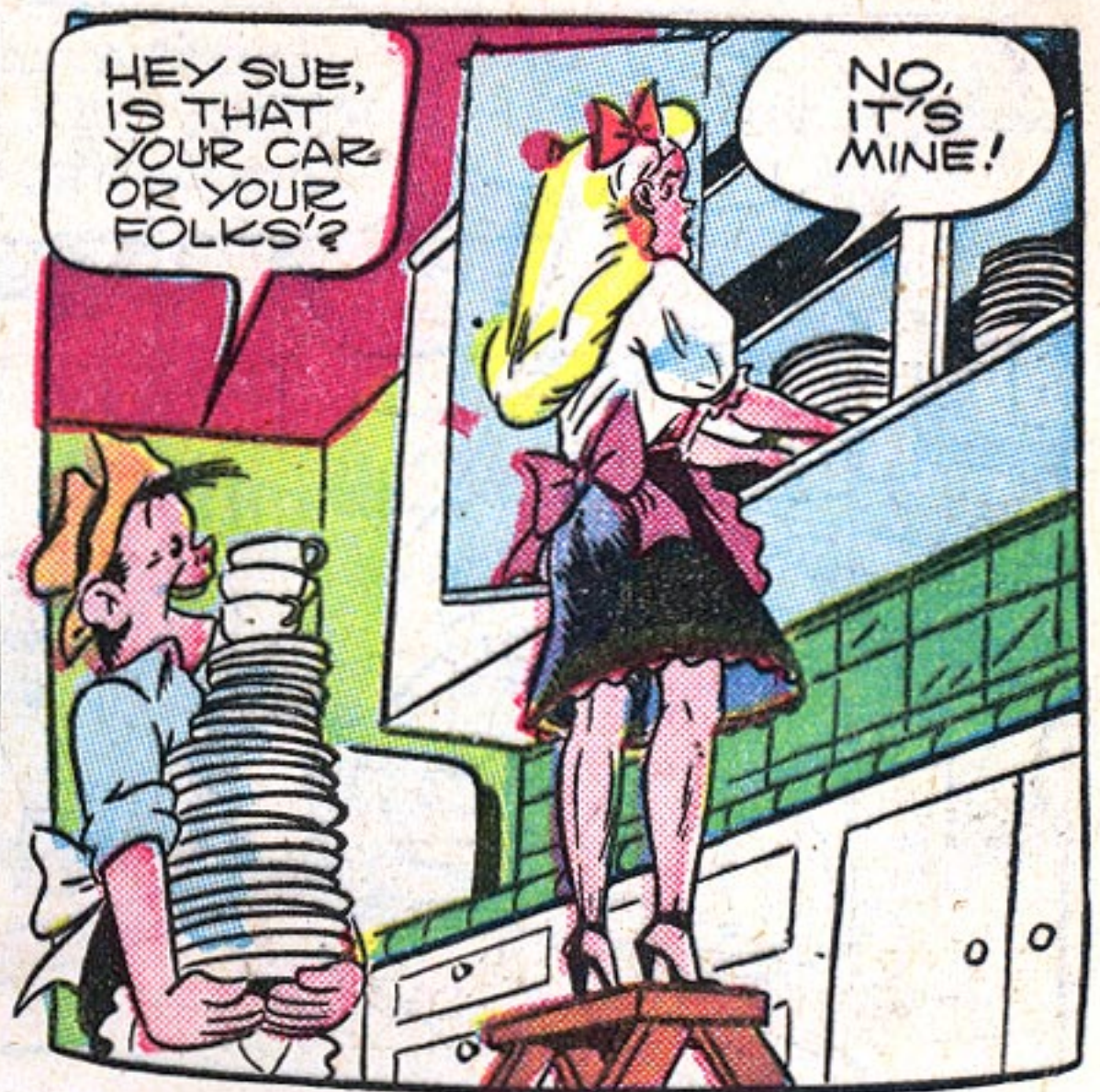
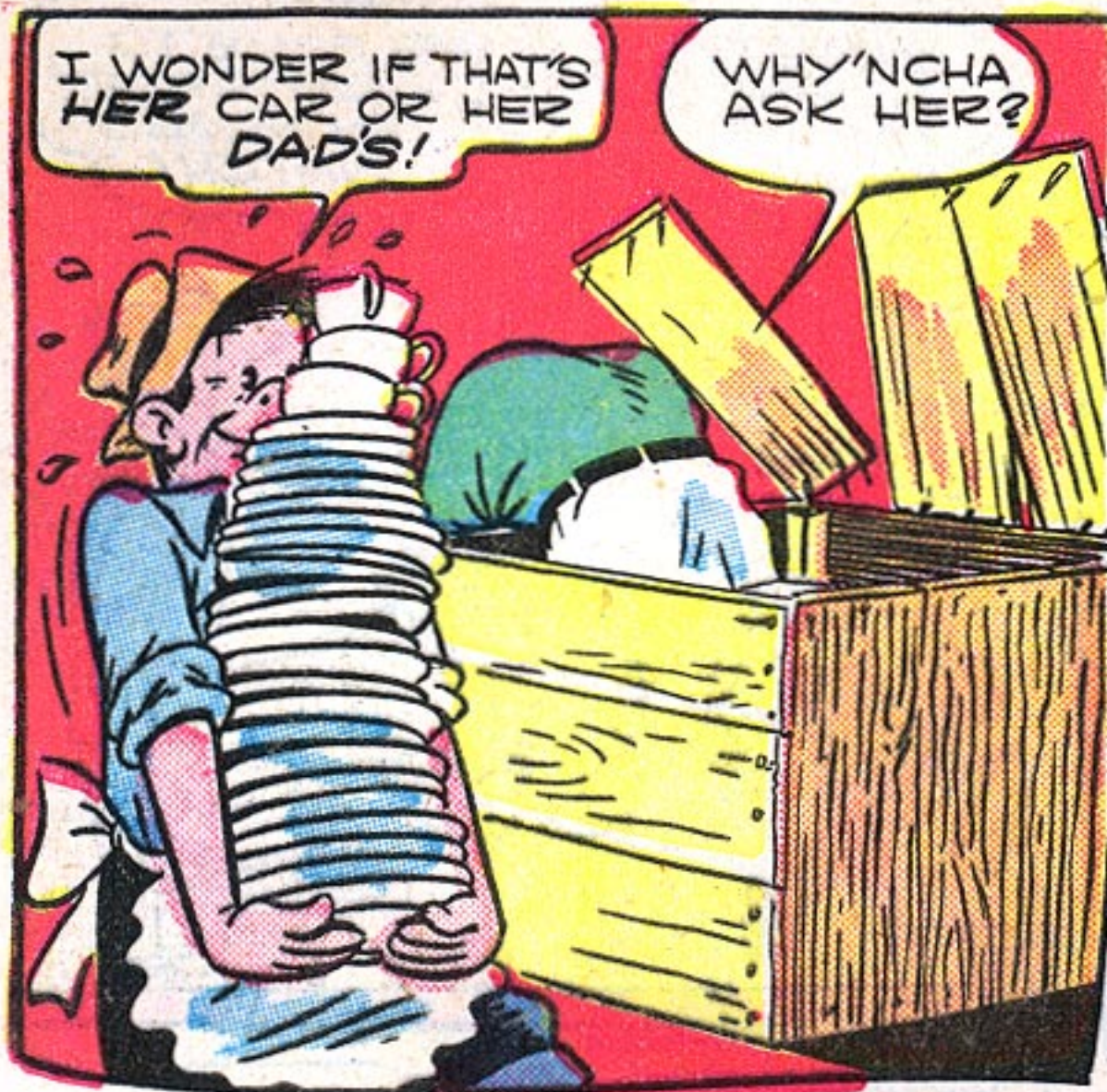


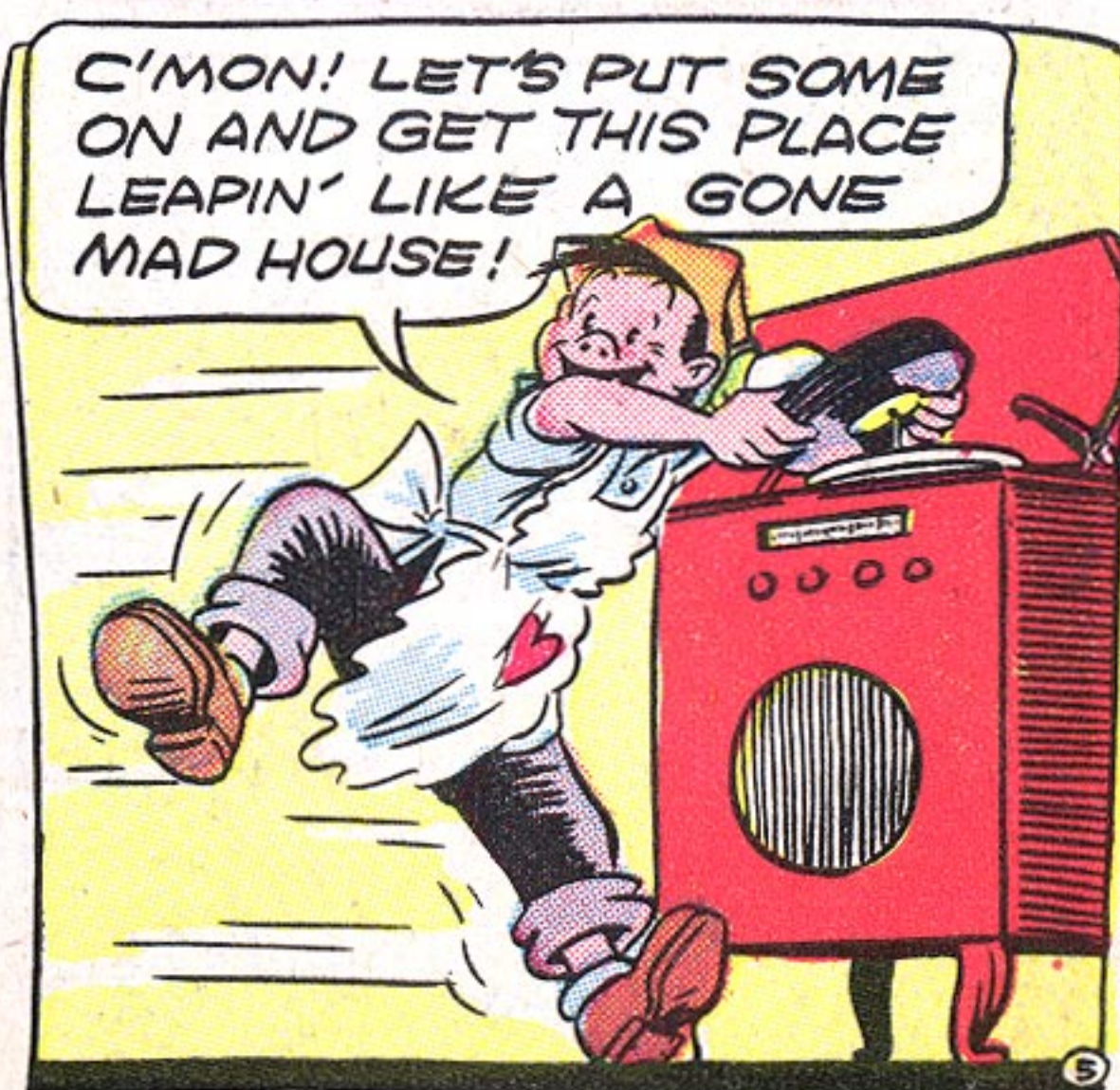
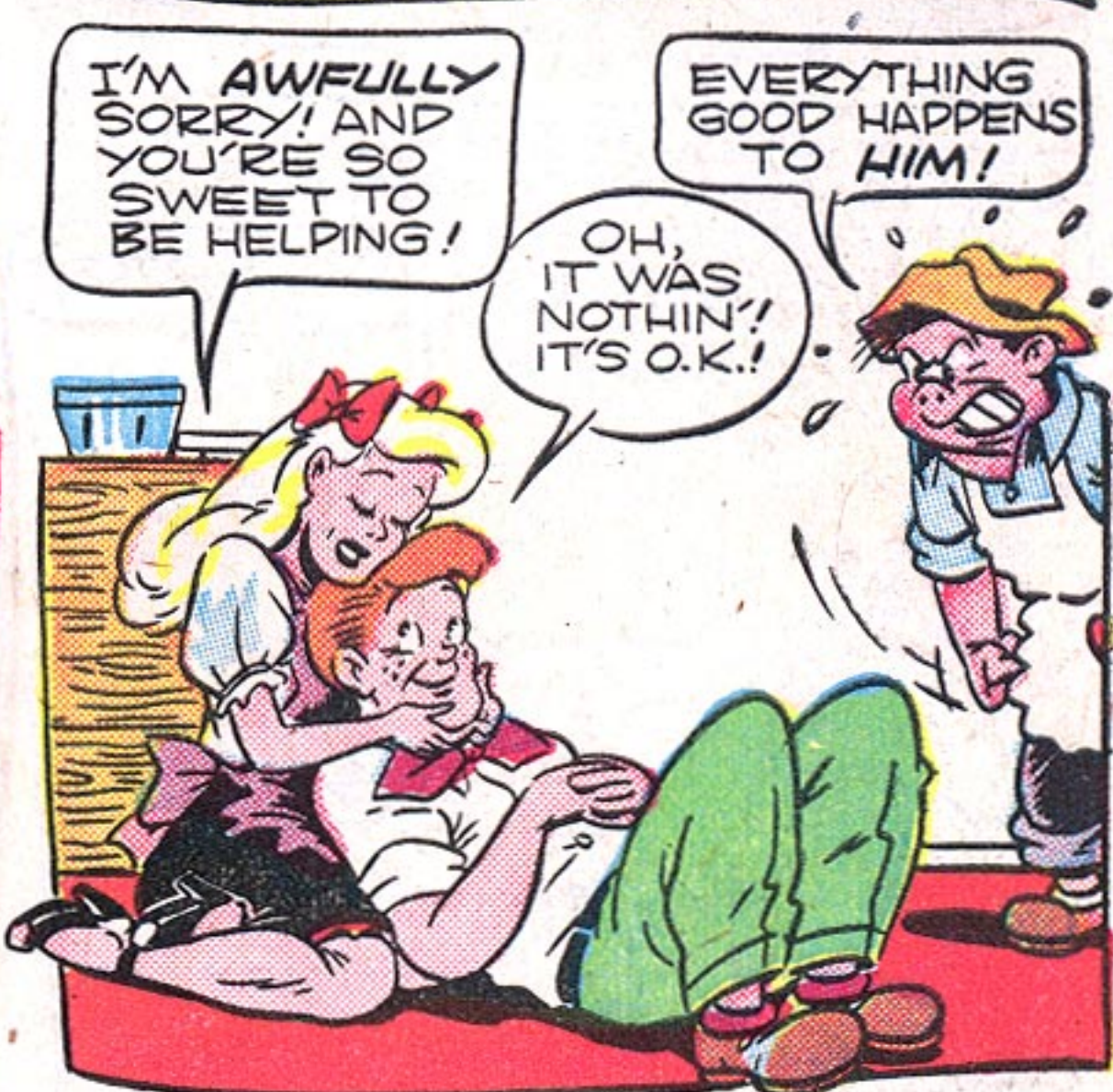
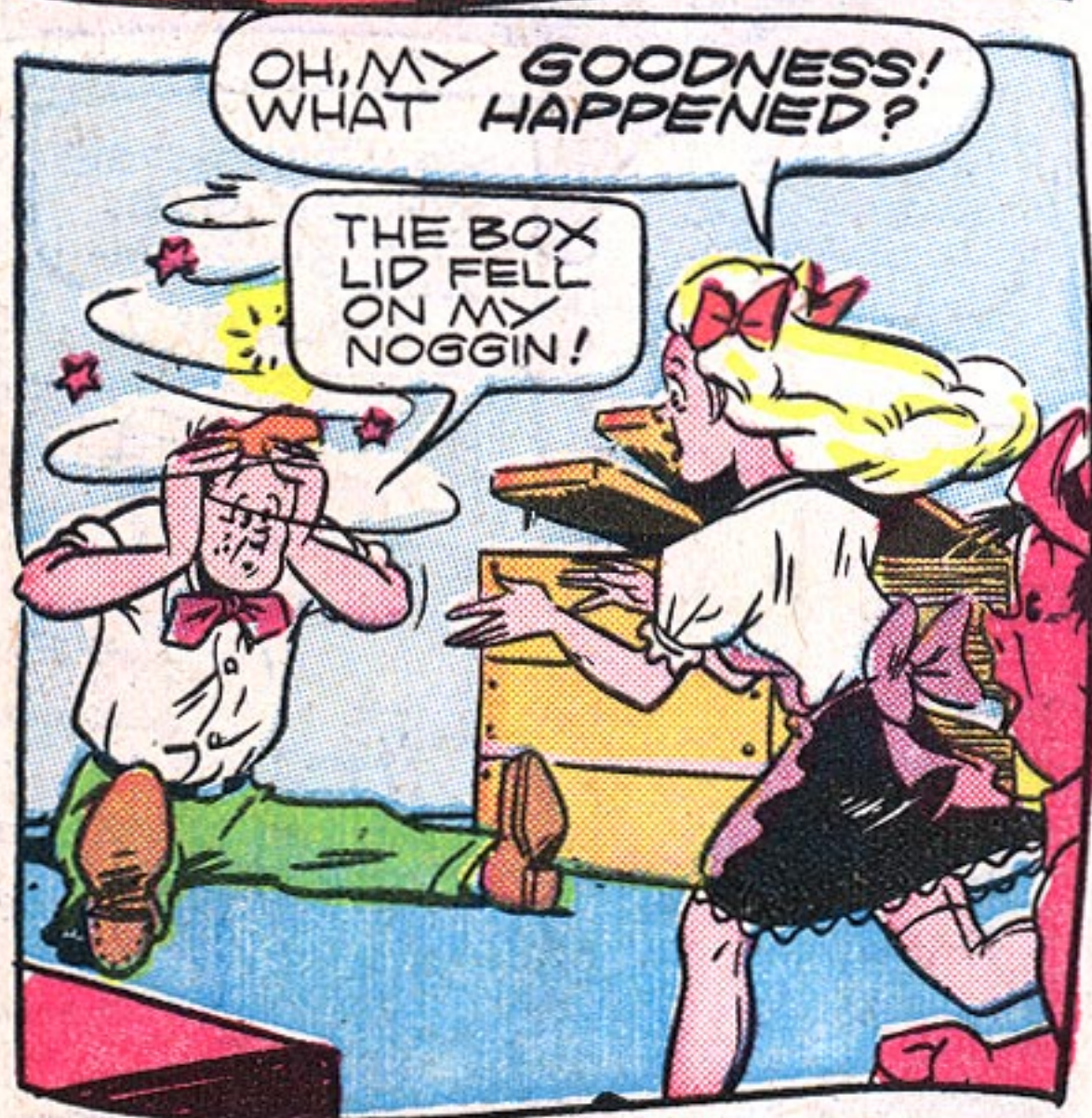
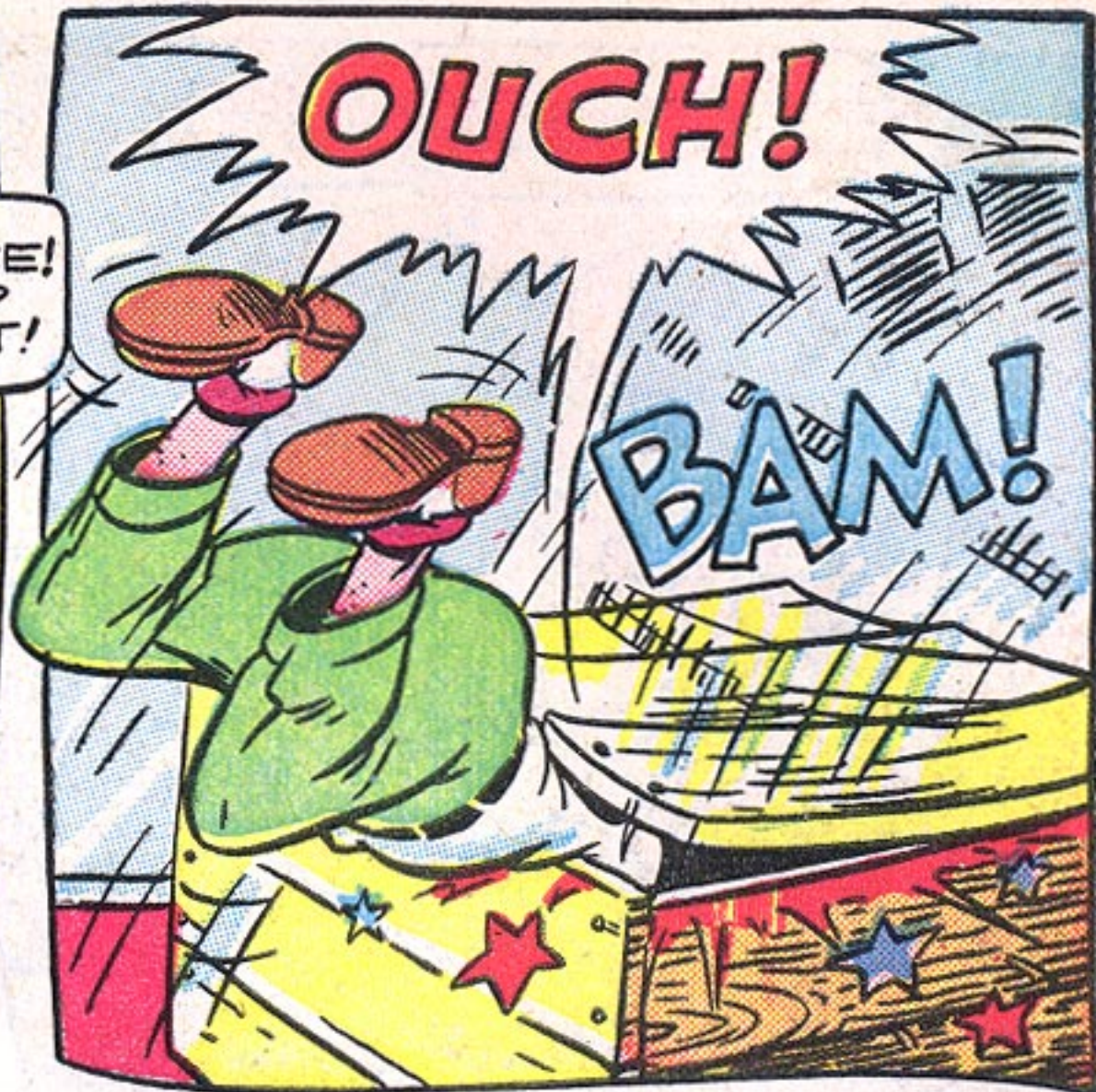
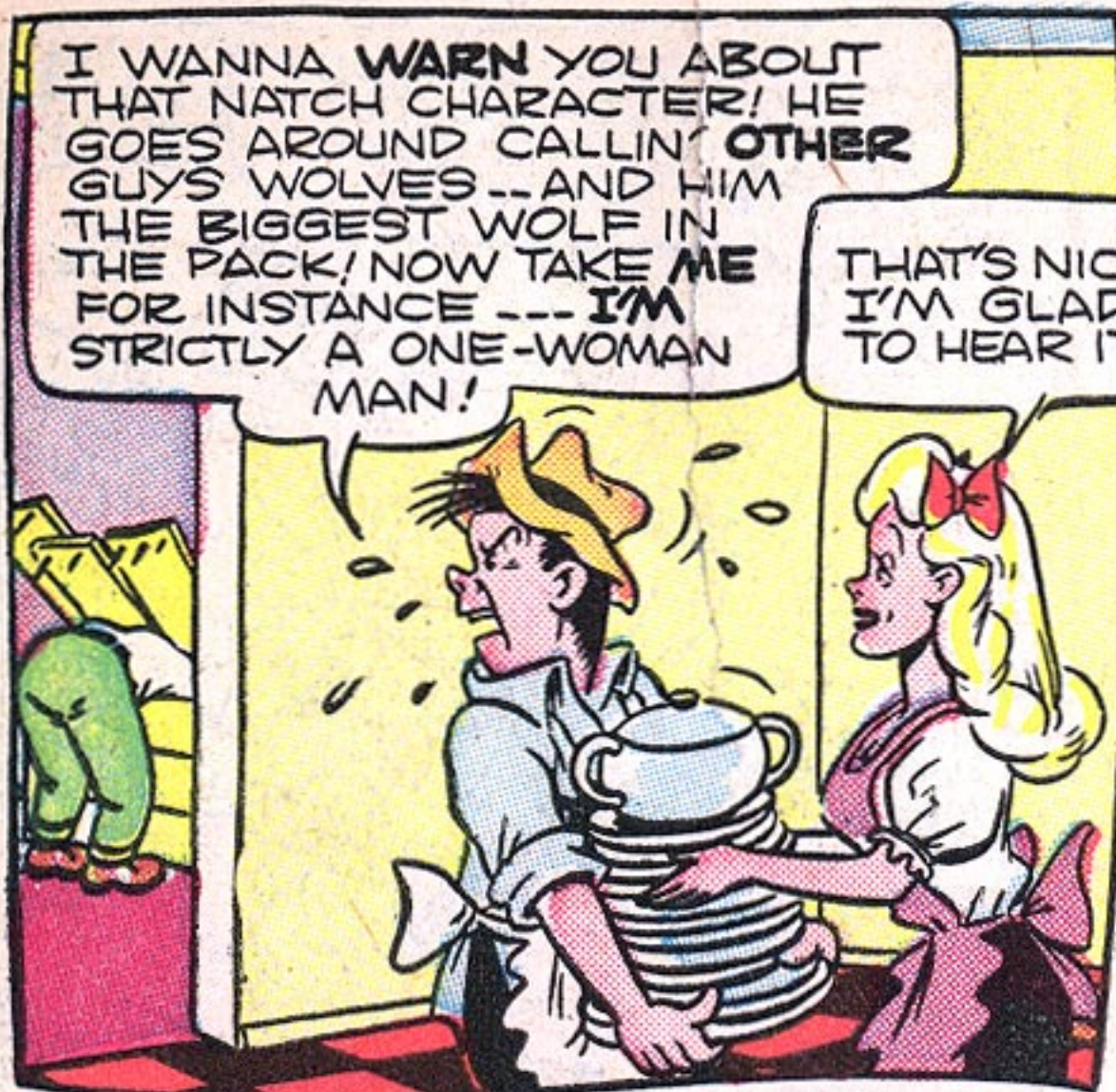


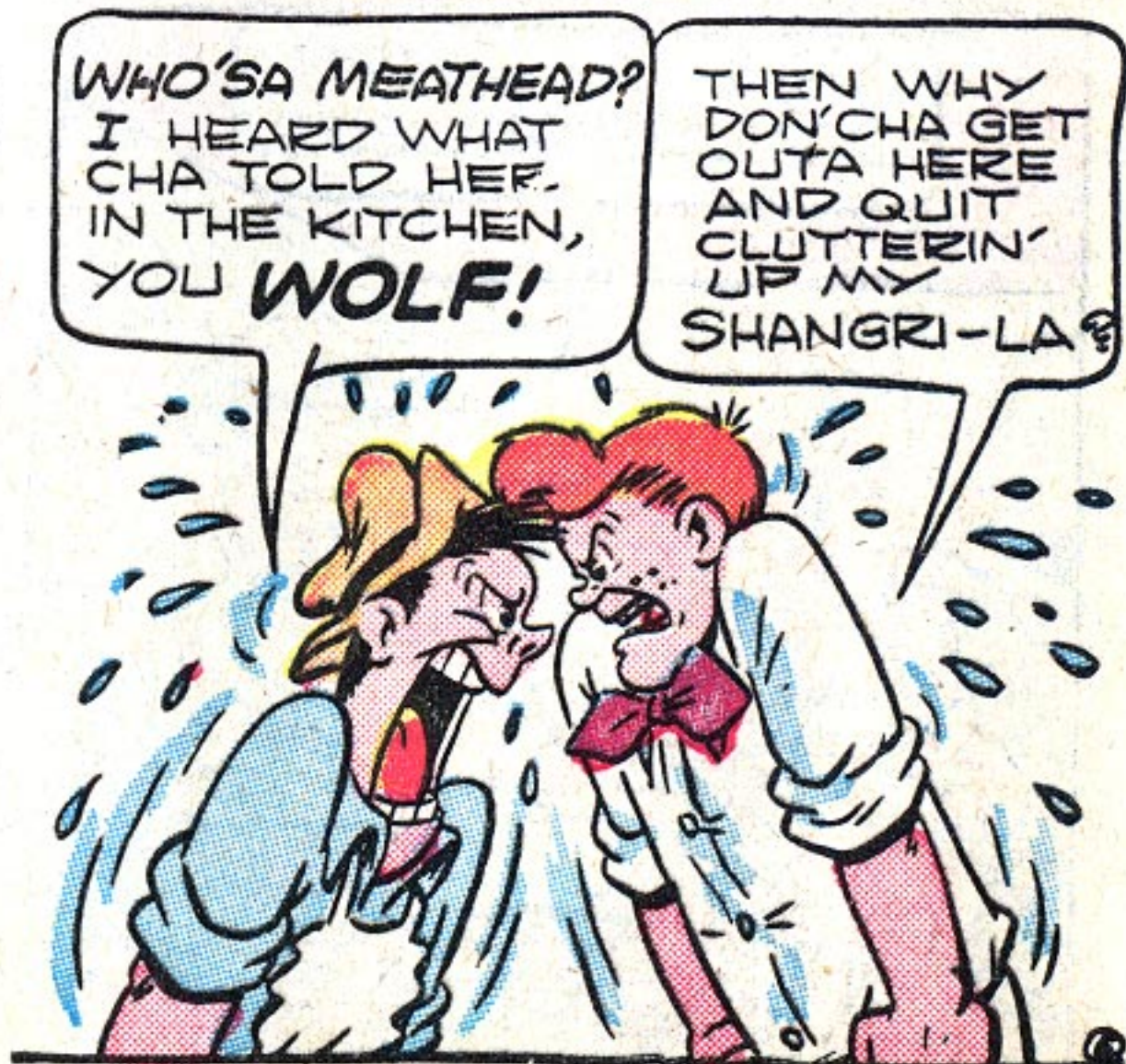
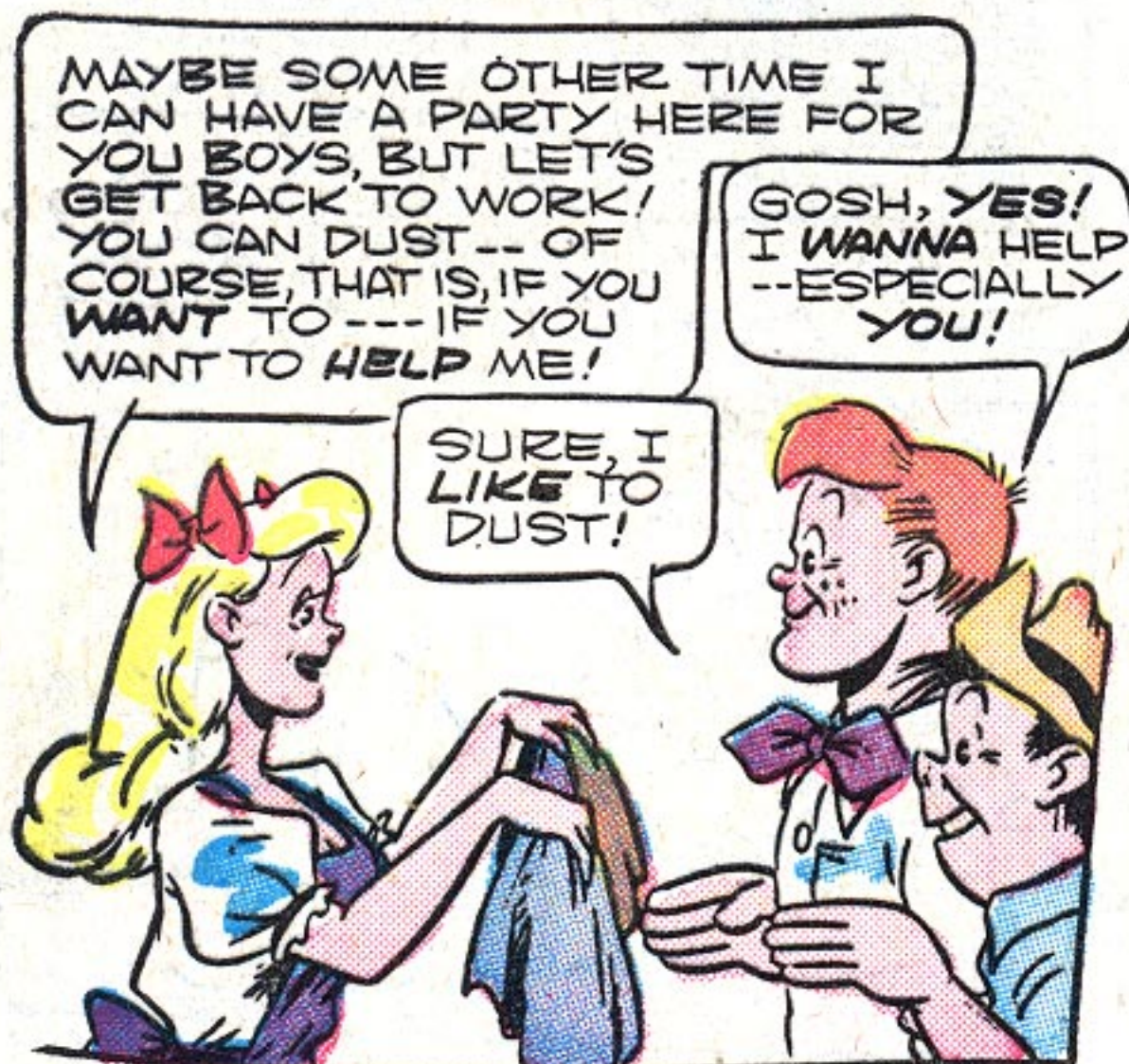
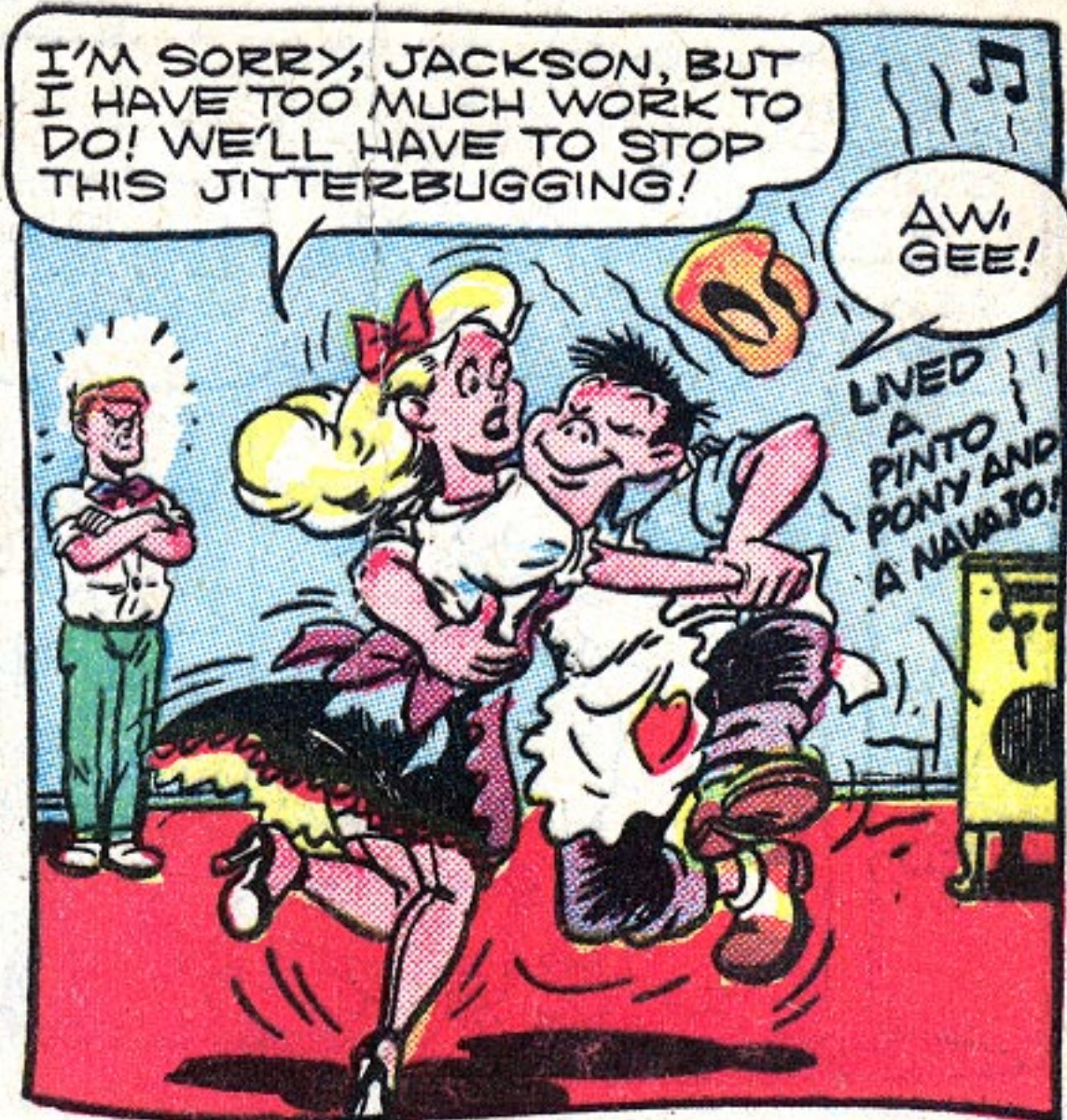
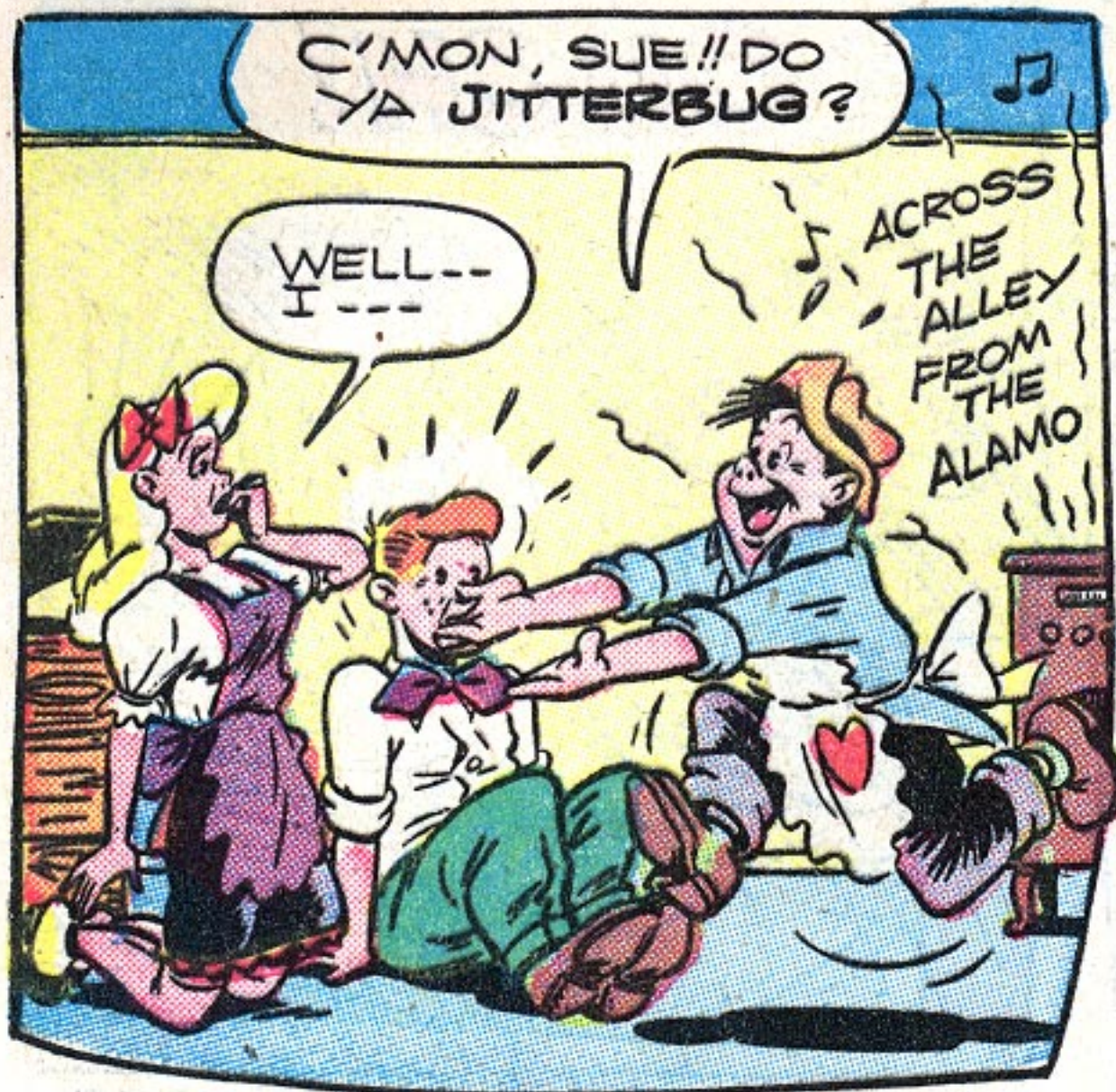


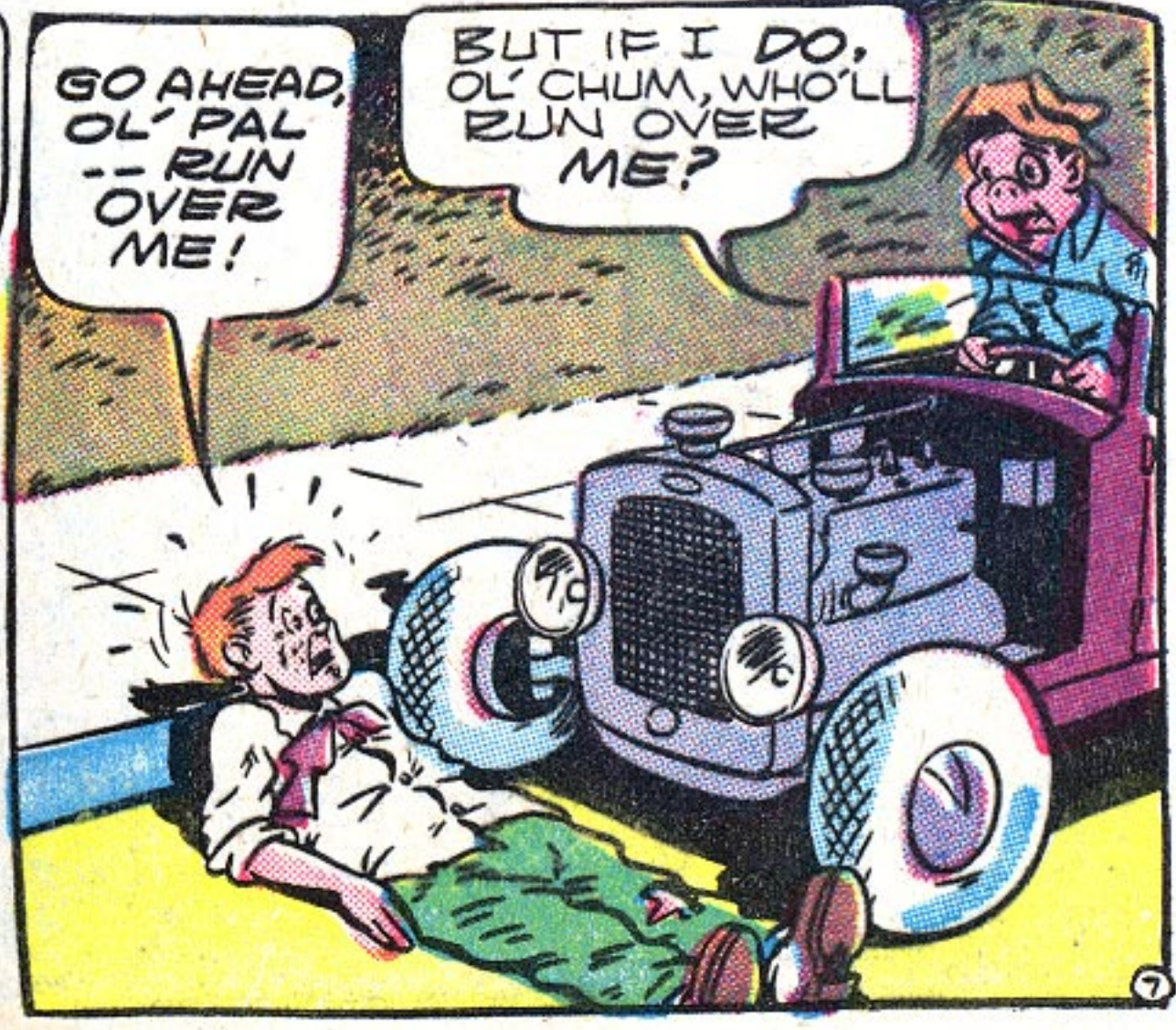
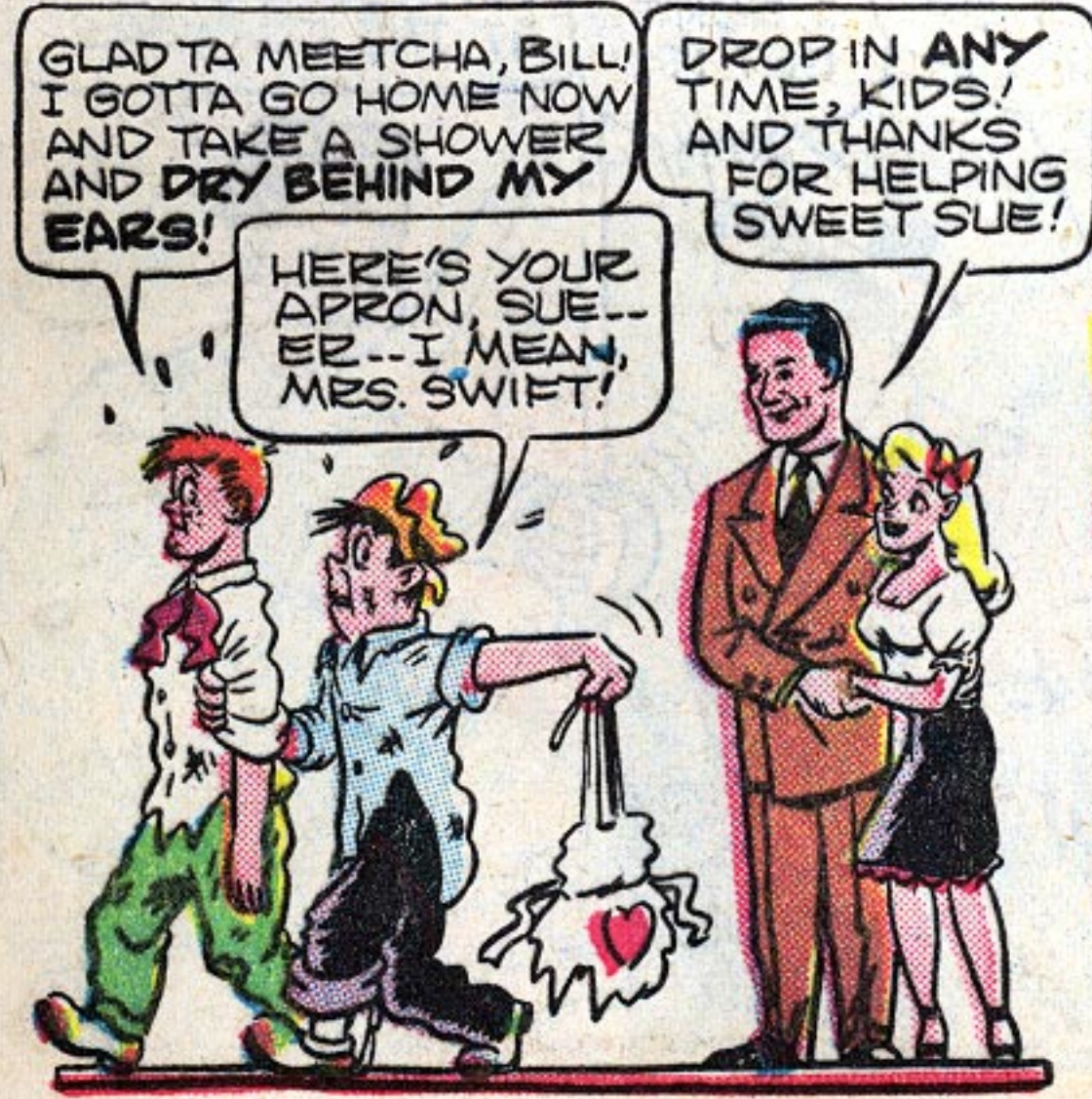
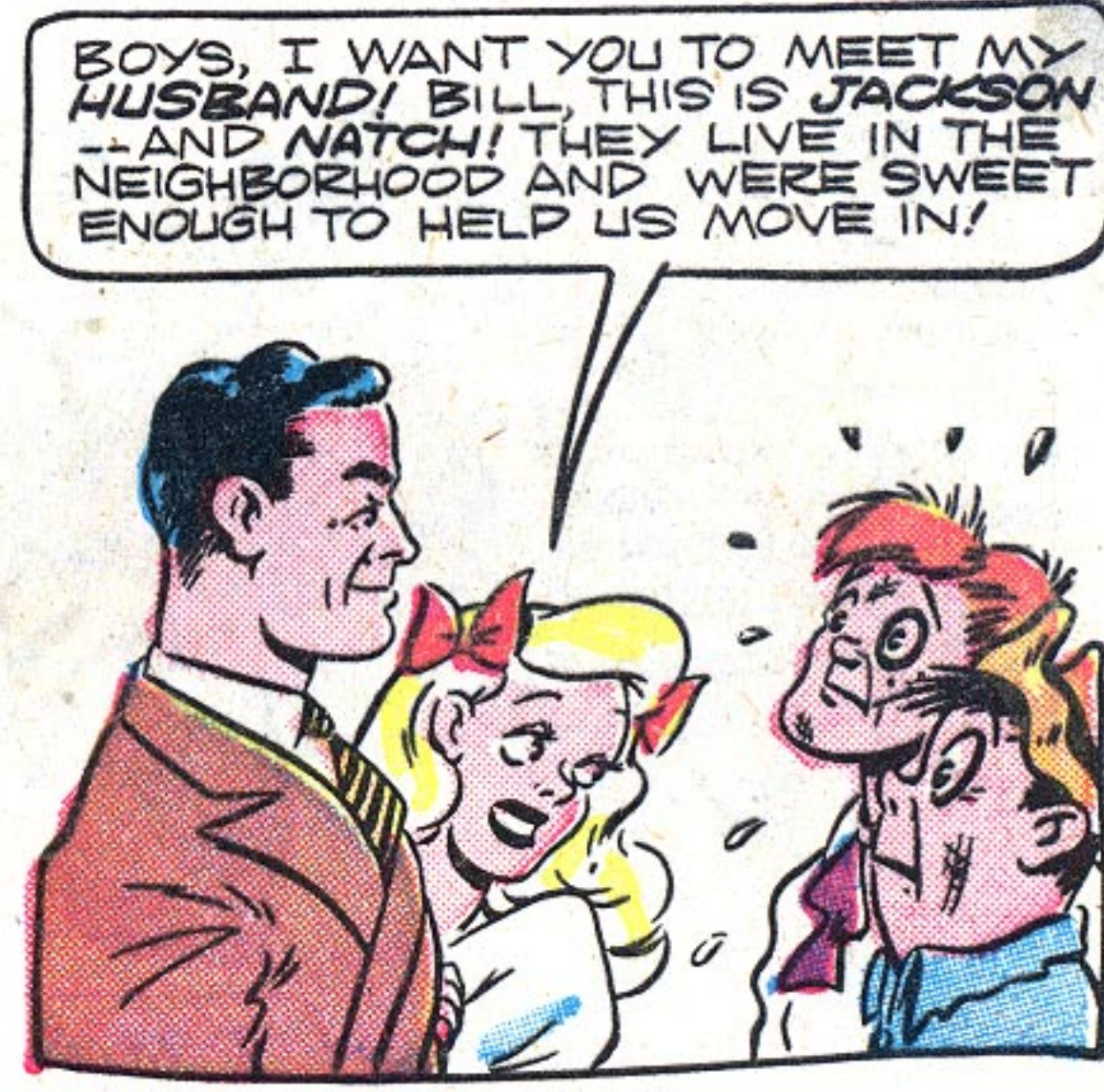
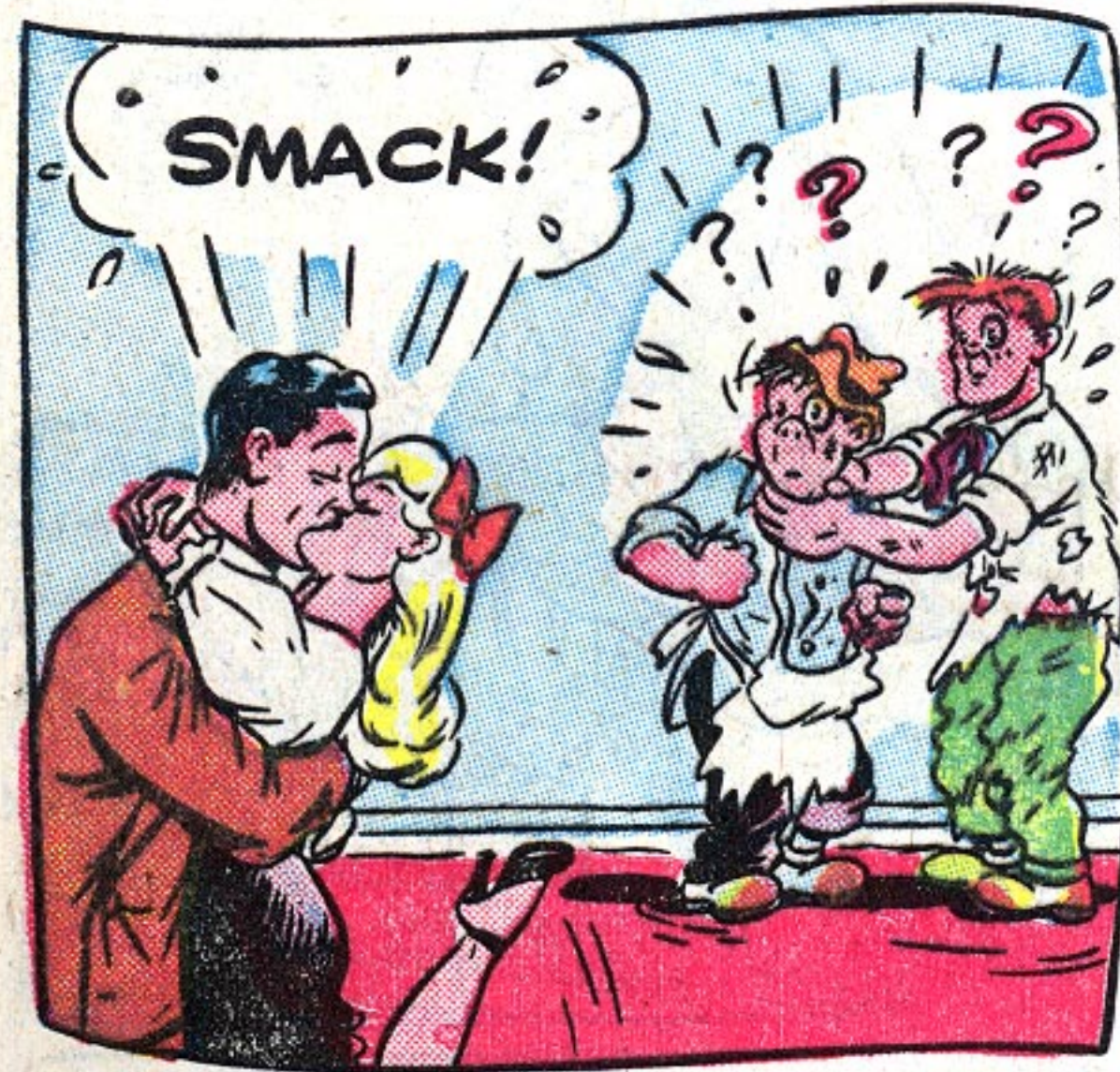
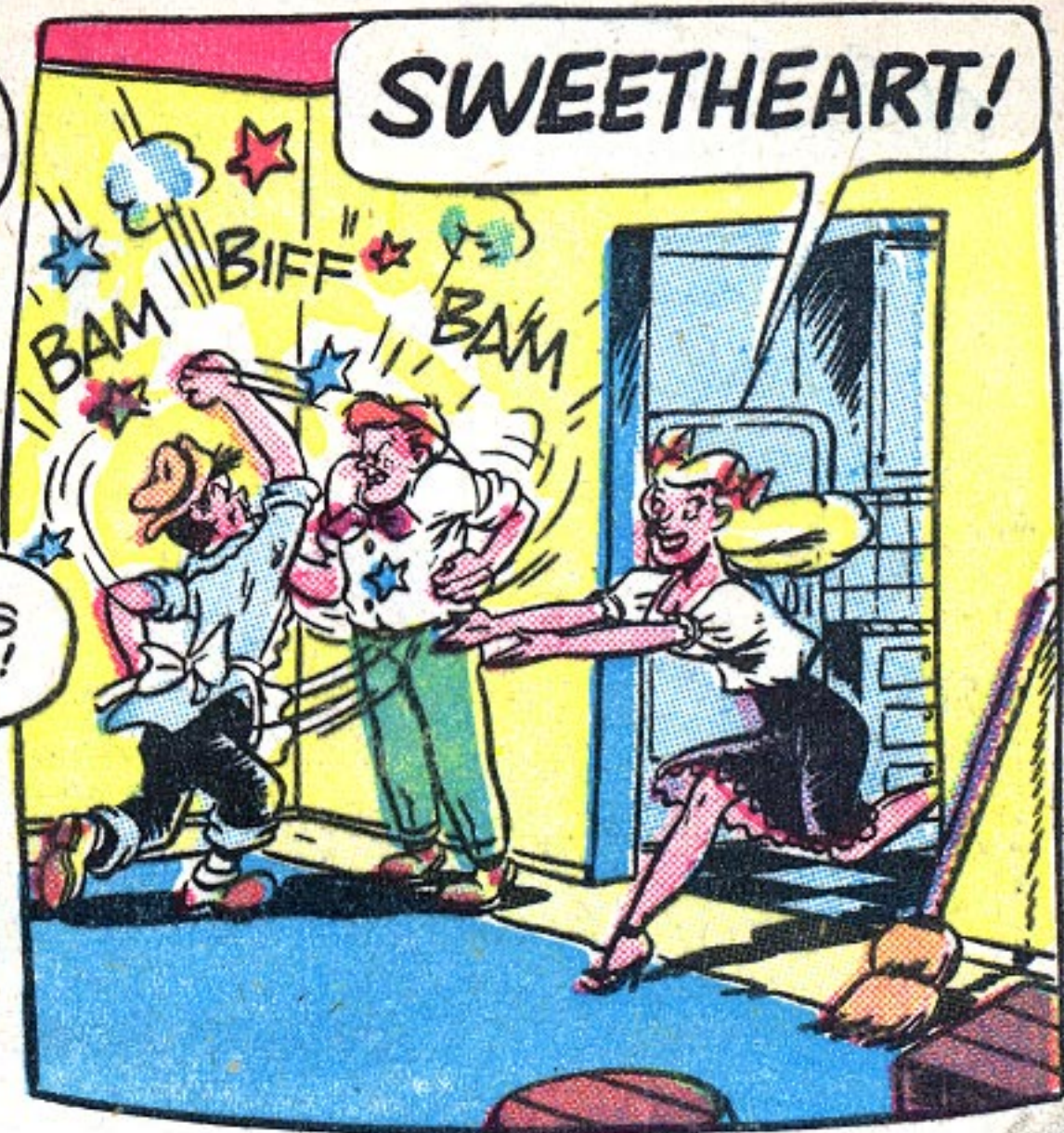
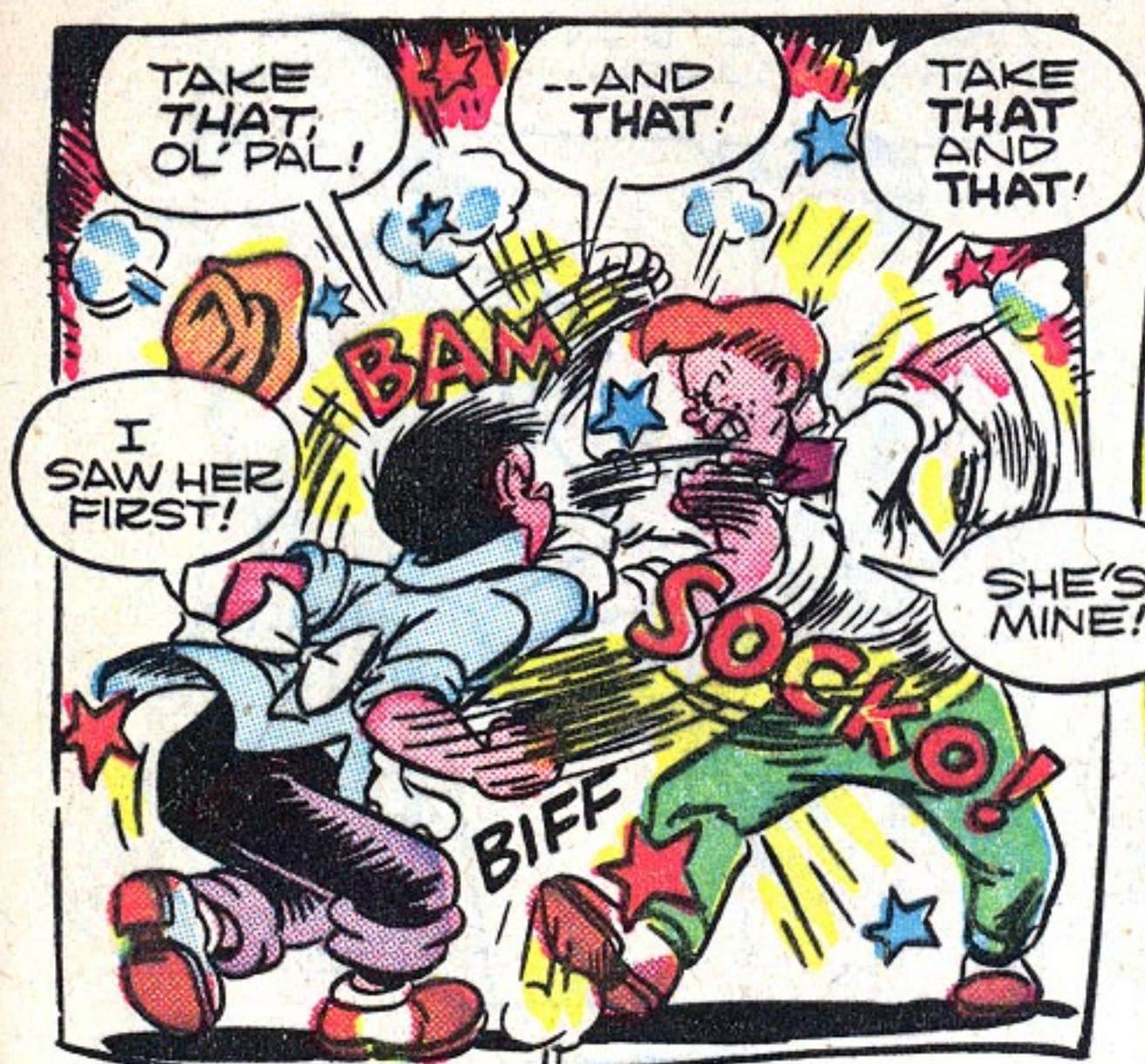
THANK YOU, BOYS! MY NAME'S **SUE**! IT WAS **AWFULLY** SWEET OF YOU TO WELCOME ME TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD --- I'M **SURE** WE'LL BE GREAT FRIENDS!





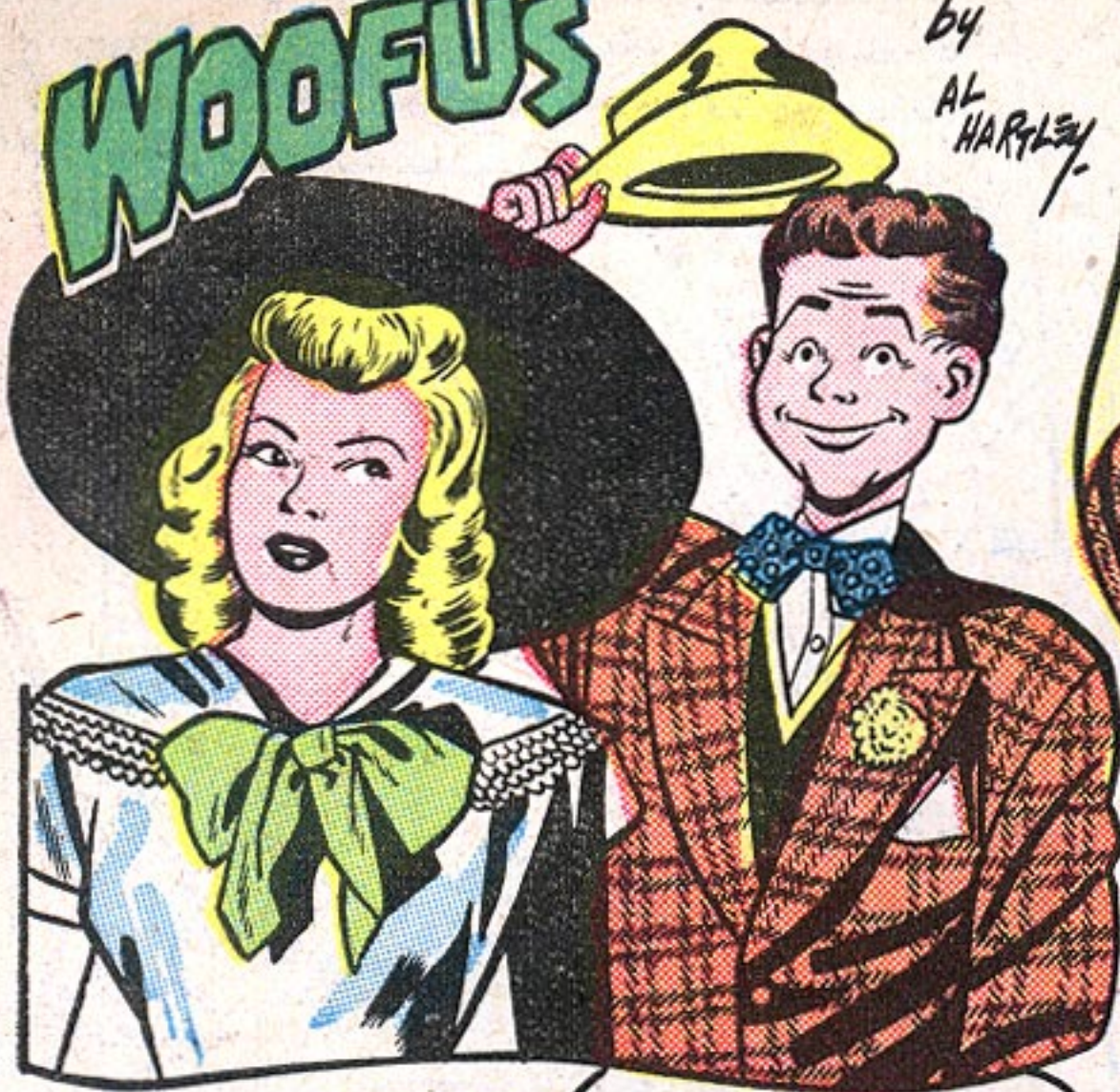






WOOFUS

by
AL
HARLEY



PARDON ME! DIDN'T I
MEET YOU AT.....



HELLO THERE! YOU
LOOK JUST LIKE
LINDA...



SAY...I THINK
I KNOW YOU...

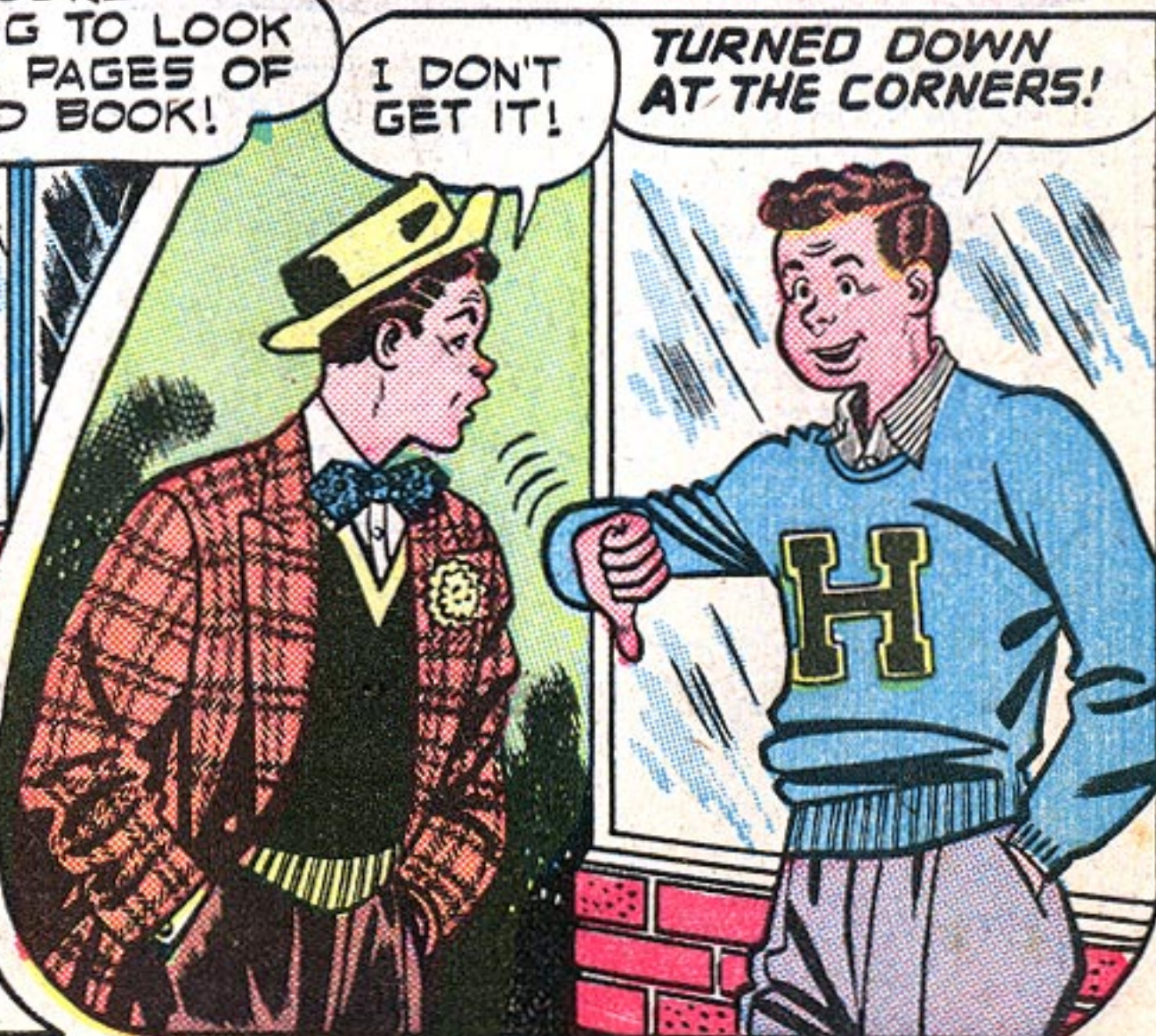


CHUM, YOU'RE
BEGINNING TO LOOK
LIKE THE PAGES OF
AN OLD BOOK!



I DON'T
GET IT!

TURNED DOWN
AT THE CORNERS!

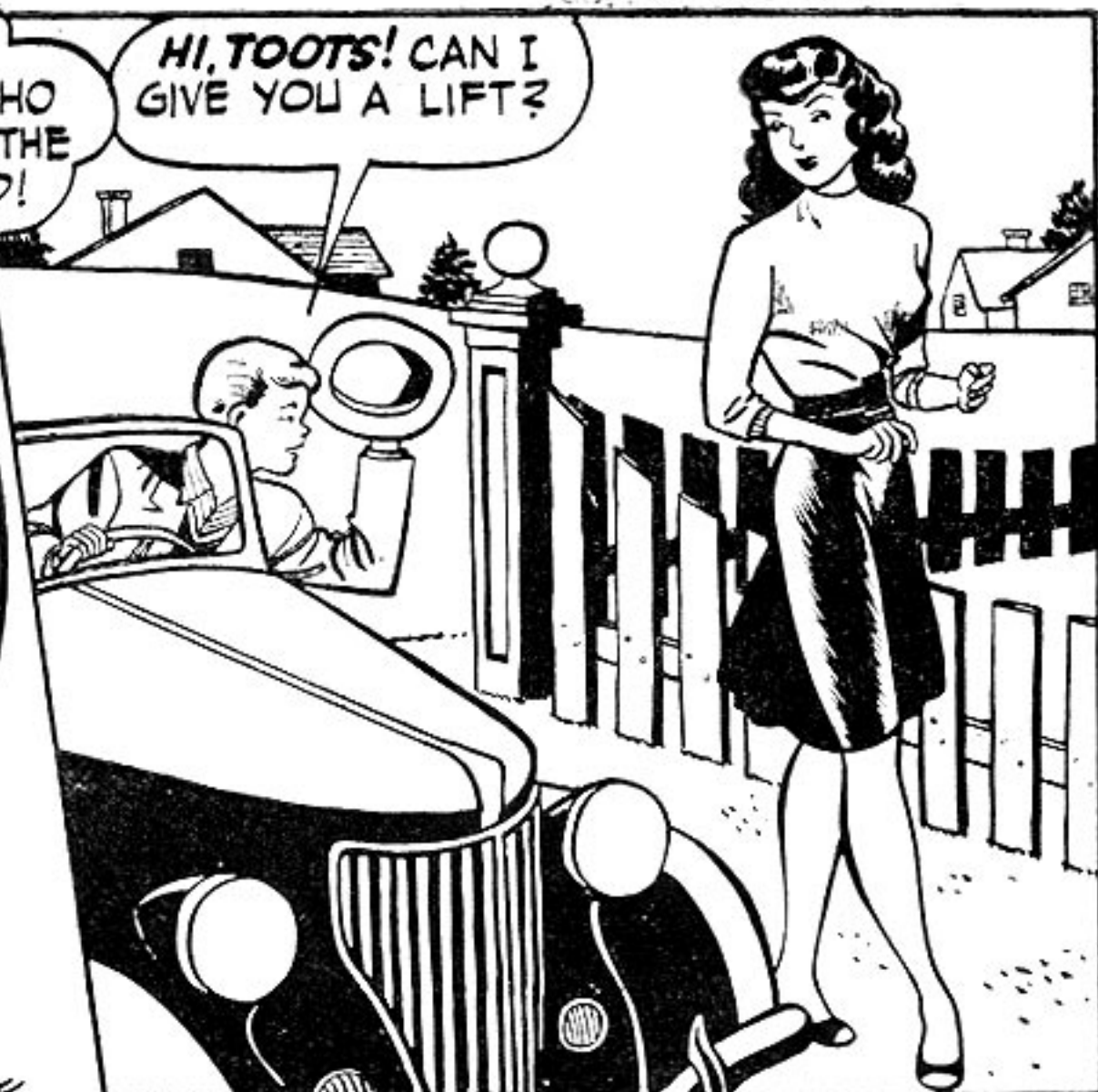


ICKY IKE



WOW! THERE'S THE NEW CHICK WHO JUST MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

HI, TOOTS! CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT?



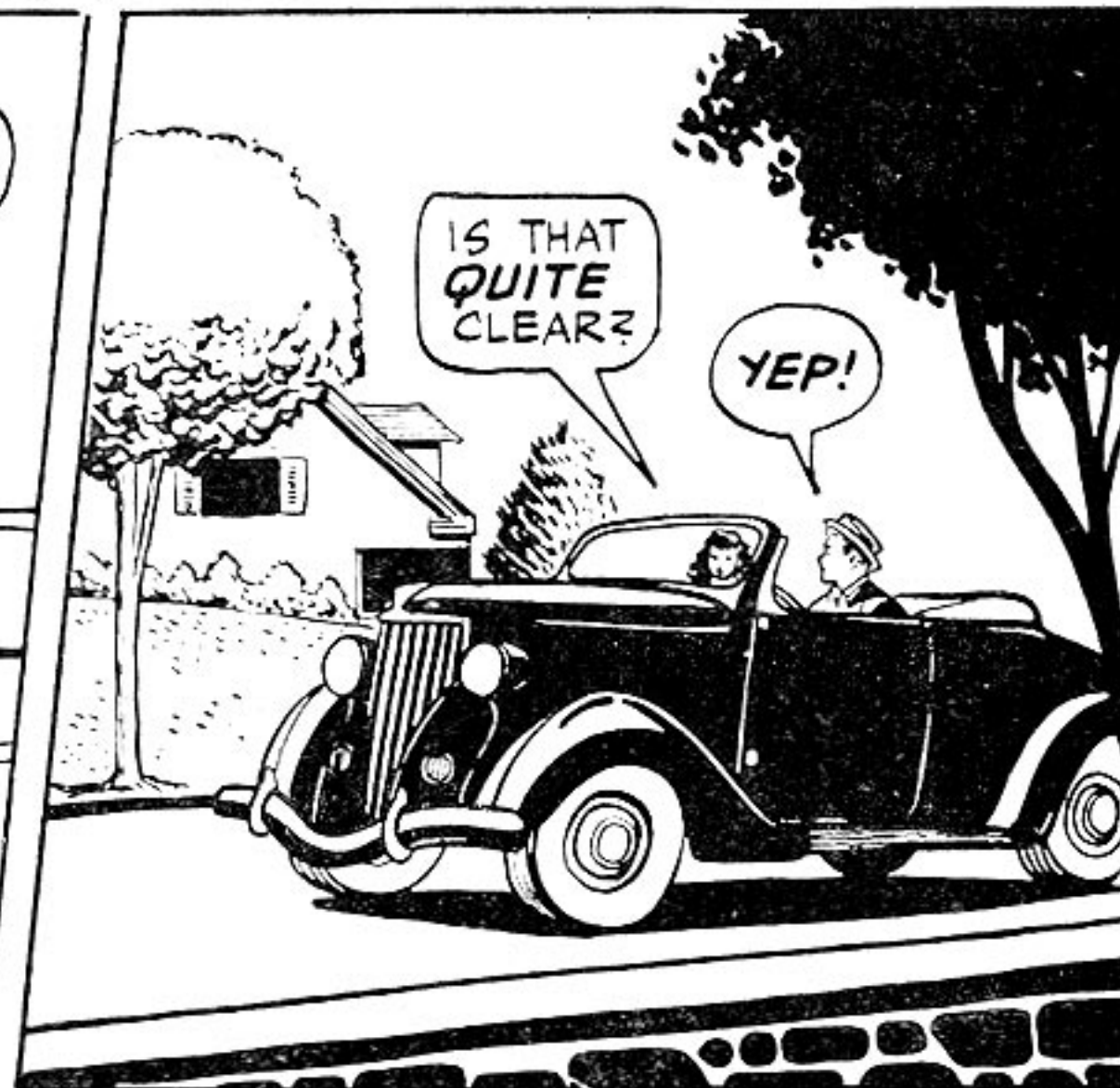
by
AL HARTLEY

NOW BEFORE WE GET STARTED, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I **DON'T** FLIRT ...SO DON'T TRY TO HOLD MY HAND OR KISS ME!



IS THAT **QUITE** CLEAR?

YEP!



NOW, SINCE **THAT'S** SETTLED AND DONE WITH...WHERE SHALL WE GO?



HOME!



AMERICA'S GREATEST *Zipper* BILLFOLD BARGAIN!

BILLFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN
Breath Taking Colors!

Your Choice
\$1.98
PLUS TAX



Style 536—Mexican Girl



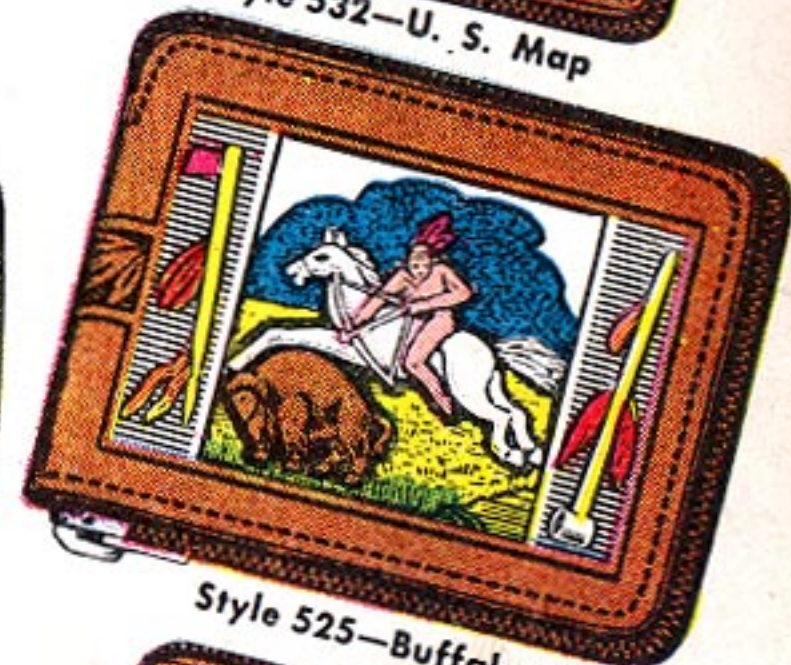
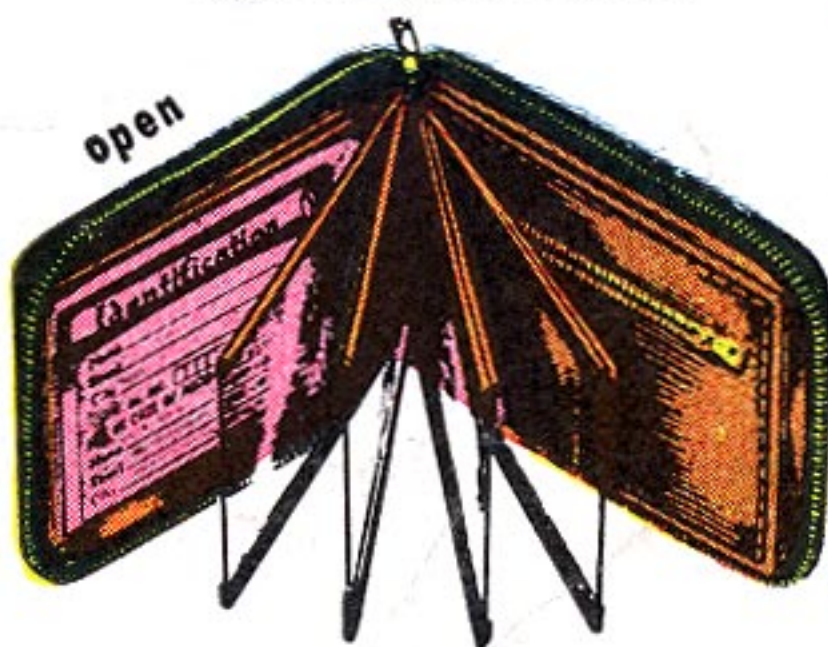
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl



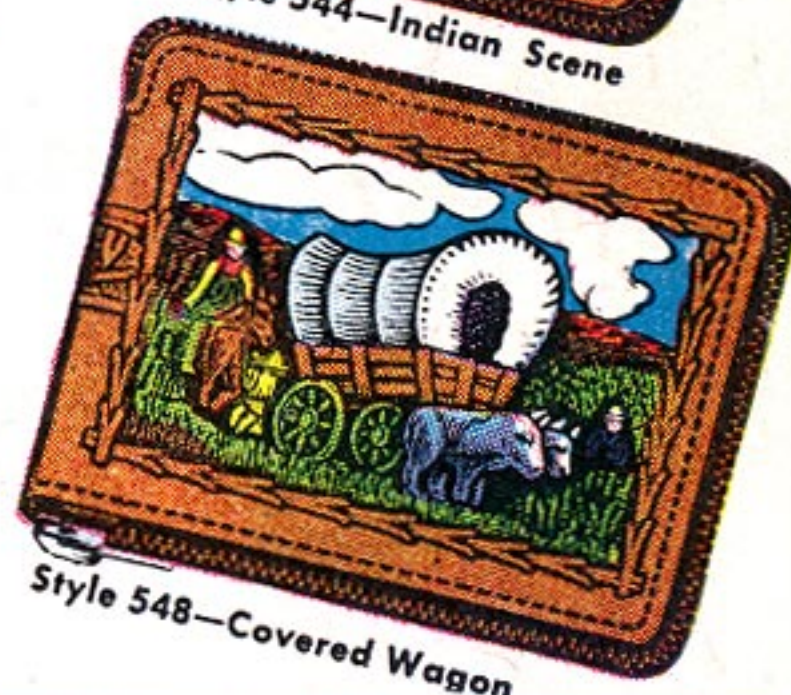
Style 544—Indian Scene



Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 548—Covered Wagon

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MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS: _____ (Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here: _____

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____